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July 6 1859



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ALBANY, N. Y. 1857

Martin F. Tupper

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY:

A BOOK OF

THOUGHTS AND ARGUMENTS,

ORIGINALLY TREATED.

BY

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, D.C.L., F.R.S.,

OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

WITH

AN ESSAY

ON

The Philosophy of Proverbs,

AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

~~~~~  
Apples of gold in pictures of silver.—*SOLOMON.*  
Sense, shortness, and salt.—*HOWEL.*  
~~~~~

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"THE literature of a nation," it has been well observed,* "contains within itself that which has made the nation what it is. Those great ideas, which in the course of centuries have been gradually developed by its master minds, are the moving springs that have set the nation onward in the career of civilization. Great ideas precede and cause illustrious achievements. The ideal Achilles made the real heroes of Marathon and the Granicus. In the Anglo-Saxon race, from the days of Alfred until now, men of superior genius, the original thinkers in each successive generation, have given birth to ennobling thoughts, which continue to endure, and are perpetuated not only in the language but in the race itself. We are what preceding generations have made us. Englishmen and Americans of the present day are living exponents of the thoughts and truths elaborated by the illustrious dead."

If the remark, so forcibly expressed in this extract, be true of literature generally, how eminently is it true of that part of any literature which is embraced in its PROVERBS! These brief sayings, passing from mouth to mouth, like the current coin, without

*Prof. Hart. Preface to Class Book of Poetry.

challenge or investigation, are in perhaps half the occurrences of life an admitted measure of value both in conduct and opinion. We act upon their suggestions very much as we do upon the suggestions of instinct, without inquiry; and we believe their intimations of truth, not with that sluggish assent which is yielded to a logical deduction, but with that prompt and hearty faith that follows the announcement of what is self-evident. Indeed it is of the very essence of a proverb, that it should be, or at least appear to be, axiomatic or self-evident. Hence the immense influence which proverbs exert upon the opinions and practice of mankind.

Of the general character of Mr. Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, it is not necessary here to speak. The immense sale which it has had, both in this country and in England, fully shows that the author has in these proverbial phrases embodied a vast amount of what has been admitted as truth. The public mind has responded to these wise sayings with a hearty emphasis, and with a frequency of quotation, that is fast changing them from the sayings of an individual into true national proverbs.

In publishing, therefore, a new edition of the work, it has been deemed a fitting introduction to Mr. Tupper's proverbs, to give some remarks in regard to proverbs generally, their nature, uses, and history. In addition to this, the American editor has inserted at the end of the volume, numerous original notes illustrative of the text. These explanatory notes and the introductory essay render this edition altogether the most complete and desirable that has yet appeared.

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AN ESSAY
ON
THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROVERBS.

BY AN AMERICAN.

THE term PROVERB (Heb., *Mashál*; Gr., *Paroimia*; L., *Proverbium*; It., *Proverbio*; Fr., *Proverbe*; Ger., *Sprüchwort*; Belg., *Spreeënwoort*; Hungar., *Belda bezed*; Pol., *Przi powiesc*; Sp., *Elrezran*; Sw., *Saga*; Dan., *Saug*; Wel., *Rheol*; Port., *Regoa*; Celt., *Reol*; Goth., *Lagyan*; Pers., *Sachan*; Sans., *Wartha*; Arab., *Mathal*; Sax., *Saga*;) is of Latin origin, coming from *Proverbium*, which last, again, is derived from *pro* and *verbum*.

Some difficulty has occurred in the definition. Proverbs must be distinguished from proverbial phrases and sententious maxims; but, as proverbs have many faces, from their miscellaneous nature, the class itself scarcely admits of any definition. JOHNSON'S definition does not designate the vital qualities of a proverb, nor include those not always circulated among, nor even belonging to, the populace. The pithy quaintness of old HOWEL has admirably described the ingredients of an exquisite proverb to be *sense, shortness, and salt*. A proverb is distinguished from a maxim or an apothegm, by that brevity which condenses a thought or metaphor, where one thing is said and another is to be applied; this often produces wit, and that quick pungency which excites surprise but strikes with conviction: this gives it an epigrammatic turn. HERBERT entitled his collection "*Jacula Prudentum*," Darts or Javelins! something hurled and striking deep—a characteristic of a proverb. A maxim is an established principle or proposition; an

apothegm, a sententious, instructive remark uttered on a particular occasion, or by a distinguished character; a precept, a command respecting moral conduct; an aphorism, a detached sentence containing some important truth. A proverb, says DAVIES, is a system of wisdom in miniature: a pertinent, striking observation, expressed in few words, that it may be the more easily remembered; and often in metaphorical language, that it may be the more entertaining. It is an oft-repeated sentence, expressing a well-known truth—a weighty, pithy, pointed saying, founded on a close observance of man and manners. Proverbs in conversation are like axioms in philosophy, maxims in law, and postulata in the mathematics, which nobody disputes, but every one endeavours to expound, so as to have them on his side.* SOLOMON has explained the principal excellencies of this form of composition; exhibiting at once a complete definition of a parable or proverb, and a very happy specimen of what he describes:

Apples of gold in a net-work of silver
Is a word seasonably spoken.†

Thus he insinuates, that grave and profound sentiments are to be set off by a smooth and well-turned phraseology, as the appearance of the most beautiful and exquisitely coloured fruit, or the imitation of it perhaps in the most precious materials, is improved by the circumstance of shining, as through a veil, through the reticulations of a silver vessel exquisitely carved. Nay, he further intimates, that it is not only a neat turn and polished diction which must recommend them, but that truth itself acquires additional beauty, when partially discovered through the veil of elegant fiction and imagery.

The prime excellence of a proverb is Brevity, without which it can neither retain the name nor the nature.‡ The discriminating

* MATTHEW HENRY'S Exposition, vol. iii., 1829. † PROV. xxv. 11.

‡ The brevity of this kind of composition, and the condensing of much thought into a small compass, renders it more sententious, more sage and expressive. As in a small seed the whole power of vegetation, which

sentiment must force itself on the mind by a single effort; the language must be strong and condensed. HORACE insists upon this as one of the express rules of didactic poetry :

Short be the precept, which with ease is gained
By docile minds, and faithfully retained.*

In the parabolic manner, SOLOMON expresses the same sentiment :

The words of the wise are like goads
And like nails that are firmly fixed.†

It is the property of a proverb, says HENLEY, to prick sharply and hold firmly.

The next quality essential to a proverb is Elegance; which is not inconsistent with brevity, or indeed with some degree of obscurity. Elegance in this connexion respects the sentiment, the imagery, and the diction.

Proverbs are divided into two classes, viz. : 1. Entire Sentences, *e.g.*, Gen. x. 9, Ezek. xvi. 44, 2 Pet. ii. 22; and, 2. Proverbial Phrases, which by common usage are admitted into a sentence, *e.g.*, Deut. xxv. 4, Ps. cxi. 10, Mal. ii. 10, Tit. i. 15.

In those periods of remote antiquity, which with the utmost propriety may be called the infancy of societies and nations, the usual, if not the only, mode of instruction was by detached aphorisms or proverbs. Human wisdom was then indeed in a rude and unfinished state; it was not digested, methodized, or reduced to order and connexion. Those who, by genius and reflection, exercised in the school of experience, had accumulated a stock of knowledge, reduced it into the most compendious form, and left legacies of wisdom to posterity wrapt up in a proverbial dress. These were kept in constant use and circulation, were learned by all classes without effort, and became to the vulgar the maxims by which life

is to produce a tree, is contained. And if any writer were to amplify the sentence, it would be no longer a proverb, but a declamation. DEMET. PHAL. Περὶ Εμπνεύσεως, Sect. ix.

* ART. POET. v. 386.

† ECCLES. xii. 11.

was regulated. In truth, this mode of instruction was more likely than any other to prove efficacious with men in a rude stage of society; for it professed not to dispute, but to command; not to persuade, but to compel: it conducted them not by a circuit of argument, but led immediately to the approbation and practice of integrity and virtue. That it might not, however, be altogether destitute of allurements, and lest it should disgust by an appearance of roughness and severity, some degree of ornament became necessary; and the instructors of mankind added to their precepts the graces of harmony, and illuminated them with metaphors, comparisons, allusions, and the other embellishments of style. This manner, which with other nations prevailed only during the first periods of civilization, with the Jews continued to be a favourite style to the latest stages of their literature.* That collection, which bears the name of the great Hebrew monarch, contains the maxims of long experience, founded on principles of human nature, and framed by one who was well calculated, by his rare qualities and endowments, to draw just lessons from a comprehensive view of human life. We have none so serviceable to us for the right ordering of our conversations as these, which are "exceeding broad," containing in a little compass, a complete body of divine ethics, politics, and economics, exposing every vice, recommending every virtue, and suggesting rules for the government of ourselves in every relation and condition, and every turn of conversation. The whole is, in truth, an *El Dorado* of wisdom—a cabinet of precious jewels, and was considered by the apostles as a treasure of revealed morality. Other parts of scripture are like a rich mine, where the precious ore runs along in one continued vein; but this book is like a heap of pearls, which, though they are loose and unstrung, are not therefore the less valuable.† It affords a noble specimen of the didactic poetry of that peculiar nation; abounding with antithetic parallels, which add greatly to

* *BP. LOWTH* on Hebrew Poetry, Lect. xxiv., 1829.

† *JOB ORTON's Exposition*, Vol. v., 1805.

energy. Every thing is rendered more striking by contrast; and here, truth is opposed to error; wise conduct to foolish; the verse appearing like the cloud between the Israelites and Egyptians, having a bright side towards the former and a dark side towards the latter. From this opposition of diction and sentiment, where the opposites throw light on each other by mutual reflection, much of the elegance, acuteness, and force, is derived. The book may be considered under five divisions. The first, serving as a proem or exordium, extends to chap. x.; is varied, elegant, sublime, and truly poetic; and embellished with many beautiful descriptions and personifications. The second part reaches from chap. x. to xxii. 16, inclusive, and consists of what may strictly and properly be called Proverbs. These are truly, to use his own comparison, "Apples of gold in pictures of silver." Part third extends from chap. xxii. 17, to xxv., in which the tutor, for a more lively effect, drops the sententious style and addresses his pupil as present. Part fourth, (xxv.—xxix.) like the second, consists of detached, unconnected sentences. Part fifth comprises the prudent admonitions given to ITHIEL, UCAL, and LEMUEL. The maxims of the last four parts have a certain energetic and concise turn of expression. To the royal sage many heathen writers are indebted for their brightest sentiments.

Ere books had a being, proverbs were. The Spaniards date the origin of their *refranes que dicen las viejas tras el fuego*,* before the existence of any writings in their language. The most ancient poem in the Edda, "the sublime speech of ODIN," abounds with proverbs, strikingly descriptive of the ancient Scandinavians. Undoubtedly proverbs in the earliest ages long served as the unwritten language of morality, and even of the useful arts; like the oral traditions of the Jews, they floated down on the lips of successive generations. The name of the first sage who sanctioned the saying would in time be forgotten, while the opinion, the metaphor, or the expression, remained consecrated

* Sayings of old wives by their firesides.

into a proverb. Such was the origin of these memorable sentences by which men learned to think and speak appositely; they were precepts which no man could contradict at a time when authority was valued more than opinion, and experience preferred to novelty. The proverbs of a father became the inheritance of a son; the mistress of a family perpetuated hers through her household; the workman condensed some traditional secret of his craft into a proverbial expression.*

It might, therefore, have been decided, *a priori*, that the most homely proverbs would abound in the most ancient writers—and such we find in HESIOD; a poet whose learning was not drawn from books. His “Works and Days,” the earliest specimen of Grecian didactic poetry, contains many precepts on the conduct of life.

In the progress of time, the stock of popular proverbs received accessions from the highest sources of human intelligence; as the philosophers of antiquity formed their collections, they increased in weight and number. ERASMUS has pointed out some of these sources, in the responses of oracles; the allegorical symbols of PYTHAGORAS; the verses of the poets; allusions to historical incident; mythology and apologue; and other recondite origin: such dissimilar matters coming from all quarters, were melted down into this vast body of aphoristic knowledge. Those “*words of the wise* and their *dark sayings*” at length seem to have required commentaries; for what else can we infer of the enigmatic wisdom of the sages, when the royal paræmiographer classes among their studies, that of “*understanding a proverb and the interpretation?*” This elevated notion of “the dark sayings of the wise” accords with the bold conjecture of their origin, which the Stagiritest has thrown out, who considered them as the wrecks of an ancient philosophy which had been lost to mankind by the fatal revolutions

* J. C. D'ISRAËLI. Several other passages in this Essay are from the same pen.—“*A priori*,” reasoning from cause to effect.

† An appellation given to ARISTOTLE.

of all human things, and that those had been saved from the general ruin by their pithy elegance and diminutive form; like those marine shells found on the tops of mountains, the relics of the Deluge! Even at a later period the sage of Cheronea* prized them among the most solemn mysteries; and PLUTARCH has described them in a manner which proverbs may even still merit: "Under the veil of these curious sentences are hid those germs of morals, which the masters of philosophy have afterwards developed into so many volumes."

Proverbs were bright shafts in the Greek and Latin quivers; and when BENTLEY, by a league of superficial wits, was accused of pedantry for his use of some ancient proverbs, the sturdy critic vindicated his taste, by showing that CICEERO constantly introduced Greek proverbs into his writings—that SCALIGER and ERASMUS loved them, and had formed collections drawn from the stores of antiquity. At the highest period of Grecian genius, the tragic and comic poets introduced into their dramas the proverbial style. ST. PAUL quotes a line from MENANDER, which still remains among the first exercises of our school-pens:

φθείρουσιν ἡθῆν χρεῖσθ' ἐμιλίαι κακῶι.†

After HESIOD, the didactic productions consisted wholly of moral precepts or sentences (*γνώμαι*). From this circumstance, the writers have been called *Gnomic* poets. The poetry consisted of pithy maxims, expressed with brevity and force. The metrical form may have been chosen principally for the sake of memory. PYTHAGORAS, SOLON, THEOGNIS, PHOCYLIDES, and XENOPHANES, are the chief among the gnomic poets of Greece, and CATO and SYRUS of the Roman.

The ancients considered it the highest effort of wisdom to *laconise*, and with such abridgments of knowledge conveyed great results with a parsimony of words prodigal of sense. The seven

* PLUTARCH, the Historian.

† Evil communications corrupt good manners. 1 Corinth. xv. 33.

sages, belonging to the age of SOLON, were of shrewd, practical observation, and emulators, lovers, and disciples of the Lacedæmonian erudition. Their wisdom, says PLATO, was a thing of this kind, viz. : short sentences uttered by each, and worthy to be remembered. Hence the character of their philosophic fragments, which are wholly proverbial maxims, adapted to the conduct of life in manners and morals. Their precepts were not always given in formal statements, but often clothed in symbolic expressions, which were understood only by those to whom they were explained. Each had some one saying, whereon they valued themselves and built their reputation. To Apollo, they consecrated the first fruits of their wisdom; these were inscribed on pillars and had in great veneration. Fabulous tales were also employed; such were the Æsopian, in which moral and political maxims are drawn out into allegory. Indeed, says the pupil of SOCRATES, the mode of philosophy among the ancients was a certain laconic diction.

The influence of proverbs over the minds and conversations of a whole people is strikingly illustrated by the same philosopher's explanation of the term *to laconise* : "If any one wishes to converse with the meanest of the Lacedæmonians, he will at first find him, for the most part, apparently, despicable in conversation; but afterwards, when a proper opportunity presents itself, this same mean person, like a skilful jaculator, will hurl a sentence worthy of attention, short and contorted; so that he who converses with him will appear to be in no respect superior to a boy! This affecting to appear unlearned was really a political artifice."

It is evident that the earliest writings of every people are marked by their most homely or domestic proverbs; for these are more directly addressed to their wants, and peculiarly adapted to the simplicity of the times. FRANKLIN, who may be considered as the founder of a people, who were suddenly placed in a stage of civil society which as yet could afford no literature, published his "Poor Richard's Almanac." "I filled," says he, "all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the ca-

landar with proverb sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, 'It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.'” He afterwards gathered together these scattered maxims, and wove them into a regular discourse supposed to have been delivered by an old man at a public auction. They made a great impression; were reprinted in Britain in a large sheet of paper and stuck up in houses; and twice translated in France and distributed among the poor parishioners. Much later even than the reign of ELIZABETH our ancestors always had proverbs before them, on every thing which had room for a piece of advice; they had them painted in their tapestries, stamped on the most ordinary utensils, on the blades of their knives, the borders of their plates, and “conned them out of goldsmiths’ rings.”

Among the middle classes of society to this day we may observe that certain family proverbs are traditionally preserved: the favourite saying of a father is repeated by the sons; and frequently the conduct of a whole generation has been influenced by such domestic proverbs. This may be perceived in many of the mottoes of the old nobility, which seem to have originated in some habitual proverb of the founder of the family. In ages when proverbs were most prevalent, such pithy sentences would admirably serve in the ordinary business of life, and lead on to decision, even in its greater exigencies. Orators, by some lucky proverb, without wearying their auditors, would bring conviction home to their bosoms; and great characters would appeal to a proverb, or deliver that which, in time, by its aptitude, became one. When NERO was reproached for the ardour with which he gave himself up to the study of music, he replied to his censurers by the Greek proverb: “An artist lives every where.” When CÆSAR decided on the passage of the Rubicon, rousing himself with a start of courage, he committed himself to Fortune, with that proverbial expression on his lips, used by gamesters in desperate play: “The

die is cast!" When the relations of his wife remonstrated with him on his determination to separate himself from her against whom no fault could be alleged, ÆMILIUS acknowledged the excellencies of his lady; but, requesting them to look on his shoe, which appeared well made, he observed, "None of you know where the shoe pinches."

There are, indeed, proverbs connected with the characters of eminent men; they were either their favourite ones or original. To the noted BAYARD are the French indebted for a military proverb: "*Ce que le gantelet gagne le gorgerin le mange.*"* "*Festina lente,*"† was the favourite proverb of ERASMUS; and "*Stay awhile, to make an end the sooner,*" was the saying of SIR PAWLET whenever he perceived too much hurry in any business. CROMWELL'S coarse but descriptive proverb, conveys the contempt he felt for some of his mean and troublesome coadjutors: "*Nits will be lice!*" The border proverb of the DOUGLASSES, "*It were better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep,*" was adopted by every border chief, to express what the great BRUCE had pointed out, that the woods and hills of their country were their safest bulwarks. These illustrations indicate one of the sources of proverbs; they have often resulted from the spontaneous emotions or profound reflections of some extraordinary person, whose energetic expression was caught by a faithful ear, never to perish!

The seventeenth century was, with the English, an era of proverbs; for then were they spoken by all ranks of society. The free use of trivial proverbs got them into disrepute; and as the abuse of a thing raises a just opposition to its practice, a slender wit affecting "a cross humor," published a little volume of "Crossing of Proverbs, Cross-answers, and Cross-humors."

Proverbs were long the favourites of the French: in the splendid and refined court of LOUIS XIV., they gave rise to an odd

* What the gauntlet gets, the gorget consumes. † Hasten slowly.

invention. They plotted comedies and even fantastic ballets from their subjects. This proverbial fondness they long retained; for they still have dramatic compositions entitled *proverbes*, on a more refined plan. These dramas are of a single act, and were invented by MARMONTEL. Each proverb furnished a subject for a few scenes, and created a situation powerfully comic: it is a dramatic amusement which does not appear to have reached us, but one which the Russian CATHERINE delighted to compose for her own society.

The poets have been very busy with proverbs in all the languages of Europe; some appear to have been the favourite lines of some ancient poem: even in more refined times, many of the pointed verses of BOILEAU and POPE have become proverbial. Many trivial and laconic proverbs bear the jingle of alliteration or rhyme, which assisted their circulation, and were probably struck off extempore; a manner which SWIFT practised, who was a ready coiner of such rhyming and ludicrous proverbs; delighting to startle a collector by his facetious or sarcastic humor, in the shape of an "old saying and true." Some of these rhyming proverbs are, however, terse and elegant; we have—

*"Little strokes
Fell great oaks."*

The French—

*"Ami de table
Est variable."**

The Italian—

*"Chi duo lepri caccia,
Uno perde e l'altro lascia."†*

And the haughty Spaniard—

*"El dar es honor,
Y el pedir dolor."‡*

* The friend of the table
Is very variable.

† Who hunts two hares, loses one and leaves the other.

‡ To give is honour, to ask is grief.

Proverbs were at length consigned to the people when books were addressed to scholars ; but the people did not find themselves so destitute of practical wisdom, by preserving their national proverbs, as some of those closet students who had ceased to repeat them. The various humors of mankind, in the mutability of human affairs, had given birth to every species ; and men were wise, or merry, or satirical, and mourned or rejoiced, in proverbs. Nations held an universal intercourse of proverbs, from the eastern to the western world ; for we discover among those which appear strictly national many which are common to them all. Of our own familiar ones several may be tracked among the snows of the Latins and the Greeks, and have sometimes been drawn from "The Mines of the East:" like decayed families which remain in obscurity, they may boast of a high lineal descent whenever they recover their lost title-deeds. The vulgar proverb, "*To carry coals to New-Castle,*" local and idiomatic as it appears, however, has been borrowed and applied by ourselves. It may be found among the Persians ; in the "Bustan" of Sadi we have "*Infers piper in Hindostan ;*"* among the Hebrews, "*To carry oil to a city of olives ;*" among the Italians, "*E un fava in bocca al leone ;*"† a similar proverb occurs in Greek ; and in GALLAND'S "Maxims of the East" we may discover how many of the most common proverbs among us, as well as some of JOE MILLER'S jests, are of oriental origin.

The resemblance of certain proverbs in different nations must, however, be often ascribed to the identity of human nature ; similar situations and similar objects have unquestionably made men think and act and express themselves alike. All nations are parallels of each other. We have a copious collection of Scottish proverbs by KELLY ; but this learned man was mortified at discovering that many which he had long believed to be genuine Scottish, were not only English, but French, Italian, Spanish,

* To carry pepper to Hindostan.

† That is carrying water to the ocean.

Latin, and Greek ones. Many of his Caledonian proverbs are almost literally expressed among the fragments of remote antiquity. It would have surprised him further had he been aware that his Greek originals were themselves but copies, and might have been found in D'HERBELOT, ERPENIUS, and GOLIUS, and in many Asiatic works, which have been more recently introduced to the enlarged knowledge of the European student, who formerly found his most extended researches limited by Hellenistic lore.

Perhaps it was owing to an accidental circumstance that the proverbs of the European nations have been preserved in the permanent form of volumes. POLYDORÉ VIRGIL, the historian, is considered as the first modern collector; he published, in 1498, a book of adages, which however was rather a juvenile. The "Adagia" of ERASMUS followed, containing a collection of 4151 in number, gradually gathered from a constant study of Greek and Roman literature. Blest with a genius which would enliven a folio, he delighted himself and all Europe by the continued accessions he made to a volume, which even now may be the companion of literary men for a winter day's fire-side. The successful example of ERASMUS commanded the imitation of the learned in Europe, and drew their attention to their own national proverbs.*

Proverbs peculiarly national, while they convey to us the modes of thinking, will consequently indicate the modes of acting among a people. The Romans had a proverbial expression for their last stake in play, "*Rem ad triarios venisse*!"† A proverb has preserved a curious custom of ancient coxcombry, which originally came from the Greeks. To men of effeminate manners in their

* In Spain, NUNES, SANTELLANA, and OUDIN; Italy, FLORIO, MONOSINI, VABINI, and TORRIANO; France, OUDIN, BELLINGEN, (who first attempted to render the study of proverbs amusing,) and TURT; Denmark, printed 1761; England, HEYWOOD, CAMDEN, HERBERT, HOWEL, FULLER, and RAY; Scotland, KELLY; in various languages, MAPLETOFT. An apt, a ready, and a systematic classification of proverbs is still a desideratum.

† The reserve are engaged. ●

dress, they applied the proverb of "*Unico digitulo scalpit caput*."* The Arab, whose unsettled existence makes him miserable and interested, says, "*Vinegar given is better than honey bought*." Everything of high esteem with him who is so often parched is described as *milk*,—"How large his flow of milk!" distinguishes the most copious eloquence. We discover the rustic manners of the ancient Britons in the Cambrian saws; many relate to the hedge. "*The cleanly Briton is seen in the hedge*;" "*You must not count your yearlings till May-day*;" "*An old man's end is to keep sheep*." The Chinese proverbs frequently allude to magnificent buildings: "*A grave and majestic outside is, as it were, the palace of the soul*;" "*A sovereign may be compared to a hall, his officers, to the steps that lead to it, the people, to the ground on which they stand*." To the Bengalese belongs: "*He who gives blows is a master, he who gives none is a dog*;" derived from the treatment they were used to receive from their Mogul rulers, who answered the claims of their creditors by a vigorous application of the whip! "*When the tale of bricks is doubled, MOSES comes*," is a proverb among the Jews, in which is delivered the cruel oppression exercised by the ruling power, and the confidence in their hope of change in the day of retribution. The fond idolatry of their devotion to their ceremonial law, and to everything connected with their sublime Theocracy, in their magnificent temple, is finely expressed by this proverb—"None ever took a stone out of the Temple, but the dust did fly in his eyes." PEYSSONEL observes that the Turkish proverbs are full of sense, ingenuity, and elegance. This he said to correct the volatile opinion of DE TOTT, who, to convey an idea of their stupid pride, quotes one of their favourite adages—"Riches in the Indies, wit in Europe, and pomp among the Ottomans." The Spaniards may appeal to their proverbs to show that they were a high-minded and independent race. A Whiggish jealousy of the monarchical power stamped itself on



* He scratches his head with a single finger.

this ancient one, "*Va el rey hasta do puede, y no hasta do quiere.*"* When the national genius became subdued, and every Spaniard dreaded to find under his own roof a spy or an informer, another proverb arose: "*Con el rey y la inquisicion, chiton!*"† To the effects of this proverb, the gravity and taciturnity of the nation have been ascribed. They have a number of sarcastic sayings on the tenacious gripe of the avaricious priest, who "*having eaten the olio offered, claims the dish!*" The Italian proverbs have taken a tinge from their deep and politic genius, and their wisdom seems wholly concentrated in their personal interests. About every tenth proverb in an Italian collection, is some cynic or selfish maxim: a "*book of the world for worldlings!*" "*Pria Veneziani, poi Christiani,*"‡ is a Venetian proverb. The Italian says: "*Chi pratica co' grandi, l'ultimo à tavola, e'l primo a' strapazzi;*"§ and "*Chi serve in corte muore sul pagliato.*"|| Wary cunning in domestic life is perpetually impressed. An Italian proverb was that by which the elegant WOTTON counselled the young poetic traveller, MILTON, to have—"Il viso sciolto, ed i pensieri stretti."¶ In the same spirit, "*Chi parla semina, chi tace raccoglie;*"** as well as, "*Fatti di miele, e ti mangieran le mosche.*"†† "*Guardati d'aceto, di vin dolce.*"‡‡ They paint the generous passion of friendship, "*Gli amici legono la borsa con un filo di rognatelo.*"§§ Turning to the French, we discover that the military genius of France dictated the proverb, "*Maille à*

* The king goes as far as he is able, not as far as he desires.

† With the king and the inquisition, hush!

‡ First Venetian, and then Christian.

§ Who dangles after the great is the last at table and the first at blows.

|| Who serves at court dies on straw.

¶ An open countenance, but close thoughts.

** The talker sows, the silent reaps.

†† Make yourself all honey and the flies will devour you.

‡‡ Beware of vinegar made of sweet wine; i. e., provoke not the rage of a patient man.

§§ Friends tie their purse with a cobweb's thread.

*maille se fait le haubergeon ;** and, "*Tel coup de langue est pire qu'un coup de lance.*"† The ancient, perhaps extinct, spirit of Englishmen, was once expressed by the proverb—"Better be the head of a dog than tail of a lion ;" i. e., the first of the yeomanry rather than the last of the gentry. None but true toxophilites could have such a proverb as, "*I will either make a shaft or a bolt of it ;*" meaning a determination to make one use or other of the thing spoken of. These instances demonstrate that the characteristic circumstances and feelings of a people are discovered in their popular notions, and stamped on their familiar proverbs.

It is also evident that the peculiar, and often idiomatic, humour of a people is best preserved in their proverbs. There is a shrewdness, although deficient in delicacy, in the Scottish proverbs ; they are idiomatic, facetious, and strike home. In 1725, says KELLY, the Scotch were a great proverbial nation ; for few among the better sort conversed any considerable time, but confirmed every assertion and observation with a proverb. A great man in Scotland, having given a splendid entertainment, was harshly told that "*Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them ;*" to which he readily replied, "*Wise men make proverbs, and fools repeat them.*" The speculative Scotch of our own times have probably degenerated in prudential lore.

National humour, frequently local and idiomatic, depends on the artificial habits of mankind, so opposite to each other ; but there is a natural view, which the populace, always true to nature, preserve even among the gravest people. The Arabian proverb, "*The barber learns his art on the orphan's face ;*" the Chinese, "*In a field of melons do not pull up your shoe, under a plum-tree do not adjust your cap*"—to impress caution under suspicious circumstances ; and the Hebrew one, "*He that hath had one of his family hanged may not say to his neighbour, hang up this fish :*" are instances of this sort of humour. The genius of CERVANTES

* Link by link is made the coat of mail.

† The tongue strikes deeper than the lance.

partook largely of that of his country; that mantle of gravity, which almost conceals under it a latent facetiousness, and with which he has imbued his style and manner with such untranslatable idiomatic raciness, may be traced to the proverbial erudition of his nation. "*Hurtar el puerco y dar los pies Dios*,"* is Cervantic nature. To one who is seeking an opportunity to quarrel with another, their proverb runs, "*Si quieres dar palos a su mujer pídele al sol a beber*."† To describe persons who live high without visible means, "*Los que cabritos venden y cabras no tienen, dedonde los vienen?*"‡

Proverbs abounding in sarcastic humour, and found among every people, are those which are pointed at rival countries. They expose some prevalent folly, or allude to some disgrace, which the natives have incurred. In France, the Burgundians have "*Mieux vaut bon repas que bel habit*;"§ these people are great gormandizers, but shabby dressers. Thus Picardy is famous for "hot heads;" and the Norman for "*son dit et son dedit*."|| In Italy, the numerous rival cities pelt one another with proverbs: "*Chi ha a fare con Tosco non convien esser losco*;"¶ "*A Venetia chi vi nasce, mal vi si pasce*."** In England, hardly has a county escaped from some popular quip; even neighbouring towns have their sarcasms, usually pickled in some unlucky rhyme. The egotism of man eagerly seizes on whatever serves to depreciate or ridicule his neighbour: nations proverb each other; counties flout counties; obscure towns sharpen their wits on towns as obscure as themselves—the same evil principle lurking in poor human nature, if it

* Steal a pig and give the trotters for God's sake.

† Hast thou a mind to quarrel with thy wife, bid her bring water to thee in the sunshine!

‡ They that sell kids and have no goats, how came they by them?

§ Better a good dinner than a fine coat.

|| His saying and his unsaying.

¶ He who deals with a Tuscan must not have his eyes shut.

** Whom Venice breeds, she poorly feeds.

cannot always assume predominance, will meanly gratify itself by insult or contempt.

There is another source of national characteristics, frequently producing strange or whimsical combinations; a people, from a very natural circumstance, have drawn their proverbs from local objects or allusions to peculiar customs. The Japanese have the proverb, "*A fog cannot be dispelled with a fan*;" which could only have occurred to a people who had constantly before them fogs and fans. The Chinese say, "*The thunder is heard but seldom; the sun shines every day*;"—illustrating the fact, that the instances of Divine beneficence to men are of far more frequent occurrence than those of Divine wrath. It shows also, that a land giving birth to a proverb so beautiful, is not one of Bœotian fogs or Scandinavian frosts, but of zephyrs bland and skies serene. The Spaniards have an odd proverb to describe those who tease and vex a person before they do him the very benefit they are about to confer—acting kindly but speaking roughly: "*Mostrar primero la horca que el lugar*;"* alluding to their small towns, which have a gallows placed on an eminence, so that it breaks on the eye of the traveller before he gets a view of the town itself. The Cheshire proverb on marriage, "*Better wed over the mixon than over the moor*;" mixon alludes to the dung, &c., in the farm-yard, while the road from Chester to London is over the moorland in Staffordshire: it is a curious instance of provincial pride to induce the gentry of that county to intermarry. In the Isle of Man, a proverbial expression indicates the object constantly occupying the minds of the inhabitants—herring-fishery. The two Deemsters, when appointed to the chair of judgment, declare they will render justice between man and man "*as equally as the herring-bone lies between the two sides*." There is a Cornish proverb, "*Those who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock*:" the strands of Cornwall, so often covered with

* To show the gallows before they show the town.

wrecks, could not fail to impress on the imaginations of its inhabitants the two objects from which they drew this salutary proverb against obstinate wrong-heads. When Scotland, in the last century, felt its allegiance to England doubtful, and when the French sent an expedition to the land of cakes, a local proverb was revived, to show the identity of interests which affected both nations:

*"If Skiddaw hath a cap,
Scruffel wote full well of that."*

These are two high hills, one in Scotland and one in England, so near, that what happens to one will not be long ere it reach the other. If a fog lodges on the one, it is sure to rain on the other.

There are domestic proverbs which originate in incidents known only to the natives. Italian literature is particularly rich in these stores. They apply to a person who, while he is beaten, takes the blows quietly:

*"Per beato ch' elle non furon pesche!"**

And to threaten to give a man—

"Una pesca in un occhio,"†

means to give him a thrashing. This proverb originated in a certain droll adventure. The community of the Castle Poggibonsi pay a tribute of peaches to the Tuscan court. It happened one season, in a great scarcity of peaches, that the good people, finding them rather dear, sent, instead thereof, a quantity of fine juicy figs, which was so much disapproved of by the pages, that as soon as they got hold of them, they began in rage to empty the baskets on the heads of the ambassadors of the Poggibonsi, who, in attempting to fly as well as they could from the pulpy shower, half-blinded, and recollecting that peaches would have had stones in them, cried out—

"Per beato ch' elle non furon pesche!"

* Luckily they were not peaches.

† A peach in the eye.

There are legends and histories which belong to proverbs; and some of the most ancient refer to incidents which have not always been commemorated. The Greek proverb, "*He is a man of Tenedos*," describes a man of unquestionable veracity. It first originated in a king of Tenedos, who decreed that there should always stand behind the judge a person holding an axe, ready to execute justice on any one convicted of falsehood. A national event is perpetuated in the proverb, "*Y vengar quiniento sueldos*"*—an odd expression to denote a person being a gentleman. The Spaniards of Old Castile were compelled to pay an annual tribute of five hundred maidens to their masters, the Moors; after several battles, they succeeded in compromising the shameful tribute by as many pieces of coin. At length, they entirely emancipated themselves from the odious imposition. The heroic action was performed by men of distinction, and the event perpetuated in the recollections of the Spaniards, by this singular expression, was applied to characterize all men of high honour, and devoted lovers of their country. PASQUIER observes that a proverb among the common people conveys the result of all his inquiries respecting the periodic changes of ancient families in feudal times; for those noble houses which in a single age declined from nobility and wealth to poverty and meanness, gave rise to "*Cent ans bannieres, et cent ans civieres*."† The Italian proverb, "*Con l' Evangelia si diventa heretico*,"‡ reflects the policy of the court of Rome, and must be dated at the time of the Reformation. The Scotch have "*He that invented the maiden first hanselled it*:" i. e., got the first of it. The inventor was the EARL OF MORTON. The saw is applied to the artificer of his own destruction. "*Testers are gone to Oxford to study at Brazen-nose*." HENRY VIII. debased the silver coin, called *testers* from their having a head stamped on each side; the brass, breaking out in red pimples on

* And revenge five hundred pounds.

† One hundred years a banner, and one hundred years a barrow.

‡ With the gospel we become heretics.

the silver faces, provoked the ill-humour of the people to vent itself in this punning proverb, which preserved the popular feeling of fifty years standing, till ELIZABETH reformed the state of the coinage. The Italian history of its own small principalities affords many instances of the timely use of a proverb. Many an intricate negotiation has been contracted through a good-humoured proverb,—many a sarcastic one has silenced an adversary; and sometimes they have been applied on more solemn and even tragical occasions. When ALBIZZI was banished by the vigorous conduct of COSMO DE' MEDICI, the former sent COSMO a menace—"La gallina covava!"* The undaunted COSMO replied by another proverb, that "*There was no brooding out of the nest!*" When a Frenchman would let us know that he has settled with his creditors, the saying is "*J'ai payé tous mes Anglois,*"†—which originated when JOHN, the French king, was taken prisoner by the BLACK PRINCE, and ransomed by levies of money. The Italians have a proverb which, formerly at least, was strongly indicative of the travelled Englishman in their country: "*Inglese Italianato é un diavolo incarnato.*"‡ The English were once better famed for merry Christmasses and their pies; and it must have been Italians who had been domiciliated with them who gave currency to "*Ha stu du fare che i forni di natale in Inghilterra.*"§

There seems to be no occurrence in human affairs to which some proverb may not be applied. All knowledge was long aphoristic and traditional, pithily contracting the discoveries which were to be instantly comprehended and easily retained. Whatever be the revolutionary state of man, similar principles and like occurrences are returning on us; and antiquity, whenever it is justly applicable to our own times, loses its denomination, and becomes the truth of our own age. *As the old saying is* (1 Sam. xxiv. 13,) goes very far with most men in forming their notions

* The hen is brooding.

† I have paid all my English.

‡ The Italianised Englishman is a devil incarnate.

§ He has more business than English ovens at Christmas.

and fixing their resolves. When one's judgment has been for awhile suspended, it is exceedingly common to come to a decision by the recollection of some proverb; man is influenced by the knowledge or thought present to his mind. A proverb will often cut the knot which others in vain are attempting to untie. JOHNSON, palled with the redundant elegancies of modern composition, once said: "I fancy mankind may come in time to write all aphoristically, except in narrative; grow weary of preparation, and connexion, and illustration, and all those arts by which a big book is made." A member of the House of Commons, in the reign of ELIZABETH, made a speech entirely composed of the most homely proverbs. The subject was a bill against double-payments of book-debts. Knavish tradesmen were then in the habit of swelling out their book-debts with those who took credit, particularly to their younger customers. One of the members who began to speak "for very fear shook" and stood silent. The nervous orator was followed by a blunt and true representative of the famed governor of Baritaria, delivering himself thus:—"It is now my chance to speak something and that without humming or hawing. I think this law is a good law. Even reckoning makes long friends. As far goes the penny as the penny's master. *Vigilantibus non dormientibus jura subveniunt*.* Pay the reckoning over-night, and you shall not be troubled in the morning. If ready money be *mensura publica*,† let every one cut his coat according to his cloth. When his old suit is in the wane, let him stay till that his money bring a new suit in the increase."

There are, perhaps, about twenty thousand proverbs among the nations of Europe: many of these have spread in their common intercourse; many are borrowed from the ancients, chiefly the Greeks, who themselves largely took from the eastern nations. The English proverbs are too often deficient in that elegance and ingenuity, that delicacy, wit, and felicity of expression, which are often found

* Rights or laws assist the vigilant, not the sluggish.

† Public measure.

in the Spanish and Italian. Proverbs frequently enliven conversation, or enter into the business of life in those countries, without any feeling of vulgarity being associated with them; they are too numerous, too witty, and too wise, to cease to please by their poignancy and aptitude. It is a fact worthy of notice, that the peasantry of some countries carry on their conversation very much by proverbial phrases; and such people will generally be found unusually prudent and discerning.

Proverbs have generally ceased to be studied or employed in conversation since the time we have derived our knowledge from books; but in a philosophic age they appear to offer infinite subjects for speculative curiosity; originating in various eras, these memorials of manners, of events, and of modes of thinking, for historic as well as for moral purposes, still retain a strong hold on our attention. The collected knowledge of successive ages and of different people, must always enter into some part of our own. Truth and nature can never be obsolete. The lapse of eighteen centuries has not destroyed the utility, much less the beauty, of these—"the treasured wisdom of ages." To restore to its prime uncommon lustre a common-place truth, it must be translated into action. There are plenty of good maxims in the world, says PASCAL, but we fail only in applying them.

The interest we may derive from the study of proverbs is not confined to their universal truths, nor to their poignant pleasantry; a philosophic mind will discover in them a great variety of the most curious knowledge. The manners or temper and character of a people are painted after life in their domestic proverbs; they are as visible as the tragic force and deep moral warnings contained in the works of HOGARTH; and it would not be advancing too much to assert, that the genius of the age might often be detected by the complexion of its prevalent ones. The proverbs of several nations were much studied by BP. ANDREWS; the reason assigned was, because "by them I know the minds of several nations, which is a brave thing, as we count him wise who knows the minds

and insides of men, which is done by knowing what is habitual to them." LORD BACON condensed a wide circuit of philosophic thought when he observed that "the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered by their proverbs."

The home-spun adages, and the rusty "sayed saws" which remain in the mouths of the people, and which the Greeks termed "the physic of the soul," are adapted to their capacities and humours; easily remembered and readily applied: these are the philosophy of the vulgar, and often more sound than that of their masters! They circulate in society as useful principles, to be unfolded and applied as occasion may require. Whoever would learn what the people think, and how they feel, must not reject even these as insignificant. The proverbs of the street and the market, true to nature, and lasting only because they are true, are records how the populace at Athens and Rome were the same people as at Paris and London, and as they had before been in the city of Jerusalem.

Proverbs embrace the wide sphere of human existence, they take all the colours of life, are often exquisite strokes of genius, delight by their airy sarcasm or caustic satire, the luxuriance of their humour, the playfulness of their turn, and even by the elegance of their imagery and tenderness of their sentiment. They give a deep insight into domestic life, and open for us the heart of man, in all the various states which he may occupy—a frequent review of proverbs should enter into our readings: and although they are no longer the ornaments of conversation, they have not ceased to be the treasures of Thought.

PHILOSOPHY may be defined, The knowledge of things founded on reason and experience. The terms distinctive of philosophy according to its several topics are these: natural, mental, and moral. To describe it requires a poet's pen—

With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!

Tutored by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages, and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die ! the treasure of mankind !
Their highest honour, and their truest joy !

Without thee what were unenlightened man ?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey ; and with the unfashioned fur
Rough clad ; devoid of every finer art
And elegance of life.

Nor happiness
Domestic, mixed of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law were his,—nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic ; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line, or dares the wintry pole,
Mother severe of infinite delights !
Nothing, save rapine, indulgence and guile,
And woes on woes, a still revolving train !
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse ; but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace ;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life.

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confined, the radiant tracks on high
Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze
Creation through ; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the *SOLE BEING* right, who spake the word
And Nature moved complete.

With inward view,
Thence on the ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,
The obedient phantoms vanish or appear ;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of *Fancy's* fleeting train ;

To reason, then, deducing truth from truth,
And notion quite abstract; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfettered and unmixed.*

As a science, the origin of "the love of wisdom" is involved in obscurity; but there is no doubt that Divine revelation was the source whence logical and ethical contemplation was derived. Where was the Chinese philosophy of CONFUCIUS ere OGUZ-KHAN made his irruption into Western Asia, when thousands of Jews removed eastward? and where the philosophy of the Indians before they had access to converse with the chosen people of God in the empire of DARIUS? What was the wisdom of the Egyptians ere JOSEPH became minister of state? and where the learning of Greece before CADMUS landed on her shores? Did not the Romans derive their philosophy from the Greeks? and had they not access to the oracles of God in the Javanic language? SOLOMON may be truly called the Prince of Philosophers. Him GOD endowed with extraordinary measures of wisdom and knowledge. His court was, and ever has been, the staple of learning, and the rendezvous of philosophers who come to light their candle at his lamp. To his judgment the learned have ever appealed, and on it, as an immovable base, have founded their own fabrics.

Ours is the age of action, the age of writing, of reading, of fiction, of strong feeling, and of Athenian curiosity. Every one is in great haste, as if to get the worth of living. "Geniuses" will not take the trouble of using the drill and pick-axe; but content themselves with what they can beg, borrow, and pilfer, from the mighty dead. The age has grown fastidious. History is required to assume a scenic costume; the moralist to allure to virtue by rhetoric; the poet to touch his harp at intervals; and Philosophy must be illustrated by charming metaphors and captivating fiction. Yet, here and there in the current literature, we find Saxon stamina—now and then there issue from the teeming

* THOMSON.

presses of the nineteenth century, some works which will live and be admired in the twentieth. Among these is the one before us. Its author seems to possess something of the spirit of those literary giants of "olden time;" he has laboured in the depths and brought up the shining ore, he has gathered the diamonds heaped upon the fertile plains of Balaghaut and collected the scattered gems of Zahara, he has searched the Book of Nature and found the precious pearl,—these he has melted down in his own furnace. Especially has he conversed with the great Hebrew monarch, and plucked his golden fruit to engraft them with the pencil on his canvass. These give value to the work; they show us "the wise course to steer," teach us that "virtue alone is happiness below," and turn our thoughts to the bright Source of all.

How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.*

He has gathered up the incense of wisdom and love breathed
from the lips of the gifted and the true, and given

to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.†

With a word of encouragement, he confirms a sublime yet undecided purpose,—with a word of sympathy, he opens a new vista to the desolate,—and with a word of truth, he fires a man of action to a noble deed. "All the enchantments of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the Author of his being. Truth wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing."‡ Like that of other good books, its language is instructive and touches us by its assimilation with our conscious life; like that of nature,

* MILTON'S *Comus*.

† SHAKESPEARE.

‡ JOHNSON on *Addison*.

xxvi. THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROVERBS.

it is beautiful and sublime; like conversation, it is personal and sympathetic,—alive with the glow of fancy and enriched by wisdom, it plainly shows us what we are and what we should be.

Our conclusion shall be in the words of CH. HARVEY, in his verses to the reader of "Walton:"—

First mark the title well; my friend that gave it
Has made it good, this book deserves to have it:
For he that views it with judicious looks,
Shall find it full of art, baits, lines, and hooks.
Here sits in secret blest theology,
Waited upon by grave philosophy
Both natural and moral, history
Deck'd and adorn'd with flowers of poetry,
The matter and expression striving which
Shall most excel in worth.

J. O.

Proverbial Philosophy.

(FIRST SERIES.)

Prefatory.

Thoughts that have tarried in my mind, and peopled its inner chambers,
The sober children of reason, or desultory train of fancy;
Clear running wine of conviction, with the scum and the lees of speculation;

Corn from the sheaves of science, with stubble from mine own garner:
Searchings after Truth, that have tracked her secret lodes,
And come up again to the surface-world, with a knowledge grounded deeper;

Arguments of high scope, that have soared to the keystone of heaven,
And thence have swooped to their certain mark, as the falcon to its quarry;

The fruits I have gathered of prudence, the ripened harvest of my musings,
These commend I unto thee, O docile scholar of Wisdom,
These I give to thy gentle heart, thou lover of the right.

What, though a guilty man renew that hallowed theme,
And strike with feeblér hand the harp of Sirach's son?¹
What, though a youthful tongue take up that ancient parable,
And utter faintly forth dark sayings as of old?

Sweet is the virgin honey, though the wild bee have stored it in a reed,
 And bright the jewelled band, that circlet an Ethiop's arm;
 Pure are the grains of gold in the turbid stream of Ganges,
 And fair the living flowers, that spring from the dull cold sod.
 Wherefore, thou gentle student, bend thine ear to my speech,
 For I also am as thou art; our hearts can commune together:
 To meanest matters will I stoop, for mean is the lot of mortal;
 I will rise to noblest themes, for the soul hath an heritage of glory:
 The passions of puny man; the majestic characters of God;
 The feverish shadows of time, and the mighty substance of eternity.

Commend thy mind unto candour, and grudge not as though thou hadst
 a teacher,

Nor scorn angelic Truth for the sake of her evil herald;
 Heed not him, but hear his words, and care not whence they come;
 The viewless winds might whisper them, the billows roar them forth,
 The mean unconscious sedge sigh them in the ear of evening,
 Or the mind of pride conceive, and the mouth of folly speak them.
 Lo now, I stand not forth laying hold on spear and buckler,
 I come a man of peace, to comfort, not to combat;
 With soft persuasive speech to charm thy patient ear,
 Giving the hand of fellowship, acknowledging the heart of sympathy:
 Let us walk together as friends in the shaded paths of meditation,
 Nor Judgment set his seal until he hath poised his balance;
 That the chastenings of mild reproof may meet unwitting error,
 And Charity not be a stranger at the board that is spread for brothers.

The Words of Wisdom.

Few and precious are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter:
To what shall their rarity be likened? What price shall count their worth?
Perfect and much to be desired, and giving joy with riches,
No lovely thing on earth can picture all their beauty.
They be chance pearls, flung among the rocks by the sullen waters of
Oblivion,
Which Diligence loveth to gather, and hang around the neck of Memory;
They be white-winged seeds of happiness, wafted from the islands of the
blessed,
Which Thought carefully tendeth, in the kindly garden of the heart;
They be sproutings of an harvest for eternity, bursting through the tilth
of time,
Green promise of the golden wheat, that yieldeth angels' food;
They be drops of the crystal dew, which the wings of seraphs scatter,
When on some brighter sabbath, their plumes quiver most with delight:
Such, and so precious, are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter.

Yet more, for the half is not said, of their might, and dignity, and
value;
For life-giving be they and glorious, redolent of sanctity and heaven:
As the fumes of hallowed incense, that veil the throne of the Most High;
As the beaded bubbles that sparkle on the rim of the cup of immortality;
As wreaths of the rainbow spray, from the pure cataracts of truth:
Such, and so precious, are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter.

Yet once again, loving student, suffer the praises of thy teacher,
For verily the sun of the mind, and the life of the heart is Wisdom:
She is pure and full of light, crowning grey hairs with lustre,
And kindling the eye of youth with a fire not its own;

And her words, whereunto canst thou liken them? for earth cannot show
their peers:

They be grains of the diamond sand, the radiant floor of heaven,
Rising in sunny dust behind the chariot of God;
They be flashes of the day-spring from on high, shed from the windows
of the skies;

They be streams of living waters, fresh from the fountain of Intelligence:
Such, and so precious, are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter.

For these shall guide thee well, and guard thee on thy way;
And wanting all beside, with these shalt thou be rich:
Though all around be woe, these shall make thee happy;
Though all within be pain, these shall bring thee health;
Thy good shall grow into ripeness, thine evil wither and decay,
And Wisdom's words shall sweetly charm thy doubtful into virtues:
Meanness shall then be frugal care; where shame was, thou art modest;
Cowardice riseth into caution, rashness is sobered into courage;
The wrathful spirit, rendering a reason, standeth justified in anger;
The idle hand hath fair excuse, propping the thoughtful forehead.
Life shall have no labyrinth but thy steps can track it,
For thou hast a silken clue, to lead thee through the darkness:
The rampant Minotaur of ignorance shall perish at thy coming,
And thine enfranchised fellows hail thy white victorious sails.²
Wherefore, friend and scholar, hear the words of Wisdom;
Whether she speaketh to thy soul in the full chords of revelation;
In the teaching earth, or air, or sea; in the still melodies of thought;
Or, haply, in the humbler strains that would detain thee here.*

Of Truth in Things False.

Error is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil;
In the heart of the wise and good, alike with the wicked and foolish:
For there is no error so crooked, but it hath in it some lines of truth:
Nor is any poison so deadly, that it serveth not some wholesome use:
And the just man, enamoured of the right, is blinded by the speciousness
of wrong,
And the prudent, perceiving an advantage, is content to overlook the
harm.
On all things created remaineth the half-effaced signature of God,
Somewhat of fair and good, though blotted by the finger of corruption:
And if error cometh in like a flood, it mixeth with streams of truth;
And the Adversary loveth to have it so, for thereby many are decoyed.
Providence is dark in its permissions; yet one day, when all is known,
The universe of reason shall acknowledge how just and good were they;
For the wise man leaneth on his wisdom, and the righteous trusteth to
his righteousness,
And those, who thirst for independence, are suffered to drink of disappoint-
ment.
Wherefore? — to prove and humble them; and to teach the idolators of
Truth,
That it is but the ladder unto Him, on whom only they should trust.

There is truth in the wildest scheme that imaginative humankind
engendered,
And a man may gather somewhat from the crudest theories of fancy:
The alchemist laboureth in folly, but catcheth chance gleams of wisdom.
And findeth out many inventions, though his crucible breed not gold;
The sinner, toying with witchcraft, thinketh to delude his fellows,

But there be very spirits of evil, and what if they come at his bidding ?
 He is a bold bad man who dareth to tamper with the dead ;
 For their whereabouts lieth in a mystery — that vestibule leading to
 Eternity,

The waiting-room for unclad ghosts, before the presence-chamber of their
 King :

Mind may act upon mind, though bodies be far divided ;
 For the life is in the blood, but souls communicate unseen :
 And the heat of an excited intellect, radiating to its fellows,
 Doth kindle dry leaves afar off, while the green wood around it is un-
 warmed.

The dog may have a spirit, as well as his brutal master ;
 A spirit to live in happiness ; for why should he be robbed of his exist-
 ence ?

Hath he not a conscience of evil, a glimmer of moral sense,
 Love and hatred, courage and fear, and visible shame and pride ?
 There may be a future rest for the patient victims of the cruel ;
 And a season allotted for their bliss, to compensate for unjust suffering.
 Spurn not at seeming error, but dig below its surface for the truth ;
 And beware of seeming truths, that grow on the roots of error :
 For comely are the apples that spring from the Dead Sea's cursed shore :
 But within are they dust and ashes, and the hand that plucked them
 shall rue it

A frequent similar effect argueth a constant cause :

Yet who hath counted the links that bind an omen to its issue ?
 Who hath expounded the law that rendereth calamities gregarious,
 Pressing down with yet more woes the heavy-laden mourner ?
 Who knoweth wherefore a monsoon should swell the sails of the pros-
 perous,

Blithely speeding on their course the children of good luck ?
 Who hath companied a vision from the horn or ivory gate,
 Or met another's mind in his, and explained its presence ?
 There is a secret somewhat in antipathies ; and love is more than fancy ;
 Yea, and a palpable notice warneth of an instant danger ;
 For the soul hath its feelers, cobwebs floating on the wind,
 That catch events in their approach with sure and apt presentiment,
 So that some halo of attraction heraldeth a coming friend,
 Investing in his likeness the stranger that passed on before ;
 And while the word is in thy mouth, behold thy word fulfilled,

And he of whom we spake can answer for himself.
O man, little hast thou learnt of truth in things most true,
How therefore shall thy blindness wot of truth in things most false?
Thou hast not yet perceived the causes of life or motion,
How then canst thou define the subtle sympathies of mind?
For the spirit, sharpest and strongest when disease hath rent the body,
Hath welcomed kindred spirits in nightly visitations,
Or learnt from restless ghosts dark secrets of the living,
And helped slow justice to her prey by the dreadful teaching of a dream.

Verily, there is nothing so true, that the damps of error have not
warped it;

Verily, there is nothing so false, that a sparkle of truth is not in it.
For the enemy, the father of lies, the giant Upas of creation,
Whose deadly shade hath blasted this once green garden of the Lord
Can but pervert the good, but may not create the evil;
He destroyeth, but cannot build; for he is not antagonist deity:
Mighty is his stolen power, yet is he a creature and a subject;
Not a maker of abstract wrong, but a spoiler of concrete right;
The fiend hath not a royal crown; he is but a prowling robber,
Suffered, for some mysterious end, to haunt the King's highway;
And the keen sword he beareth, once was a simple ploughshare;
Yea, and his panoply of error is but a distortion of the truth:
The sickle that once reaped righteousness, beaten from its useful curve,
With axe, and spike, and bar, headeth the marauder's halbert.
Seek not further, O man, to solve the dark riddle of sin;
Suffice it, that thine own bad heart is to thee thine origin of evil.

Of Anticipation.

Thou hast seen many sorrows, travel-stained pilgrim of the world,
But that which hath vexed thee most hath been the looking for evil;
And though calamities have crossed thee, and misery been heaped on thy
head,

Yet ills, that never happened, have chiefly made thee wretched.
The sting of pain and the edge of pleasure are blunted by long expectation,

For the gall and the balm alike are diluted in the waters of patience:
And often thou sippest sweetness, ere the cup is dashed from thy lip;
Or drainest the gall of fear, while evil is passing by thy dwelling.
A man too careful of danger liveth in continual torment,
But a cheerful expecter of the best hath a fountain of joy within him:
Yea, though the breath of disappointment should chill the sanguine
heart,

Speedily gloweth it again, warmed by the live embers of hope;
Though the black and heavy surge close above the head for a moment,
Yet the happy buoyancy of Confidence riseth superior to Despair.
Verily, evils may be courted, may be wooed and won by distrust:
For the wise Physician of our weal loveth not an unbelieving spirit;
And to those giveth he good, who rely on his hand for good;
And those leaveth he to evil, who fear, but trust Him not.
Ask for good, and hope it, for the ocean of good is fathomless;
Ask for good, and have it; for thy Friend would see thee happy:
But to the timid heart, to the child of unbelief and dread,
That leaneth on his own weak staff, and trusteth the sight of his eyes,
The evil he feared shall come, for the soil is ready for the seed,
And suspicion hath coldly put aside the hand that was ready to help him.
Therefore look up, sad spirit; be strong, thou coward heart,
Or fear will make thee wretched, though evil follow not behind:
Cease to anticipate misfortune,—there are still many chances of escape;

But if it come, be courageous: face it, and conquer thy calamity.

There is not an enemy so stout, as to storm and take the fortress of the mind,

Unless its infirmity turn traitor, and Fear unbar the gates.

The valiant standeth as a rock, and the billows break upon him;

The timorous is a skiff unmoored, tost and mocked at by a ripple:

The valiant holdeth fast to good, till evil wrench it from him;

The timorous casteth it aside, to meet the worst half way:

Yet oftentimes is evil but a braggart, that provoketh and will not fight;

Or the feint of a subtle fencer, who measureth his thrust elsewhere:

Or perchance a blessing in a masque, sent to try thy trust,

The precious smiting of a friend, whose frowns are all in love:

Often the storm threateneth, but is driven to other climes,

And the weak hath quailed in fear, while the firm hath been glad in his confidence.

Of Hidden Gems.

The sea-wort (*) floating on the waves, or rolled up high along the shore,
Ye counted useless and vile, heaping on it names of contempt:

Yet hath it gloriously triumphed, and man been humbled in his ignorance,

For health is in the freshness of its savour, and it cumbereth the beach
with wealth;

Comforting the tossings of pain with its violet tinctured essence,
And by its humbler ashes enriching many proud.

Be this, then, a lesson to thy soul, that thou reckon nothing worthless,
Because thou heedest not its use, nor knowest the virtues thereof.

And herein, as thou walkest by the sea, shall weeds be a type and an earnest

Of the stored and uncounted riches lying hid in all creatures of God:

There be flowers making glad the desert, and roots fattening the soil,

And jewels in the secret deep, scattered amongst groves of coral,

And comforts to crown all wishes, and aids unto every need,

Influences yet unthought, and virtues, and many inventions,

And uses above and around, which man hath not yet regarded.

Not long to charm away disease hath the crocus (*) yielded up its bulb,

Nor the willow lent its bark, nor the nightshade its vanquished poison;

Not long hath the twisted leaf, the fragrant gift of China,

Nor that nutritious root, the boon of far Peru,

Nor the many-coloured dahlia, nor the gorgeous flaunting cactus,

Nor the multitude of fruits and flowers ministered to life and luxury:

Even so, there be virtues yet unknown in the wasted foliage of the elm,

In the sun-dried harebell of the downs, and the hyacinth drinking in the meadow,

In the sycamore's winged fruit, and the facet-cut cones of the cedar;

And the pansy and bright geranium live not alone for beauty,

Nor the waxen flower of the arbut, though it dieth in a day,

Nor the sculptured crest of the fir, unseen but by the stars ;
 And the meanest weed of the garden serveth unto many uses,
 The salt tamarisk, and juicy flag, the freckled orchis, and the daisy.
 The world may laugh at famine, when forest-trees yield bread,
 When acorns give out fragrant drink, (*) and the sap of the linden is as
 fatness :

For every green herb, from the lotus to the darnel,
 Is rich with delicate aids to help incurious man.

Still, Mind is up and stirring, and pryeth in the corners of contrivance,
 Often from the dark recesses picking out bright seeds of truth :
 Knowledge hath clipped the lightning's wings, and mewed it up for a
 purpose,

Training to some domestic task the fiery bird of heaven ;
 Tamed is the spirit of the storm, to slave in all peaceful arts,
 To walk with husbandry and science ; to stand in the vanguard against
 death :

And the chemist balanceth his elements with more than magic skill,
 Commanding stones that they be bread, and draining sweetness out of
 wormwood.

Yet man, heedless of a God, counteth up vain reckonings,
 Fearing to be jostled and starved out, by the too prolific increase of his
 kind ;

And asketh, in unbelieving dread, for how few years to come
 Will the black cellars of the world yield unto him fuel for his winter.
 Might not the wide waste sea be pent within narrower bounds ?
 Might not the arm of diligence make the tangled wilderness a garden ?
 And, for aught thou canst tell, there may be a thousand methods
 Of comforting thy limbs in warmth, though thou kindle not a spark.
 Fear not, son of man, for thyself nor thy seed :—with a multitude is
 plenty ;

God's blessing giveth increase, and with it larger than enough.

Search out the wisdom of nature, there is depth in all her doings ;
 She seemeth prodigal of power, yet her rules are the maxims of fra-
 gality ;

The plant refresheth the air, and the earth filtereth the water,
 And dews are sucked into the cloud, dropping fatness on the world :
 She hath, on a mighty scale, a general use for all things ;
 Yet hath she specially for each its microscopic purpose :

There is use in the prisoned air, that swelleth the pods of the laburnum.
 Design in the venom'd thorns, that sentinel the leaves of the nettle;
 A final cause for the aromatic gum, that congealeth the moss around a

rose:

A reason for each blade of grass, that reareth its small spire.
 How knoweth discontented man what a train of ills might follow,
 If the lowest menial of nature knew not her secret office?
 If the thistle never sprang up, to mock the loose husbandry of indolence,
 Or the pestilence never swept away an unknown curse from among men?
 Would ye crush the buzzing myriads that float on the breath of evening?
 Would ye trample the creatures of God that people the rotting fruit?
 Would ye suffer no mildew forest to stain the unhealthy wall,
 Nor a noisome savour to exhale from the pool that breedeth disease?
 Pain is useful unto man, for it teacheth him to guard his life,
 And the fetid vapours of the fen warn him to fly from danger:
 And the meditative mind, looking on, winneth good food for its hunger,
 Seeing the wholesome root bring forth a poisonous berry;
 For otherwhile falleth it out that truth, driven to extremities,
 Yieldeth bitter folly as the spoilt fruit of wisdom.
 O, blinded is thine eye, if it see not just aptitude in all things;
 O, frozen is thy heart, if it glow not with gratitude for all things:
 In the perfect circle of creation not an atom could be spared,
 From earth's magnetic zone to the bindweed round a hawthorn.

The sage, and the beetle at his feet, hath each a ministration to perform:
 The briar and the palm have the wages of life, rendering secret service.
 Neither is it thus alone with the definite existences of matter;
 But motion and sound, circumstance and quality, yea, all things have
 their office.

The zephyr playing with an aspen-leaf,—the earthquake that rendeth a
 continent;

The moon-beam silvering a ruined arch,—the desert wave dashing up a
 pyramid;

The thunder of jarring icebergs,—the stops of a shepherd's pipe;
 The howl of the tiger in the glen,—and the wood-dove calling to her mate;
 The vulture's cruel rage,—the grace of the stately swan;
 The fierceness looking from the lynx's eye, and the dull stupor of the sloth:
 To these, and to all, is there added each its use, though man considereth
 it lightly;

For Power hath ordained nothing which Economy saw not needful.

All things being are in concord with the ubiquity of God ;
Neither is there one thing overmuch, nor freed from honourable servitude.
Were there not a need-be of wisdom, nothing would be as it is ;
For essence without necessity argueth a moral weakness.
We look through a glass darkly, we catch but glimpses of truth ;
But, doubtless, the sailing of a cloud hath Providence to its pilot,
Doubtless, the root of an oak is gnarled for a special purpose,
The foreknown station of a rush is as fixed as the station of a king,
And chaff from the hand of the winnower, steered as the stars in their
courses.

Man liveth only in himself, but the Lord liveth in all things ;
And his pervading unity quickeneth the whole creation.
Man doeth one thing at once, nor can he think two thoughts together ;
But God compasseth all things, mantling the globe like air :
And we render homage to his wisdom, seeing use in all his creatures,
For, perchance, the universe would die, were not all things as they are.

Of Compensation.

Equal is the government of heaven in allotting pleasures among men,
And just the everlasting law, that hath wedded happiness to virtue :
For verily on all things else broodeth disappointment with care,
That childish man may be taught the shallowness of earthly enjoyment.
Wherefore, ye that have enough, envy ye the rich man his abundance ?
Wherefore, daughters of affluence, covet ye the cottager's content ?
Take the good with the evil, for ye all are pensioners of God,
And none may choose or refuse the cup His wisdom mixeth.
The poor man rejoiceth at his toil, and his daily meat is sweet to him :
Content with present good, he looketh not for evil to the future :
The rich man languisheth with sloth, and findeth pleasure in nothing,
He locketh up care with his gold, and feareth the fickleness of fortune.
Can a cup contain within itself the measure of a bucket ?
Or the straitened appetites of man drink more than their fill of luxury ?
There is a limit to enjoyment, though the sources of wealth be boundless.
And the choicest pleasures of life lie within the ring of moderation.

Also, though penury and pain be real and bitter evils,
I would reason with the poor afflicted, for he is not so wretched as he
seemeth.

What right hath an offender to complain, though others escape punishment,

If the stripes of earned misfortune overtake him in his sin ?
Wherefore not endure with resignation the evils thou canst not avert ?
For the coward pain will flee, if thou meet him as a man :
Consider, whatever be thy fate, that it might and ought to have been
worse,

And that it lieth in thy hand to gather even blessing from afflictions ;
Bethink thee, wherefore were they sent ? and hath not use blunted their
keenness ?

Need hope and patience, and courage, be strangers to the meanest hovel?
 Thou art in an evil case,—it were cruel to deny to thee compassion,
 But there is not unmitigated ill in the sharpest of this world's sorrows:
 I touch not the sore of thy guilt; but of human griefs I counsel thee,
 Cast off the weakness of regret, and gird thee to redeem thy loss:
 Thou hast gained, in the furnace of affliction, self-knowledge, patience,
 and humility,
 And these be as precious ore, that waiteth the skill of the coiner:
 Despise not the blessings of adversity, nor the gain thou hast earned so
 hardly,
 And now thou hast drained the bitter, take heed that thou lose not the
 sweet.

Power is seldom innocent, and envy is the yoke-fellow of eminence;
 And the rust of the miser's riches wasteth his soul as a canker.
 The poor man counteth not the cost at which such wealth hath been pur-
 chased;
 He would be on the mountain's top, without the toil and travail of the
 climbing.
 But equity demandeth recompense: for high-place, calumny and care;
 For state, comfortless splendour eating out the heart of home:
 For warrior fame, dangers and death; for a name among the learned, a
 spirit overstrained;
 For honour of all kinds, the goad of ambition; on every acquirement,
 the tax of anxiety.
 He that would change with another, must take the cup as it is mixed:
 Poverty, with largeness of heart: or a full purse, with a sordid spirit;
 Wisdom, in an ailing body; or a common mind, with health:
 Godliness, with man's scorn; or the welcome of the mighty, with guilt:
 Beauty, with a fickle heart; or plainness of face, with affection.
 For so hath Providence determined, that a man shall not easily discover
 Unmingled good or evil, to quicken his envy or abhorrence.
 A bold man or a fool must he be, who would change his lot with another;
 It were a fearful bargain, and mercy hath lovingly refused it:
 For we know the worst of ourselves, but the secrets of another we see not,
 And better is certain bad, than the doubt and dread of worse.

Just, and strong, and opportune is the moral rule of God;
 Ripe in its times, firm in its judgments, equal in the measure of its gifts:
 Yet men, scanning the surface, count the wicked happy,

Nor heed the compensating peace, which gladdeneth the good in his afflictions.

They see not the frightful dreams that crowd a bad man's pillow,
Like wreathed adders crawling round his midnight conscience;
They hear not the terrible suggestions, that knock at the portal of his will,

Provoking to wipe away from life the one weak witness of the deed;
They know not the torturing suspicions that sting his panting breast,
When the clear eye of penetration quietly readeth off the truth.
Likewise of the good what know they? the memories bringing pleasure,
Shrined in the heart of the benevolent, and glistening from his eye;
The calm self-justifying reason that establisheth the upright in his purpose;

The warm and gushing bliss that floodeth all the thoughts of the religious.
Many a beggar at the cross-way, or grey-haired shepherd on the plain,
Hath more of the end of all wealth, than hundreds who multiply the means.

Moreover, a moral compensation reacheth to the secrecy of thought;
For if thou wilt think evil of thy neighbour, soon shalt thou have him for thy foe:

And yet he may know nothing of the cause that maketh thee distasteful to his soul,—

The cause of unkind suspicion, for which thou hast thy punishment:
And if thou think of him in charity, wishing or praying for his weal,
He shall not guess the secret charm that lureth his soul to love thee.
For just is retributive ubiquity: Samson did sin with Dalilah,
And his eyes and captive strength were forfeit to the Philistine:
Jacob robbed his brother, and sorrow was his portion to the grave:
David must fly before his foes, yea, though his guilt is covered:
And He, who seeming old in youth, (¹⁰) was marred for others' sin,
For every special crime must bear its special penalty:
By luxury, or rashness, or vice, the member that hath erred suffereth,—
And therefore the Sacrifice for all was pained at every pore.

Like to the slave and his oppressor cometh night with sweet refreshment,
And half of the life of the most wretched is gladdened by the soothing of sleep.

Pain addeth rest unto pleasure, and teacheth the luxury of health;
There is a joy in sorrow, which none but a mourner can know:

Madness hath imaginary bliss, and most men have no more ;
Age hath its quiet calm, and youth enjoyeth not for haste :
Daily, in the midst of its beatitude, the righteous soul is vexed ;
And even the misery of guilt doth attain to the bliss of pardon.
Who, in the face of the born-blind, ever looked on other than content ?
And the deaf ear listeneth within to the silent music of the heart.
There is evil poured upon the earth from the overflowings of corruption,—

Sickness, and poverty, and pain, and guilt, and madness, and sorrow ;
But, as the water from a fountain riseth and sinketh to its level,
Ceaselessly toileth justice to equalize the lots of men :
For, habit, and hope, and ignorance, and the being but one of a multitude,

And strength of reason in the sage, and dullness of feeling in the fool,
And the light elasticity of courage, and the calm resignation of meekness,
And the stout endurance of decision, and the weak carelessness of apathy,
And helps invisible but real, and ministrings not unfelt,
Angelic aid with worldly discomfiture, bodily loss with the soul's gain,
Secret griefs, and silent joys, thorns in the flesh, and cordials for the spirit,

(—Short of the insuperable barrier dividing innocence from guilt,—)
Go far to level all things, by the gracious rule of Compensation.

Of Indirect Influences.

Face thy foe in the field, and perchance thou wilt meet thy master,
For the sword is chained to his wrist, and his armour buckled for the
battle;

But find him when he looketh not for thee, aim between the joints of his
harness,

And the crest of his pride will be humbled, his cruelty will bite the dust.
Beard not a lion in his den, but fashion the secret pit-fall,
So shalt thou conquer the strong, thyself triumphing in weakness.

The hurricane rageth fiercely, and the promontory standeth in its might,
Breasting the artillery of heaven, as darts glance from the crocodile:

But the small continual creeping of the silent footsteps of the sea
Mineth the wall of adamant, and stealthily compasseth its ruin.

The weakness of accident is strong, where the strength of design is
weak:

And a casual analogy convinceth, when a mind beareth not argument.
Will not a man listen? be silent; and prove thy maxim by example:
Never fear, thou loseest not thy hold, though thy mouth doth not render
a reason.

Contend not in wisdom with a fool, for thy sense maketh much of his
conceit;

And some errors never would have thriven, had it not been for feigned
refutation:

Yea, much evil hath been caused by an honest wrestler for truth,
And much of unconscious good, by the man that hated wisdom:
For the intellect judgeth closely, and if thou overstep thy argument,
Or seem not consistent with thyself, or fail in thy direct purpose,
The mind that went along with thee, shall stop and return without thee,
And thou shalt have raised a foe, where thou mightest have won a friend.

Hints, shrewdly strown, mightily disturb the spirit,

Where a bare-faced accusation would be too ridiculous for calumny:

The sly suggestion toucheth nerves, and nerves contract the fronds,
 And the sensitive mimosa of affection trembleth to its root;
 And friendships, the growth of half a century, those oaks that laugh at
 storms,

Have been cankered in a night by a worm, even as the prophet's gourd.
 Hast thou loved and not known jealousy? for a sidelong look
 Can please or pain thy heart more than the multitude of proofs:
 Hast thou hated, and not learned that thy silent scorn
 Doth deeper aggravate thy foe than loud-cursing malice?—
 A wise man prevaileth in power, for he screeneth his battering engine,
 But a fool tilteth headlong, and his adversary is aware.

Behold those broken arches, that oriel all unglazed,
 That crippled line of columns bleaching in the sun,
 The delicate shaft stricken midway, and the flying buttress
 Idly stretching forth to hold up tufted ivy:
 Thinkest thou the thousand eyes that shine with rapture on a ruin,
 Would have looked with half their wonder on the perfect pile?
 And wherefore not—but that light hints, suggesting unseen beauties,
 Fill the complacent gazer with self-grown conceits?
 And so, the rapid sketch winneth more praise to the painter,
 Than the consummate work elaborated on his easel:
 And so, the Helvetic lion cavered in the living rock
 Hath more of majesty and force, than if upon a marble pedestal.

Tell me, daughter of taste, what hath charmed thine ear in music?
 Is it the laboured theme, the curious fugue or cento,—
 Nor rather the sparkles of intelligence flashing from some strange note,
 Or the soft melody of sounds far sweeter for simplicity?
 Tell me, thou son of science, what hath filled thy mind in reading?
 Is it the volume of detail where all is orderly set down
 And they that read may run, nor need to stop and think;
 The book carefully accurate, that counteth thee no better than a fool,
 Gorging the passive mind with annotated notes;—
 Nor rather the half-suggested thoughts, the riddles thou mayst solve,
 The fair ideas, coyly peeping like young loves out of roses,
 The quaint arabesque conceptions, half cherub and half flower,
 The light analogy, or deep allusion, trusted to thy learning,
 The confidence implied in thy skill to unravel meaning mysteries?
 For ideas are oftentimes shy of the close furniture of words,

And thought, wherein only is power, may be best conveyed by a suggestion :

The flash that lighteth up a valley, amid the dark midnight of a storm,
Coineth the mind with that scene sharper than fifty summers.

A worldly man boasteth in his pride, that there is no power but of money ;

And he judgeth the characters of men by the differing measures of their means :

He stealeth all goodly names as worth, and value, and substance,
Which be the ancient heritage of Virtue, but such an one ascribeth unto Wealth :

He spurneth the needy sage, whose wisdom hath enriched nations,
And the sons of poverty and learning, without whom earth were a desert :

Music, the soother of cares, the tuner of the dank discordant heart-strings,

It is naught unto such an one but sounds, whereby some earn their living :

The poem, and the picture, and the statue, to him seem idle baubles,
Which wealth condescendeth to favour, to gain him the name of patron.
But little wotteth he the might of the means his folly despiseth ;

He considereth not that these be the wires which move the puppets of the world.

A sentence hath formed a character, " and a character subdued a kingdom ;

A picture hath ruined souls, or raised them to commerce with the skies :
The pen hath shaken nations, and stablished the world in peace ;
And the whole full horn of plenty²³ been filled from the vial of science.

He regardeth man as sensual, the monarch of created matter,
And careth not aught for mind, that linketh him with spirits unseen
He feedeth his carcase and is glad, though his soul be faint and famished,

And the dull brute power of the body bindeth him a captive to himself.

Man liveth from hour to hour, and knoweth not what may happen ;
Influences circle him on all sides, and yet must he answer for his actions -
For the being that is master of himself, bendeth events to his will,
But a slave to selfish passion is the wavering creature of circumstance.
To this man temptation is a poison, to that man it addeth vigour ;

And each may render to himself influences good or evil.
As thou directest the power, harm or advantage will follow,
And the torrent that swept the valley, may be led to turn a mill;
The wild electric flash that could have kindled comets,
May by the ductile wire give ease to an ailing child."
For outward matter or event, fashion not the character within,
But each man, yielding or resisting, fashioneth his mind for himself.

Some have said, What is in a name? — most potent plastic influence;
A name is a word of character, and repetition stablisheth the fact;
A word of rebuke, or of honour, tending to obscurity or fame;
And greatest is the power of a mean, when its power is least suspected.
A low name is a thorn in the side, that hindereth the footman in his
running;
But a name of ancestral renown shall often put the racer to his speed.
Few men have grown unto greatness whose names are allied to ridicule,
And many would never have been profligate, but for the splendour of a
name.
A wise man scorneth nothing, be it ever so small or homely,
For he knoweth not the secret laws that may bind it to great effects.
The world in its boyhood was credulous, and dreaded the vengeance of
the stars,
The world in its dotage is not wiser, fearing not the influence of small
things:
Planets govern not the soul, nor guide the destinies of man,
But trifles, lighter than straws, are levers in the building up of character.
A man hath the tiller in his hand, and may steer against the current,
Or may glide down idly with the stream, till his vessel founder in the
whirlpool.

Of Memory.

Where art thou, storehouse of the mind, garner of facts and fancies,—
In what strange firmament are laid the beams of thine airy chambers?
Or art thou that small cavern,“ the centre of the rolling brain,
Where still one sandy morsel testifieth man's original?
Or hast thou some grand globe, some common hall of intellect,
Some spacious market-place for thought, where all do bring their wares,
And gladly rescued from the littleness, the narrow closet of a self,
The privileged soul hath large access, coming in the livery of learning?
Live we as isolated worlds, perfect in substance and spirit,
Each a sphere, with a special mind, prisoned in its shell of matter?
Or rather, as converging radiations, parts of one majestic whole,
Beams of the Sun, streams from the River, branches of the mighty Tree,
Some bearing fruit, some bearing leaves, and some diseased and barren,—

Some for the feast, some for the floor, and some,—how many,—for the
fire?

Memory may be but a power of coming to the treasury of Fact,
A momentary self-desertion, an absence in spirit from the now,
An actual coursing hither and thither, by the mind, slipped from its
leash,

A life, as in the mystery of dreams, spent within the limits of a moment.

A brutish man knoweth not this, neither can a fool comprehend it,
But there be secrets of the memory, deep, wondrous, and fearful.
Were I at Petra,“ could I not declare, My soul hath been here before
me?

Am I strange to the columned halls, the calm dead grandeur of Palmyra?
Know I not thy mount, O Carmel! Have I not voyaged on the Danube,
Nor seen the glare of Arctic snows,—nor the black tents of the Tartar?
Is it then a dream, that I remember the faces of them of old,

While wandering in the grove with Plato, and listening to Zeno in the porch?

Paul have I seen, and Pythagoras, and the Stagyrice hath spoken me friendly,

And His meek eye looked also upon me, standing with Peter in the palace. Athens and Rome, Persepolis and Sparta, am I not a freeman of you all? And chiefly can my yearning heart forget thee, O Jerusalem?—

For the strong magic of conception, mingled with the fumes of memory, Giveth me a life in all past time, yea, and addeth substance to the future. Be ye my judges, imaginative minds, full-fledged to soar into the sun, Whose grosser natural thoughts the chemistry of wisdom hath sublimed, Have ye not confessed to a feeling, a consciousness strange and vague, That ye have gone this way before, and walk again your daily life, Tracking an old routine, and on some foreign strand, Where hodie ye have never stood, finding your own footsteps? Hath not at times some recent friend looked out an old familiar, Some newest circumstance or place teemed as with ancient memories? A startling sudden flash lighteth up all for an instant, And then it is quenched, as in darkness, and leaveth the cold spirit trembling.

Memory is not wisdom; idiots can rote volumes:

Yet, what is wisdom without memory? a babe that is strangled in its birth,

The path of the swallow in the air, the path of the dolphin in the waters, A cask running out, a bottomless chasm: such is wisdom without memory.

There be many wise, who cannot store their knowledge;

Yet from themselves are they satisfied, for the fountain is within:

There be many who store, but have no wisdom of their own,

Lumbering their armoury with weapons their muscles cannot lift:

There be many thieves and robbers, who glean and store unlawfully,

Calling in to memory's help some cunningly devised Cabala:—

But to feed the mind with fatness, to fill thy granary with corn,

Nor clog with chaff and straw the threshing-floor of reason,

Reap the ideas, and house them well; but leave the words high stubble:

Strive to store up what was thought, despising what was said.

For the mind is a spirit, and drinketh in ideas, as flame melteth into flame;

But for words it must pack them as on floors, cumbrous and perishable merchandize.

To be pained for a minute, to fear for an hour, to hope for a week,—
how long and weary!

But to remember fourscore years, is to look back upon a day.
An avenue seemeth to lengthen in the eyes of the wayfaring man,
But let him turn, those stationed elms crowd up within a yard;
Pace the lamp-lit streets of some sleeping city,
The multitude of crassets shall seem one, in the false picture of perspective;

Even so, in sweet treachery, dealeth the aged with himself,
He gazeth on the green hill-tops, while the marshes beneath are hidden;
And the partial telescope of memory pierceth the blank between,
To look with lingering love at the fair star of childhood.
Life is as the current spark on the miner's wheel of flints;
Whiles it spinneth there is light; stop it, all is darkness:
Life is as a morsel of frankincense burning in the hall of Eternity;
It is gone, but its odorous cloud curleth to the lofty roof:
Life is as a lump of salt, melting in the temple-laver;
It is gone,—yet its savour reacheth to the farthest atom:
Even so, for evil or for good, is life the criterion of a man,
For its memories of sanctity or sin pervade all the firmament of being.
There is but the fitting moment, wherein to hope or to enjoy,
But in the calendar of memory, that moment is all time.

The Dream of Ambition.

I left the happy fields that smile around the village of Content,
And sought with wayward feet the torrid desert of Ambition.
Long time, parched and weary, I travelled that burning sand,
And the hooded basilisk and adder were strewed in my way for palms;
Black scorpions thronged me round, with sharp uplifted stings.
Seeming to mock me as I ran; (then I guessed it was a dream,—
But life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we are.)
So I toiled on, doubting in myself, up a steep gravel cliff,
Whose yellow summit shot up far into the brazen sky;
And quickly, I was wafted to the top, as upon unseen wings
Carrying me upward like a leaf: (then I thought it was a dream,—
Yet life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we are.)
So I stood on the mountain, and behold! before me a giant pyramid,
And I clomb with eager haste its high and difficult steps;
For I longed, like another Belus,¹⁷ to mount up, yea to heaven,
Nor sought I rest until my feet had spurned the crest of earth.

Then I sat on my granite throne under the burning sun,
And the world lay smiling beneath me, but I was wrapt in flames;
(And I hoped, in glimmering consciousness, that all this torture was a
dream,—
Yet life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we are.)
And anon, as I sat scorching, the pyramid shuddered to its root,
And I felt the quarried mass leap from its sand foundations:
Awhile it tottered and tilted, as raised by invisible levers,—
(And now my reason spake with me; I knew it was a dream:
Yet I hushed that whisper into silence, for I hoped to learn of wisdom,
By tracking up my truant thoughts, whereunto they might lead.)
And suddenly, as rolling upon wheels, adown the cliff it rushed,
And I thought, in my hot brain, of the Muscovites' icy slope;

A thousand yards in a moment we ploughed the sandy seas,
And crushed those happy fields, and that smiling village,
And onward, as a living thing, still rushed my mighty throne,
Thundering along, and pounding, as it went, the millions in my way;
Before me all was life, and joy, and full-blown summer,
Behind me death and woe, the desert and simoom.
Then I wept and shrieked aloud, for pity and for fear;
But might not stop, for, comet-like, flew on the maddened mass
Over the crashing cities, and falling obelisks and towers,
And columns, rased as by a scythe, and high domes, shivered as an egg-
shell,
And deep embattled ranks, and women, crowded in the streets,
And children, kneeling as for mercy, and all I had ever loved,
Yea, over all, mine awful throne rushed on with seeming instinct,—
And over the crackling forests, and over the rugged beach,
And on with a terrible hiss through the foaming wild Atlantic
That roared around me as I sat, but could not quench my spirit,—
Still on, through startled solitudes we shattered the pavement of the sea,
Down, down, to that central vault, the bolted doors of hell;
And these, with horrid shock, my huge throne battered in,
And on to the deepest deep, where the fierce flames were hottest,
Blazing tenfold as conquering furiously the seas that rushed in with me,—
And there I stopped: and a fearful voice shouted in mine ear,
“Behold the home of Discontent; behold the rest of Ambition!”

Of Subjection.

He hath dominion over all things, over universal mind and matter ;
For there are reciprocities of right, which no creature can gainsay.
Unto each was there added by its Maker, in the perfect chain of being,
Dependencies and sustentations, accidents, and qualities, and powers :
And each must fly forward in the curve, unto which it was forced from
the beginning ;

Each must attract and repel, or the monarchy of Order is no more.
Laws are essential emanations from the self-poised character of God,
And they radiate from that sun, to the circling edges of creation.
Verily, the mighty Lawgiver hath subjected Himself unto laws,
And God is the primal grand example of free unstrained obedience :
His perfection is limited by right, and cannot trespass into wrong,
Because He hath established Himself as the fountain of only good,
And in thus much is bounded, that the evil hath he left unto another,
And that dark other hath usurped the evil which Omnipotence laid down.
Unto God there exist impossibilities ; for the True One cannot lie,
Nor the Wise One wander from the track which he hath determined for
himself :

For his will was purposed from eternity, strong in the love of order ;
And that will altereth not, as the law of the Medes and Persians.
God is the origin of order, and the first exemplar of his precept ;
For there is subordination of his Essence, self-guided unto holiness ;
And there is subordination of his Persons, in due procession of dignity ;
For the Son, as a son, is subject ; and to him doth the Spirit minister :
But these things be mysteries to man, he cannot reach nor fathom them,
And ever must he speak in paradox, when labouring to expound his God ;
For, behold, God is Alone, mighty in unshackled freedom ;
And with those wondrous Persons abideth eternal equality.

He then, start ye from the fountain, and follow the river of existence,

For its current is bounded throughout by the banks of just subordination :

Thrones, and dominions, and powers, Archangels, Cherubim, and Seraphim,

Angels, and flaming ministers, and breathing chariots and harps.

For there are degrees in heaven, and varied capabilities of bliss,

And steps in the ladder of Intelligence, and ranks in approaches to Perfection :

Doubtless, reverence is given, as their due, to the masters in wisdom ;

Doubtless, there are who serve ; or a throne would have small glory.

Regard now the universe of matter, the substance of visible creation,

Which of old, with well-observing truth, the Greek hath surnamed

ORDER :—

Where is there an atom out of place ? or a particle that yieldeth not obedience ?

Where is there a fragment that is free ? or one thing the equal of another ?—

The chain is unbroken down to man, and beyond him the links are perfect :

But he standeth solitary sin, a marvel of permitted chaos.

And shall this seeming error in the scale of due subordination

Be a spot of desert unreclaimed, in the midst of the vineyard of the Lord ?

Shall his presumptuous pride snap the safe tether of connexion,

And his blind selfish folly refuse the burden of maintenance ?

O man, thou art a creature ; boast not thyself above the law :

Think not of thyself as free : thou art bound in the trammels of dependence.

What is the sum of thy duty, but obedience to righteous rule,

To the great commanding oracle, uttered by delegated organs ?

Thou canst not render homage to abstract Omnipresent Power,

Save through the concrete symbol of visible ordained authority.

Those, who obey not man, are oftenest found rebels against God ;

And seldom is the delegate so bold, as to order what he knoweth to be wrong.

Yet mark me, proud gainsayer ! I say not, obey unto sin ;

But, where the Principal is silent, take heed thou despise not the Deputy ;

And he that loveth order, will bless thee for thy faith,

If thou recognize his sanction in the powers that fashion human laws.

Thou, the vicegerent of the Lord, his high anointed image,
Toward whom a good man's loyalty floweth from the heart of his religion,
Thou, whose deep responsibilities are fathomed by a nation's prayers,
Whom wise men fear for while they love, and envy thee nothing but thy virtues,

From thy dizzy pinnacle of greatness, remember thou also art a subject,
And the throne of thine earthly glory is itself but the footstool of thy God.

The homage thy kingdoms yield thee, regard thou as yielded unto Him;
And while girt with all the majesty of state, consider thee the Lord's chief servant;

So shalt thou prosper, and be strong, grafted on the strength of another;
So shall thy virgin heart be happy, in being humble.

And thou shalt flourish as an oak, the monarch of thine island forests,
Whose deep-dug roots are twisted around the stout ribs of the globe,
That mocketh at the fury of the storm, and rejoiceth in summer sunshine,
Glad in the smiles of heaven, and great in the stability of earth.

A ruler hath not power for himself, neither is his pomp for his pride;
But beneath the ermine of his office should he wear the rough hair-cloth of humility.

Nevertheless, every way obey him, so thou break not a higher commandment;

For Nero was an evil king, yet Paul prescribeth subjection.

If the rulers of a nation be holy, the Lord hath blessed that nation;
If they be lewd and impious, chastisement hath come upon that people:
For the bitterest scourge of a land is ungodliness in them that govern it,
And the guilt of the sons of Josiah drove Israel weeping into Babylon.²⁰
Yet be thou resolute against them, if they change the mandates of thy God,

If they touch the ark of his covenant, wherein all his mercies are enshrined:

Be resolute, but not rebellious; lest thou be of the company of Korah:
Set thy face against them as a flint: but be not numbered with Abiram.
Daniel nobly disobeyed; but not from a spirit of sedition;
And Azarias shouted from the furnace,—I will not bow down, O king.
If truth must be sacrificed to unity, then faithfulness were folly;
If man must be obeyed before God, the martyrs have bled in vain:
Yet none of that blessed army reviled the rulers of the land,

They were loud and bold against the sin, but bent before the ensign of authority.

Honesty, scorning compromise, walketh most suitably with Reverence;
Otherwise righteous daring may show but as obstinate rebellion:
Therefore, suffer not thy censure to lack the savour of courtesy,
And remember the mortal sinneth, but the staff of his power is from God.

Man, thou hast a social spirit, and art deeply indebted to thy kind:
Therefore claim not all thy rights; but yield, for thine own advantage.
Society is a chain of obligations, and its links must support each other;
The branch can not but wither, that is cut from the parent vine.

Wouldst thou be a dweller in the woods, and cast away the cords that bind thee,

Seeking, in thy bitterness or pride, to be exiled from thy fellows?
Behold, the beasts shall hunt thee, weak, naked, houseless outcast,
Disease and Death shall track thee out, as bloodhounds in the wilderness:

Better to be vilest of the vile, in the hated company of men,
Than to live a solitary wretch, dreading and wanting all things;
Better to be chained to thy labour, in the dusky thoroughfares of life,
Than to reign monarch of Sloth, in lonesome savage freedom.

Hence then cometh the doctrine, that all should be equal and free!—
It is the lie that crowded hell, when Seraphs flung away subjection.
No man is his neighbour's equal, for no two minds are similar,
And accidents, alike with qualities, have every shade but sameness:
The lightest atom of difference shall destroy the nice balance of equality,
And all things, from without and from within, make one man to differ from another.

We are equal and free! was the watchword that spirited the legions of Satan;

We are equal and free! is the double lie that entrappeth to him conscripts from earth:

The messengers of that dark despot will pander to thy license and thy pride,

And draw thee from the crowd where thou art safe, to seize thee in the solitary desert.

Wo unto him whose heart the syren song of Liberty hath charmed:

Wo unto him whose mind is bewitched by her treacherous beauty:

In mad' zeal flingeth he away the fetters of duty and restraint,
And yieldeth up the holocaust of self to that fair idol of the Damned,
No man hath freedom in aught, save in that from which the wicked would
be hindered.

He is free toward God and good; but to all else a bondman.

Thou art in a middle sphere, to render and receive honour,
If thy king commandeth, obey; and stand not in the way with rebels;
But if need be, lay thy hand upon thy sword, and fear not to smite a
traitor,

For the universe acquitteth thee with honour, fighting in defence of thy
king.

If a thief break thy dwelling, and thou take him, it were sin in thee to
let him go;

Yea, though he pleadeth to thy mercy, thou canst not spare him and be
blameless:

For his guilt is not only against thee, it is not thy moneys or thy mer-
chandise,

But he hath done damage to the Law, which duty constraineth thee to
sanction.

Eat not thine appetite of vengeance, remembering thou also art a man,
But weep for the sad compulsion, in which the chain of Providence hath
bound thee;

Mercy is not thine to give; wilt thou steal another's privilege?

Or send abroad, among thy neighbours, a felon whom impunity hath
hardened?

Remember the Roman father, strong in his stern integrity,

And let not thy slothful self-indulgence make thee a conniver at the
crime.

Also, if the knife of the murderer be raised against thee or thine,

And through good providence and courage, thou slay him that would
have slain thee,

Thou loest not a tittle of thy rectitude, having executed sudden justice;
Still mayest thou walk among the blessed, though thy hands be red with
blood.

For thyself, thou art neither worse nor better; but thy fellows should
count thee their creditor:

Thou hast manfully protected the right, and the right is stronger for thy
deed.

Also, in the reasoning of innocence, fear not to smite the wicked:

What though he die at thy hand? for a good name is better than the life;
 And if Phineas had everlasting praise in the matter of Salu's son,^m
 With how much greater honour standeth such a rescuer acquitted?
 Uphold the laws of thy country, and fear not to fight in their defence;
 But first be convinced in thy mind; for herein the doubter sinneth.
 Above all things, look thou well around, if indeed stern duty forceth thee
 To draw the sword of justice, and stain it with the slaughter of thy
 fellows.

She that lieth in thy bosom, the tender wife of thy affections,
 Must obey thee, and be subject, that evil drop not on thy dwelling.
 The child that is used to constraint, feareth not more than he loveth;
 But give thy son his way, he will hate thee and scorn thee together.
 The master of a well-ordered home knoweth to be kind to his servants;
 Yet he exacteth reverence, and each one feareth at his post.
 There is nothing on earth so lowly, but duty giveth it importance;
 No station so degrading, but it is ennobled by obedience:
 Yea, break stones upon the highway, acknowledging the Lord in thy lot,
 Happy shalt thou be, and honourable, more than many children of the
 mighty.
 Thou that despisest the outward forms, beware thou lose not the inward
 spirit;
 For they are as words unto ideas, as symbols to things unseen.
 Keep then the form that is good; retain, and do reverence to example;
 And in all things observe subordination, for that is the whole duty of man.

A horse knoweth his rider, be he confident or timid,
 And the fierce spirit of Bucephalus^m stoopeth unto none but Alexander:
 The tigress roused in the jungle by the prying spaniels of the fowler,
 Will quail at the eye of man, so he assert his dignity;
 Nay, the very ships, those giant swans breasting the mighty waters,
 Roll in the trough, or break the wave, to the pilot's fear or courage:
 How much more shall man, discerning the Fountain of authority,
 Bow to superior commands, and make his own obeyed.
 And yet, in travelling the world, hast thou not often known
 A gallant host led on to ruin by a feeble Xerxes?
 Hast thou not often seen the wanton luxury of indolence
 Sullyng with its sleepy mist the tarnished crown of headship?
 Alas! for a thousand fathers, whose indulgent sloth
 Hath emptied the vial of confusion over a thousand homes:

Alas! for the palaces and hovels, that might have been nurseries for heaven,

By hot intestine broils blighted into schools for hell:

None knoweth his place, yet all refuse to serve,

None weareth the crown, yet all usurp the sceptre;

And perchance some fiercer spirit, of natural nobility of mind,

That needed but the kindness of constraint to have grown up great and good,

Now—the rich harvest of his heart choked by unweeded tares,—

All bold to dare and do, unchecked by wholesome fear,

A scoffer about bigotry and priestcraft, a rebel against government and God,

And standard-bearer of the turbulent, leading on the sons of Belial,™

Such an one is king of that small state, head tyrant of the thirty,

Brandishing the torch of discord in his village-home:

And the timid Eli of the house, yon humble parish-priest,

Liveth in shame and sorrow, fearing his own handywork;

The mother, heartstricken years ago, hath dropped into an early grave;

The silent sisters long to leave a home they cannot love;

The brothers, casting off restraint, follow their wayward wills;

And the chance-guest, early departing, blesseth his kind stars,

That on his humbler home hath brooded no domestic curse.

Yet is that curse the fruit; wouldest thou the root of the evil?

A kindness—most unkind, that hath always spared the rod;

A weak and numbing indecision in the mind that should be master;

A foolish love, pregnant of hate, that never frowned on sin;

A moral cowardice of heart, that never dared command.

A kingdom is a nest of families, and a family a small kingdom;

And the government of whole or part differeth in nothing but extent.

The house, where the master ruleth, is strong in united subjection,

And the only commandment with promise, being honoured, is a blessing to that house:

But and if he yieldeth up the reins, it is weak in discordant anarchy,

And the bonds of love and union melt away, as ropes of sand.

The realm, that is ruled with vigour, lacketh neither peace nor glory,

It dreadeth not foes from without, nor the sons of riot from within:

But the meanness of temporizing fear robbeth a kingdom of its honour,

And the weakness of indulgent sloth ravageth its bowels with discord.

The best of human governments is the patriarchal rule;

The authorized supremacy of one, the prescriptive subjection of many
Therefore, the children of the east have thriven from age to age,
Obeying, even as a god, the royal father of Cathay :²⁴
Therefore, to this our day, the Rechabite wanteth not a man,²⁵
But they stand before the Lord, forsaking not the mandate of their sire :
Therefore shall Magog among nations arise from his northern lair,
And rend, in the fury of his power, the insurgent world beneath him :
For the thunderbolt of concentrated strength can be hurled by the will
of one,
While the dissipated forces of many are harmless as summer lightning.

Of Rest."

In the silent watches of the night, calm night that breedeth thoughts,"
When the task-weary mind disporteth in the careless play-hours of sleep,
I dreamed; and behold a valley, green and sunny and well watered,
And thousands moving across it, thousands and tens of thousands:
And though many seemed faint and toil-worn, and stumbled often, and
fell,

Yet moved they on unresting, as the ever-flowing cataract.
Then I noted adders in the grass, and pitfalls under the flowers,
And chasms yawned among the hills, and the ground was cracked and
slippery:

But Hope and her brother Fear suffered not a foot to linger;
Bright phantoms of false joys beckoned alluringly forward,
While yelling grisly shapes of dread came hunting on behind:
And ceaselessly, like Lapland swarms, that miserable crowd sped along
To the mist-involved banks of a dark and sullen river.
There saw I, midway in the water, standing a giant fisher,
And he held many lines in his hand, and they called him Iron Destiny.
So I tracked those subtle chains, and each held one among the multitude:
Then I understood what hindered, that they rested not in their path:
For the fisher had sport in his fishing, and drew in his lines continually,
And the new-born babe, and the aged man, were dragged into that dark
river:

And he pulled all those myriads along, and none might rest by the way,
Till many, for sheer weariness, were eager to plunge into the drowning
stream.

So I knew that valley was Life, and it sloped to the waters of Death.
But far on the thither side spread out a calm and silent shore,
Where all was tranquil as a sleep, and the crowded strand was quiet:
And I saw there many I had known, but their eyes glared chillingly
upon me,

As set in deepest slumber; and they pressed their fingers to their lips.
Then I knew that shore was the dwelling of Rest, where spirits held
their Sabbath,
And it seemed they would have told me much, but they might not break
that silence;
For the law of their being was mystery: they glided on, hushing as
they went.

Yet further, under the sun, at the roots of purple mountains,
I noted a blaze of glory, as the night-fires on northern skies;
And I heard the hum of joy, as it were a sea of melody;
And far as the eye could reach, were millions of happy creatures
Basking in the golden light; and I knew that land was Heaven.
Then the hill whereon I stood split asunder, and a crater yawned at my
feet,
Black, and deep, and dreadful, fenced round with ragged rocks;
Dimly was the darkness lit up by spires of distant flame:
And I saw below a moving mass of life, like reptiles bred in corruption,
Where all was terrible unrest, shrieks and groans and thunder.

So I woke, and I thought upon my dream; for it seemed of wisdom's
ministration.

What man is he that findeth rest, though he hunt for it year after
year?

As a child he had not yet been wearied, and cared not then to court it;
As a youth he loved not to be quiet, for excitement spurred him into
strife;

As a man he tracketh rest in vain, toiling painfully to catch it,
But still is he pulled from the pursuit, by the strong compulsion of his
fate:

So he hopeth to have peace in old age, as he cannot rest in manhood,
But troubles thicken with his years, till Death hath dodged him to the
grave.

There remaineth a rest for the spirit on the shadowy side of life;
But unto this world's pilgrim no rest for the sole of his foot.
Ever, from stage to stage, he travelleth wearily forward,
And though he pluck flowers by the way, he may not sleep among the
flowers.

Mind is the perpetual motion; for it is a running stream
From an unfathomable source, the depth of the divine Intelligence:
And though it be stopped in its flowing, yet hath it a current within,

The surface may sleep unruffled, but underneath are whirlpools of contention.

Seekest thou rest, O mortal?—seek it no more on earth,
For destiny will not cease from dragging thee through the rough wilderness of life;

Seekest thou rest, O immortal?—hope not to find it in Heaven,
For sloth yieldeth not happiness: the bliss of a spirit is action.
Rest dwelleth only on an island in the midst of the ocean of existence,
Where the world-weary soul for a while may fold its tired wings,
Until, after short sufficient slumber, it is quickened unto deathless energy,

And speedeth in eagle-flight to the Sun of unapproachable perfection.

Of Humility.

She is grown weary of her gawds, and donneth russet garments,
Loving for change to walk as a nun, beneath a modest veil:
For Pride hath noted how all admire the fairness of Humility,
And to clutch the praise he coveteth, is content to be drest in hair-cloth;
And wily Lust tempteth the young heart, that is proof against the
bravery of harlots,

With timid tears and retiring looks of an artful seeming maid;
And indolent Apathy, sleepily ashamed of his dull lack-lustre face,
Is gird of the livery of meekness, that charitable cloak and cowl;
And Hatred hideth his demon frown beneath a gentle mask;
And Slander, snake-like, creepeth in the dust, thinking to escape recri-
mination.

But the world hath gained somewhat from its years, and is quick to pene-
trate disguises,
Neither in all these is it easily deceived, but rightly divideth the true
from the false.

Yet there is a meanness of spirit, that is fair in the eyes of most men,
Yea, and seemeth fair unto itself, loving to be thought Humility.
Its choler is not roused by insolence, neither do injuries disturb it:
Honest indignation is strange unto its breast, and just reproof unto its lip.
It shrinketh, looking fearfully on men, fawning at the feet of the great;
The breath of calumny is sweet unto its ear, and it courteth the rod of
persecution.

But what! art thou not a man, deputed chief of the creation?
Art thou not a soldier of the right, militant for God and good?
Shall virtue and truth be degraded, because thou art too base to uphold
them?

Or Goliath be bolder in blaspheming for want of a David in the camp?
I say not, avenge injuries; for the ministry of vengeance is not thine:

But wherefore rebuke not a liar? wherefore do dishonour to thyself?
Wherefore let the evil triumph, when the just and the right are on thy side?

Such Humility is abject, it lacketh the life of sensibility,
And that resignation is but mock, where the burden is not felt:
Suspect thyself and thy meekness: thou art mean and indifferent to sin;
And the heart that should grieve and forgive, is case-hardened and forgetteth.

Humility mainly becometh the converse of man with his Maker,
But oftentimes it seemeth out of place in the intercourse of man with man:

Yea, it is the cringer to his equal, that is chiefly seen bold to his God,
While the martyr, whom a world cannot brow-beat, is humble as a child before Him.

Render unto all men their due, but remember thou also art a man,
And cheat not thyself of the reverence which is owing to thy reasonable being.

Be courteous, and listen, and learn: but teach and answer if thou canst:
Serve thee of thy neighbour's wisdom, but be not enslaved as to a master.
Where thou perceivest knowledge, bend the ear of attention and respect;
But yield not further to the teaching, than as thy mind is warranted by reasons.

Better is an obstinate disputant, that yieldeth inch by inch,
Than the shallow traitor to himself, who surrendereth to half an argument.

Modesty winneth good report, but scorn cometh close upon servility;
Therefore, use meekness with discretion, casting not pearls before swine.
For a fool will tread upon thy neck, if he seeth thee lying in the dust;
And there be companies and seasons where resolute bearing is but duty.
If a good man discloseth his secret failings unto the view of the profane,
What doeth he but harm unto his brother, confirming him in his sin?
There is a concealment that is right, and an open-mouthed humility that erreth;

There is a candour near akin to folly, and a meekness looking like shame,
Masculine sentiments, vigorously holden, well become a man;
But a weak mind hath a timorous grasp, and mistaketh it for tenderness of conscience.

Many are despised for their folly, who put it to the account of their religion,

And because men treat them with contempt, they look to their God for glory ;

But contempt shall still be their reward, who betrayed their Master unto ridicule.

Reflecting on Him in themselves, meanness, and ignorance, and cowardice.

A Christian hath a royal spirit, and need not be ashamed but unto One :
Among just men walketh he softly, but the world should see him as a champion.

His humbleness is far unlike the shame that covereth the profligate and weak,

When the sober reproof of virtue hath touched their tingling ears ;
It is born of love and wisdom, and is worthy of all honour,
And the sweet persuasion of its smile changeth contempt into reverence.

A man of a haughty spirit is daily adding to his enemies :
He standeth as the Arab in the desert, and the hands of all men are against him :

A man of a base mind daily subtracteth from his friends,
For he holdeth himself so cheaply, that others learn to despise him :
But where the meekness of self-knowledge veileth the front of self-respect,

There look thou for the man, whom none can know but they will honour.
Humility is the softening shadow before the statue of Excellence,
And lieth lowly on the ground, beloved and lovely as the violet :
Humility is the fair-haired maid, that calleth Worth her brother,
The gentle silent nurse, that fostereth infant virtues :
Humility bringeth no excuse ; she is welcome to God and man :
Her countenance is needful unto all, who would prosper in either world ;
And the mild light of her sweet face is mirrored in the eyes of her companions,

And straightway stand they accepted, children of penitence and love.
As when the blind man is nigh unto a rose, its sweetness is the herald of its beauty,

So when thou savourest humility, be sure thou art nigh unto merit.
A gift rejoiceth the covetous, and praise fatteneth the vain,
And the pride of man delighteth in the humble bearing of his fellow ;
But to the tender benevolence of the unthanked Almoner of good,
Humility is queen among the graces, for she giveth Him occasion to bestow.

Of Pride.

Deep is the sea, and deep is hell, but Pride mineth deeper ;
It is coiled as a poisonous worm about the foundations of the soul.
If thou expose it in thy motives, and track it in thy springs of thought,
Complacent in its own detection, it will seem indignant virtue ;
Smoothly will it gratulate thy skill, O subtile anatomist of self,
And spurn at its very being, while it nestleth the deeper in thy bosom.
Pride is a double traitor, and betrayeth itself to entrap thee,
Making thee vain of thy self-knowledge ; proud of thy discoveries of
pride.

Fruitlessly thou strainest for humility, by darkly diving into self ;
Rather look away from innate evil, and gaze upon extraneous good :
For in sounding the deep things of the heart, thou shalt learn to be vain
of its capacities,

But in viewing the heights above thee, thou shalt be taught thy littleness :
Could an emmet pry into itself, it might marvel at its own anatomy,
But let it look on eagles, to discern how mean a thing it is.
And all things hang upon comparison ; to the greater, great is small :
Neither is there anything so vile, but somewhat yet is viler :
On all sides is there an infinity : the culprit at the gallows hath his worse,
And the virgin martyr at the stake need not look far for a better.
Therefore see thou that thine aim reacheth unto higher than thyself :
Beware that the standard of thy soul wave from the loftiest battlement :
For pride is a pestilent meteor, flitting on the marshes of corruption,
That will lure thee forward to thy death, if thou seek to track it to its
source :

Pride is a gloomy bow, arching the infernal firmament,
That will lead thee on, if thou wilt hunt it, even to the dwelling of despair.

Deep calleth unto deep, and mountain overtoppeth mountain,

And still shalt thou fathom to no end the depth and the height of pride:
For it is the vast ambition of the soul, warped to an idol object,
And nothing but a Deity in Self can quench its insatiable thirst.

Be aware of the smiling enemy, that openly sheatheth his weapon,
But mingleth poison in secret with the sacred salt of hospitality:
For pride will lie dormant in thy heart, to snatch its secret opportunity,
Watching, as a lion-ant, in the bottom of its toils.
Stay not to parley with thy foe, for his tongue is more potent than his
arm,

But be wiser, fighting against pride in the simple panoply of prayer.
As one also of the poets hath said, let not the Proteus escape thee ;
For he will blaze forth as fire, and quench himself in likeness of water ;
He will fright thee as a roaring beast, or charm thee as a subtle reptile.
Mark, amid all his transformations, the complicated deceitfulness of pride,
And the more he striveth to elude thee, bind him the closer in thy toils,
Prayer is the net that snareth him ; prayer is the fetter that holdeth him :
Thou canst not nourish pride, while waiting as an almsman on thy God.—
Waiting in sincerity and trust, or pride shall meet thee even there ;
Yea, from the palaces of Heaven, hath pride cast down his millions.
Root up the mandrake from thy heart, though it cost thee blood and
groans,
Or the cherished garden of thy graces will fade and perish utterly.

Of Experience.

I knew that age was enriched with the hard-earned wages of knowledge,

And I saw that hoary wisdom was bred in the school of disappointment:
I noted that the wisest of youth, though provident and cautious of evil,
Yet sailed along unsteadily, as lacking some ballast of the mind:
And the cause seemed to lie in this, that while they considered around them,

And warded off all dangers from without, they forgot their own weakness within.

So steer they in self-confidence, until, from the multitude of perils,
They begin to be wary of themselves, and learn the first lesson of Experience.

I knew that in the morning of life, before its wearisome journey,
The youthful soul doth expand, in the simple luxury of being;
It hath not contracted its wishes, nor set a limit to its hopes:
The wing of fancy is unclipt, and sin hath not seared the feelings:
Each feature is stamped with immortality, for all its desires are infinite,
And it seeketh an ocean of happiness, to fill the deep hollow within.
But the old and the grave look on, pitying that generous youth,
For they also have tasted long ago the bitterness of hope destroyed:
They pity him, and are sad, remembering the days that are past,
But they know he must taste for himself, or he will not give ear to their wisdom,

For Experience hath another lesson, which a man will do well if he learn,
By checking the flight of expectation, to cheat disappointment of its pain.

Experience teacheth many things, and all men are his scholars:
Yet is he a strange tutor, unteaching that which he hath taught.
Youth is confident, manhood wary, and old age confident again:

Youth is kind, manhood cold, and age returneth unto kindness.
For youth suspecteth nought, till manhood, bitterly learned,
Mistrusteth all, overleaping the mark; and age correcteth his excess.
Suspicion is the scaffold unto faith, a temporary needful eyesore,
By which the strong man's dwelling is slowly builded up behind;
But soon as the top-stone hath been set to the well-proved goodly pyramid,
The scaffold is torn down, and well-timed trust taketh its long leave of
suspicion.

A thousand volumes in a thousand tongues, enshrine the lessons of Experience,

Yet a man shall read them all, and go forth none the wiser:
For self-love lendeth him a glass, to colour all he conneth,
Lest in the features of another he find his own complexion.
And we secretly judge of ourselves as differing greatly from all men,
And love to challenge causes to show how we can master their effects:
Pride is pampered in expecting that we need not fear a common fate,
Or wrong-headed prejudice exulteth, in combating old experience.
Or perchance caprice and discontent are the spurs that goad us into danger,
Careless, and half in hope to find there an enemy to joust with.
Private experience is an unsafe teacher, for we rarely learn both sides,
And from the gilt surface reckon not on steel beneath:
The torrid sons of Guinea think scorn of icy seas,
And the frost-bitten Greenlander disbelieveth suns too hot.
But thou, student of Wisdom, feed on the marrow of the matter;
If thou wilt suspect, let it be thyself; if thou wilt expect, let it not be
gladness.

Of Estimating Character.

Manly, nor oftentimes truly, doth man pass judgment on his brother;
For he seeth not the springs of the heart, nor hearth the reasons of the
mind.

And the world is not wiser than of old, when justice was meted by the
sword,

When the spear avenged the wrong, and the lot decided the right,
When the footsteps of blinded innocence were tracked by burning
ploughshares,

And the still condemning water delivered up the wizard to the stake:

For we wait, like the sage of Salamis, to see what the end will be,²²

Fixing the right or the wrong, by the issues of failure or success.

Judge not of things by their events; neither of character by providence;

And count not a man more evil, because he is more unfortunate:

For the blessings of a better covenant lie not in the sunshine of pro-
perity,

But pain and chastisement the rather show the wise Father's love.

She's that daughter of the world: she is full of gaiety and gladness;

The diadem of rank is on her brow, uncounted wealth is in her coffers:

She tricketh out her beauty like Jezebel,²³ and is welcome in the courts
of kings;

She is queen of the fools of fashion, and ruleth the revels of luxury:

And though she sitteth not as Tamar, nor standeth in the ways as Rahab,

Yet in the secret of her chamber, she shrinketh not from dalliance and
guilt.

She careth not if there be a God, or a soul, or a time of retribution,

Pleasure is the idol of her heart: she thirsteth for no purer heaven.

And she laugheth with light good humour, and all men praise her gen-
tleness;

They are glad in her lovely smile, and the river of her bounty filleth them.

So she prospered in the world: the worship and desire of thousands;
 And she died even as she had lived, careless, and courteous, and liberal.
 The grave swallowed up her pomp, the marble proclaimed her virtues,
 For men esteemed her excellent, and charities sounded forth her praise;
 But elsewhere far other judgment setteth her—with infidels and harlots!
 She abused the trust of her splendour: and the wages of her sin shall
 be hereafter.

Look again on this fair girl, the orphan of a village pastor
 Who is dead, and hath left her his all,—his blessing, and a name un-
 stained.

And friends, with busy zeal, that their purses be not taxed,
 Place the sad mourner in a home, poor substitute for that she hath lost.
 A stranger among strange faces, she drinketh the wormwood of de-
 pendence;

She is marked as a child of want: and the world hateth poverty.
 Prayer is not heard in that house; the day she hath loved to hallow
 Is noted but by deeper dissipation, the riot of luxury and gaming:
 And wantonness is in her master's eye, and she hath nowhere to flee to;
 She is cared for by none upon earth, and her God seemeth to forsake her.
 Then cometh, in fair show, the promise and the feint of affection,
 And her heart, long unused to kindness, remembereth her father, and
 loveth.

And the villain hath wronged her trust, and mocked, and flung her from
 him,

And men point at her and laugh; and women hate her as an outcast:
 But elsewhere, far other judgment seateth her—among the martyrs!
 And the Lord, who seemed to forsake, giveth double glory to the fallen.

Once more, in the matter of wealth; if thou throw thine all on a chance,
 Men will come around thee, and wait, and watch the turning of the wheel:
 And if, in the lottery of life, thou hast drawn a splendid prize,
 What foresight hadst thou, and skill! yea, what enterprise and wisdom!
 But if it fall out against thee, and thou fail in thy perilous endeavour,
 Behold, the simple did sow, and hath reaped the right harvest of his
 folly:

And the world will be gladly excused, nor will reach out a finger to help;
 For why should this speculative dullard be a whirlpool to all around him?
 Go to, let him sink by himself: we knew what the end of it would be:—
 For the man hath missed his mark, and his fellows look no further.

Also, touching guilt and innocence: a man shall walk in his uprightness
 Year after year without reproach, in charity and honesty with all:
 But in one evil hour the enemy shall come in like a flood;
 Shall track him, and tempt him, and hem him,—till he knoweth not
 whither to fly.

Perchance his famishing little ones shall scream in his ears for bread,
 And, maddened by that fierce cry, he rusheth as a thief upon the world;
 The world that hath left him to starve, itself wallowing in plenty,—
 The world that denieth him his rights,—he daringly robbeth it of them.
 I say not such an one is innocent; but, small is the measure of his guilt
 To that of his wealthy neighbour, who would not help him at his need;
 To that of the selfish epicure, who turned away with coldness from his
 tale;
 To that of unsuffering thousands, who look with complacency on his fall.

Or perchance the continual dropping of the venom'd words of spite,
 Insult, and injury, and scorn, have galled and pierced his heart;
 Yet, with all long-suffering and meekness, he forgiveth unto seventy times
 seven:

Till, in some weaker moment, tempted beyond endurance,
 He striketh, more in anger than in hate; and, alas! for his heavy chance,
 He hath smitten unto instant death his spiteful life-long enemy!
 And none was by to see it; and all men knew of their contentions:
 Fierce voices shout for his blood and rude hands hurry him to judgment.
 Then man's verdict cometh,—Murderer, with forethought malice;
 And his name is a note of execration; his guilt is too black for devils.
 But to the Righteous Judge, seemeth he the suffering victim;
 For his anger was not unlawful, but became him as a Christian and a
 man;
 And though his guilt was grievous when he struck that heavy bitter blow,
 Yet light is the sin of the smiter, and verily kicketh the beam,
 To the weight of that man's wickedness, whose slow relentless hatred
 Met him at every turn, with patient continuance in evil.
 Doubtless, eternal wrath shall be heaped upon that spiteful enemy.

It is vain, it is vain, saith the preacher; there be none but the righteous
 and the wicked,
 Base rebels, and staunch allies, the true knight, and the traitor:
 And he beareth strong witness among men, There is no neutral ground,
 The broad highway and narrow path map out the whole domain;

Sit here among the saints, these holy chosen few,
 Or grovel there a wretch condemned, to die among the million.
 And verily for ultimate results, there be but good and bad;
 Heaven hath no dusky twilight; hell is not gladdened with a dawn.
 Yet looking round among his fellows, who can pass righteous judgment,
 Such an one is holy and accepted, and such an one reprobate and doomed?
 There is so much of good among the worst, so much of evil in the best,
 Such seeming partialities in providence, so many things to lessen and
 expand,

Yea, and with all man's boast, so little real freedom of his will,—
 That, to look a little lower than the surface, garb or dialect or fashion,
 Thou shalt feebly pronounce for a saint, and faintly condemn for a sinner.
 Over many a good heart and true, fluttereth the Great King's pennant;
 By many an iron hand, the pirate's black banner is unfurled:
 But there be many more besides, in the yacht and the trader and the
 fishing-boat,

In the feathered war-canoe, and the quick mysterious gondola:
 And the army of that Great King hath no stated uniform;
 Of mingled characters and kinds goeth forth the countless host;
 There is the turbaned Damascene, with his tattooed Zealand brother,
 There the slim bather in the Ganges, with the sturdy Russian boor,
 The sluggish inmate of a Polar cave, with the fire-souled daughter of Brazil,
 The embruted slave from Cuba, and the Briton of gentle birth.

For all are His inheritance, of all He taketh tithe:
 And the church, his mercy's ark, hath some of every sort.
 Who art thou, O man, that art fixing the limits of the fold?
 Wherefore settest thou stakes to spread the tent of heaven?
 Lay not the plummet to the line: religion hath no land-marks:
 No human keenness can discern the subtle shades of faith:
 In some it is as earliest dawn, the scarce diluted darkness;
 In some as dubious twilight, cold and grey and gloomy:
 In some the ebon east is streaked with flaming gold:
 In some the dayspring from on high breaketh in all its praise.
 And who hath determined the when, separating light from darkness?
 Who shall pluck from earliest dawn the promise of the day?
 Leave that care to the Husbandman, lest thou garner tares;
 Help thou the Shepherd in his seeking, but to separate be his;
 For I have often seen the noble erring spirit
 Wrecked on the shoals of passion, and numbered of the lost;
 Often the generous heart, lit by unhallowed fire,

Counted a brand among the burning, and left uncared-for, in his sin;
 Yet I waited a little year, and the mercy thou hadst forgotten
 Hath purged that noble spirit, washing it in waters of repentance;
 That glowing generous heart, having burnt out all its dross,
 Is as a golden censer, ready for the aloes and cassia:
 While thou, hard-visaged man, unlovely in thy strictness,
 Who turned from him thy sympathies with self-complacent pride,
 How art thou shamed by him! his heart is a spring of love,
 While the dry well of thine affections is choked with secret mammon.

Sometimes at a glance thou judgest well; years could add little to thy knowledge:

When charity gloweth on the cheek, or malice is lowering in the eye,
 When honesty's open brow, or the weasel-face of cunning, is before thee,
 Or the loose lip of wantonness, or clear bright forehead of reflection.
 But often, by shrewd scrutiny, thou judgest to the good man's harm:
 For it may be his hour of trial, or he slumbereth at his post,
 Or he hath slain his foe, but not yet levelled the stronghold,
 Or barely recovered of the wounds, that fleshed him in his fray with
 passion.

Also, of the worst, through prejudice, thou loosely shalt think well:
 For none is altogether evil, and thou mayst catch him at his prayers:
 There may be one small prize, though all beside be blanks;
 A silver thread of goodness in the black sergecloth of crime.

There is to whom all things are easy: his mind, as a master-key,
 Can open, with intuitive address, the treasures of art and science:
 There is to whom all things are hard; but industry giveth him a crow-
 bar,

To force, with groaning labour, the stubborn lock of learning:
 And often, when thou lookest on an eye, dim in native dulness,
 Little shalt thou wot of the wealth diligence hath gathered to its gaze;
 Often, the brow that should be bright with the dormant fire of genius,
 Within its ample halls, hath ignorance the tenant.
 Yet are not the sons of men cast as in moulds by the lot?
 The like in frame and feature have much alike in spirit;
 Such a shape hath such a soul, so that a deep discernor
 From his make will read the man, and err not far in judgment:
 Yea, and it holdeth in the converse, that growing similarity of mind
 Findeth or maketh for itself an apposite dwelling in the body:

Accident may modify, circumstance may bevil, externals seem to change it,
 But still the primitive crystal is latent in its many variations :
 For the map of the face, and the picture of the eye, are traced by the
 pen of passion ;
 And the mind fashioneth a tabernacle suitable for itself.
 A mean spirit boweth down the back, and the bowing fostereth meanness :
 A resolute purpose knitteth the knees, and the firm tread nourisheth
 decision ;
 Love looketh softly from the eye, and kindleth love by looking ;
 Hate furroweth the brow, and a man may frown till he hateth :
 For mind and body, spirit and matter, have reciprocities of power,
 And each keepeth up the strife ; a man's works make or mar him.

There be deeper things than these, lying in the twilight of truth ;
 But few can discern them aright, from surrounding dimness of error.
 For perchance, if thou knewest the whole, and largely with comprehensive
 mind

Couldst read the history of character, the chequered story of a life,
 And into the great account, which summeth a mortal's destiny,
 Wert to add the forces from without, dragging him this way and that,
 And the secret qualities within, grafted on the soul from the womb,
 And the might of other men's example, among whom his lot is cast,
 And the influence of want, or wealth, of kindness or harsh ill-usage,
 Of ignorance he cannot help, and knowledge found for him by others,
 And first impressions, hard to be effaced, and leadings to right or to
 wrong,

And inheritance of likeness from a father, and natural human frailty,
 And the habit of health or disease, and prejudices poured into his mind,
 And the myriad little matters none but Omniscience can know,
 And accidents that steer the thoughts, where none but Ubiquity can trace
 them ; —

If thou couldst compass all these, and the consequents flowing from them,
 And the scope to which they tend, and the necessary fitness of all things,
 Then shouldst thou see as He seeth, who judgeth all men equal, —
 Equal, touching innocence and guilt ; and different alone in this,
 That one acknowledgeth his evil, and looketh to his God for mercy ;
 Another boasteth of his good, and calleth on his God for justice ;
 So He, that sendeth none away, is largely munificent to prayer,
 But in the heart of presumption, sheatheth the sword of vengeance.

Of Hatred and Anger.

Mixed unto goodness is the heart which anger never stirreth,
But that which hatred swelleth, is keen to carve out evil.
Anger is a noble infirmity, the generous failing of the just,
The one degree that riseth above zeal, asserting the prerogatives of virtue:
But hatred is a slow continuing crime, a fire in the bad man's breast,
A dull and hungry flame, for ever craving insatiate.
Hatred would harm another; anger would indulge itself:
Hatred is a simmering poison; anger, the opening of a valve:
Hatred destroyeth as the upas-tree: anger smiteth as a staff:
Hatred is the atmosphere of hell; but anger is known in heaven.
Is there not a righteous wrath, an anger just and holy,
When goodness is sitting in the dust, and wickedness enthroned on Babel?
Doth pity condemn guilt?—is justice not a feeling but a law
Appealing to the line and to the plummet, incognizant of moral sense?
Thou that condemnest anger, small is thy sympathy with angels,
Thou that hast accounted it for sin, cold is thy communion with heaven.

Beware of the angry in his passion; but fear not to approach him afterward;

For if thou acknowledge thine error, he himself will be sorry for his wrath:

Beware of the hater in his coolness; for he meditateth evil against thee:
Commending the resources of his mind calmly to work thy ruin.

Deceit and treachery skulk with hatred, but an honest spirit flieth with anger:

The one lieth secret, as a serpent; the other chaseth, as a leopard.

Speedily be reconciled in love, and receive the returning offender,

For wittingly prolonging anger, thou tamperest unconsciously with hatred.

Patience is power in a man, nerving him to rein his spirit:

Passion is as palsy to his arm, while it yelleth on the coursers to their speed:

Patience keepeth counsel, and standeth in solid self-possession,

But the weakness of sudden passion layeth bare the secrets of the soul.

The sentiment of anger is not ill, when thou lookest on the impudence of vice,

Or savourest the breath of calumny, or hast earned the hard wages of injustice,

But see thou that thou curb it in expression, rendering the mildness of rebuke,

So shalt thou stand without reproach, mailed in all the dignity of virtue.

Of Good in Things Evil.

I heard the man of sin reproaching the goodness of Jehovah,
Wherefore, if he be Almighty Love, permitteth he misery and pain?
I saw the child of hope vexed in the labyrinth of doubt,
Wherefore, O holy One and just, is the horn of thy foul foe so high
exalted?—

And, alas! for this our groaning world, for that grief and guilt are here;
Alas! for that Earth is the battle-field, where good must combat with
evil:

Angels look on and hold their breath, burning to mingle in the conflict,
But the troops of the Captain of Salvation may be none but the soldiers
of the cross:

And that slender band must fight alone, and yet shall triumph gloriously,
Enough shall they be for conquest, and the motto of their standard is,
ENOUGH.

Thou art sad, O denizen of earth, for pains and diseases, and death,
But remember, thy hand hath earned them; grudge not at the wages of
thy doings:

Thy guilt, and thy father's guilt, must bring many sorrows in their com-
pany,
And if thou wilt drink sweet poison, doubtless it shall rot thee to the
core.

What art thou but the heritor of evil, with a right to nothing good?
The respite of an interval of ease were a boon which Justice might deny
thee:

Therefore lay thy hand upon thy mouth, O man much to be forgiven,
And wait, thou child of hope, for time shall teach thee all things.

Yet hear, for my speech shall comfort thee: reverently, but with bold
ness,

I would raise the sable curtain, that hideth the symmetry of Providence.

Pain and sin are convicts, and toil in their fetters for good;
The weapons of evil are turned against itself, fighting under better
banners:

The leech delighteth in stinging, and the wicked loveth to do harm,
But the wise Physician of the Universe useth that ill tendency for health.
Verily, from others' griefs are gendered sympathy and kindness;
Patience, humility, and faith, spring not seldom from thine own:
An enemy, humbled by his sorrows, cannot be far from thy forgiveness,
A friend, who hath tasted of calamity, shall fan the dying incense of thy
love:

And for thyself, is it a small thing, so to learn thy frailty,
That from an aching bone thou savest the whole body?
The furnace of affliction may be fierce, but if it refineth thy soul,
The good of one meek thought shall outweigh years of torment.
Nevertheless, wretched man, if thy bad heart be hardened in the flame,
Being earth-born, as of clay, and not of moulded wax,
Judge not the hand that smiteth, as if thou wert visited in wrath:
Reproach thyself, for He is Justice: repent thee, for He is Mercy.

Cease, fond caviller at wisdom, to be satisfied that everything is wrong:
Be sure there is good necessity, even for the flourishing of evil.
Would the eye delight in perpetual noon? or the ear in unqualified
harmonics?

Hath winter's frost no welcome, contrasting sturdily with summer?
Couldst thou discern benevolence, if there were no sorrows to be soothed?
Or discover the resources of contrivance, if nothing stood opposed to the
means?

What were power without an enemy? or mercy without an object?
Or truth, where the false were impossible? or love, where love were a
debt?

The characters of God were but idle, if all things around him were per-
fection,
And virtues might slumber on like death, if they lacked the opportunities
of evil.

There is one all-perfect, and but one; man dare not reason of His
essence:

But there must be deficiencies in heaven, to leave room for progression
in bliss:

A realm of unqualified best were a stagnant pool of being,
And the circle of absolute perfection, the abstract cipher of indolence.

Sin is an awful shadow, but it addeth new glories to the light;
 Sin is a black foil, but it setteth off the jewelry of heaven:
 Sin is the traitor that hath dragged the majesty of mercy into action;
 Sin is the whelming argument, to justify the attribute of vengeance.
 It is a deep dark thought, and needeth to be diligently studied,
 But perchance evil was essential, that God should be seen of his crea-
 tures:

For where perfection is not, there lacketh possible good,
 And the absence of better that might be, taketh from the praise of it is
 well:

And creatures must be finite, and finite cannot be perfect;
 Therefore, though in small degree, creation involveth evil,
 He chargeth his angels with folly, and the heavens are not clean in His
 sight:

For every existence in the universe hath either imperfection or Godhead:
 And the light that blazeth but in One, must be softened with shadow for
 the many.

There is then good in evil; or none could have known his Maker;
 No spiritual intellect or essence could have gazed on his high perfections,
 No angel harps could have tuned the wonders of his wisdom,
 No ransomed souls have praised the glories of his mercy,
 No howling fiends have shown the terrors of his justice,
 But God would have dwelt alone, in the fearful solitude of holiness.

Nevertheless, O sinner, harden not thine heart in evil;
 Nor plume thee in imaginary triumph, because thou art not valueless as
 vile;

Because thy dark abominations add lustre to the clarity of Light;
 Because a wonder-working alchemy draineth elixir out of poisons:^m
 Because the same fiery volcano that scorcheth and ravageth a continent,
 Hath in the broad blue bay cast up some petty island;
 Because to the full demonstration of the qualities and accidents of
 good,

The swarthy legions of the Devil have toiled as unwitting pioneers:
 For sin is still sin; so hateful Love doth hate it;
 A blot on the glory of creation, which justice must wipe out.
 Sin is a loathsome leprosy, fretting the white robe of innocence;
 A rottenness, eating out the heart of the royal cedars of Lebanon;
 A pestilential blast, the terror of that holy pilgrimage;
 A rent in the sacred veil, whereby God left his temple.

Therefore, consider thyself, thou that dost not sorrow for thy guilt:
Fear evil, or face its enemy: dread sin, or dare justice.

Yea, saith the Spirit: and their works do follow them;
Habits, and thoughts, and deeds, are shadows and satellites of self.
What! shall the claimant to a throne stand forward with a rabble rout,—
Meanness, impiety, and lust; riot, and indolence, and vanity?
Nay, man! the train wherewith thou comest attend whither thou shalt go:
A throne for a king's son, but an inner dungeon for the felon.
For a man's works do follow him: bodily, standing in the judgment,
Behold the false accuser, behold the slandered saint;
The slave, and his bloody driver; the poor, and his generous friend;
The simple dupe, and the crafty knave: the murderer, and—his victim!
Yet all are in many characters; the best stand guilty at the bar;
And he that seemed the worst may have most of real excuse.
The talents unto which a man is born, be they few or many,
Are dropped into the balance of account, working unlooked-for changes;
And perchance the convict from the galleys may stand above the hermit
from his cell,

For that the obstacles in one outweigh the propensions in the other.
There be, who have made themselves friends, yea, by unrighteous mam-
mon,—

Friends, ready waiting as an escort to those everlasting habitations;
Embodied in living witnesses, thronging to meet them in a cloud,
Charity, meekness and truth, zeal, sincerity and patience.
There be, who have made themselves foes, yea, by honest gain,
Foes, whose plaint must have its answer, before the bright portal is un-
barred:

Pride, and selfishness, and sloth, apathy, wrath, and falsehood,
Bind to their everlasting toil many that must weary in the fires.
Love hath a power and a longing to save the gathered world,
And rescue universal man from the hunting hell-hounds of his doings:
Yet few, here one and there one, scanty as the gleanings after harvest,
Are glad of the robes of praise which Mercy would fling around the
naked;

But wrapping closer to their skin the poisoned tunic of their works,
They stand in self-dependence, to perish in abandonment of God.

Of Prayer.

A wicked man scorneth prayer, in the shallow sophistry of reason,
He derideth the silly hope that God can be moved by supplication :—
Can the unchangeable be changed, or waver in his purpose ?
Can the weakness of pity affect him ? Should he turn at the bidding of
a man ?

Me thought he ruled all things, and ye called his decrees immutable,
But if thus he listeneth to words, wherein is the firmness of his will ? —
So I heard the speech of the wicked, and, lo, it was smother than oil ;
But I knew that his reasonings were false, for the promise of the Scrip-
ture is true :

Yet was my soul in darkness, for his words were too hard for me ;
Till I turned to my God in prayer : for I know he heareth always.
Then I looked abroad on the earth, and, behold, the Lord was in all
things ;

Yet saw I not his hand in aught, but perceived that He worketh by
means ;

Yea, and the power of the mean proveth the wisdom that ordained it,
Yea, and no act is useless, to the hurling of a stone through the air.
So I turned my thoughts to supplication, and beheld the mercies of Je-
hovah,

And I saw sound argument was still the faithful friend of godliness ;
For as the rock of the affections is the solid approval of reason,
Even so the temple of Religion is founded on the basis of Philosophy.

Scorneth, thy thoughts are weak, they reach not the summit of the matter ;
Go to, for the mouth of a child might show thee the mystery of prayer :
Verily, there is no change in the counsels of the Mighty Ruler :
Verily, his purpose is strong, and rooted in the depths of necessity :

But who hath shown thee his purpose, who hath made known to thee his will ?

When, O gainsayer ! hast thou been schooled in the secrets of wisdom ?
 Fate is a creature of God, and all things move in their orbits,
 And that which shall surely happen is known unto him from eternity ;
 But as, in the field of nature, he useth the sinews of the ox,
 And commandeth diligence and toil, himself giving the increase ;
 So, in the kingdom of his grace, granteth he omnipotence to prayer,
 For he knoweth what thou wilt ask, and what thou wilt ask aright.
 No man can pray in faith, whose prayer is not grounded on a promise :
 Yet a good man commendeth all things to the righteous wisdom of his
 God :

For those, who pray in faith, trust the immutable Jehovah.
 And they, who ask blessings unpromised, lean on uncovenanted mercy.

Man, regard thy prayers as a purpose of love to thy soul ;
 Esteem the providence that led to them as an index of God's good will ;
 So shalt thou pray aright, and thy words shall meet with acceptance.
 Also, in pleading for others, be thankful for the fulness of thy prayer :
 For if thou art ready to ask, the Lord is more ready to bestow.
 The salt preserveth the sea, and the saints uphold the earth ;
 Their prayers are the thousand pillars that prop the canopy of nature.
 Verily, an hour without prayer, from some terrestrial mind,
 Were a curse in the calendar of time, a spot of the blackness of darkness.
 Perchance the terrible day, when the world must rock into ruins,
 Will be one unwhitened by prayer,—shall He find faith on the earth ?
 For there is an economy of mercy, as of wisdom, and power, and
 means ;

Neither is one blessing granted, unbesought from the treasury of good :
 And the charitable heart of the Being, to depend upon whom is happiness,
 Never withholdeth a bounty, so long as his subject prayeth ;
 Yea, ask what thou wilt, to the second throne in heaven,
 It is thine, for whom it was appointed ; there is no limit unto prayer :
 But and if thou cease to ask, tremble, thou self-suspended creature,
 For thy strength is cut off as was Samson's : and the hour of thy doom
 is come.

Wast thou, O man, as a bubble on the breaker,
 Weak and governed by externals, like a poor bird caught in the storm ;
 Yet thy momentary breath can still the raging waters,

Thy hand can touch a lever that may move the world.
 O Merciful, we strike eternal covenant with thee,
 For man may take for his ally the King who ruleth kings:
 How strong, yet how most weak, in utter poverty how rich,
 What possible omnipotence to good is dormant in a man!
 Behold that fragile form of delicate transparent beauty,
 Whose light-blue eye and hectic cheek are lit by the bale-fires of
 decline,

All droopingly she lieth, as a dew-laden lily,
 Her flaxen-tresses, rashly luxuriant, dank with unhealthy moisture;
 Hath not thy heart said of her, Alas! poor child of weakness?
 Thou hast erred; Goliath of Gath stood not in half her strength:
 Terribly she fighteth in the van as the virgin daughter of Orleans,²
 She beareth the banner of heaven, her onset is the rushing cataract,
 Seraphim rally at her side, and the captain of that host is God.
 And the serried ranks of evil are routed by the lightning of her eye;
 She is the King's remembrancer, and steward of many blessings,
 Holding the buckler of security over her unthankful land:
 For that weak fluttering heart is strong in faith assured,
 Dependence is her might, and behold—she prayeth.

Angels are round the good man, to catch the incense of his prayers,
 And they fly to minister kindness to those for whom he pleadeth;
 For the altar of his heart is lighted, and burneth before God continually,
 And he breatheth, conscious of his joy, the native atmosphere of heaven:
 Yea, though poor, and contemned, and ignorant of this world's wisdom,
 Ill can his fellows spare him, though they know not of his value.
 Thousands bewail a hero, and a nation mourneth for its king,
 But the whole universe lamenteth the loss of a man of prayer.
 Verily, were it not for One, who sitteth on his rightful throne,
 Crowned with a rainbow of emerald,³ the green memorial of earth,—
 For one, a mediating man, that hath clad his Godhead with mortality,
 And offereth prayer without ceasing, the royal priest of Nature,
 Matter and life and mind had sunk into dark annihilation,
 And the lightning frown of Justice withered the world into nothing.

Thus, O worshipper of reason, thou hast heard the sum of the matter:
 And woe to his hairy scalp that restraineth prayer before God.
 Prayer is a creature's strength, his very breath and being;
 Prayer is the golden key that can open the wicket of Mercy:

Prayer is the magic sound that saith to Fate, So be it;
Prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of Omnipotence.
Wherefore, pray, O creature, for many and great are thy wants;
Thy mind, thy conscience, and thy being, thy rights commend thee unto
prayer,
The cure of all cares, the grand panacea for all pains,
Doubt's destroyer, ruin's remedy, the antidote to all anxieties.

So then, God is true, and yet He hath not changed:
It is he that sendeth the petition, to answer it according to his will.

The Lord's Prayer.

Inquest thou, O man, wherewithal may I come unto the Lord?
And with what wonder-working sounds may I move the majesty of heaven?
There is a model to thy hand; upon that do thou frame thy supplication;
Wisdom hath measured its words, and redemption urgeth thee to use them.
Call thy God thy Father, and yet not thine alone,
For thou art but one of many, thy brotherhood is with all:
Remember his high estate, that he dwelleth King of Heaven;
So shall thy thoughts be humbled, nor love be unmixed with reverence:
Be thy first petition unselfish, the honour of Him who made thee,
And that in the depths of thy heart his memory be shrined in holiness.
Pray for that blessed time, when good shall triumph over evil,
And one universal temple echo the perfections of Jehovah:
Bend thou to his good will, and subserve his holy purposes,
Till in thee, and those around thee, grow a little heaven upon earth:
Humbly, as a grateful almsman, beg thy bread of God,—
Bread for thy triple estate, for thou hast a trinity of nature:
Humility smootheneth the way, and gratitude softeneth the heart,
Be then thy prayer for pardon mingled with a tear of penitence:
Yea, and while, all unworthy, thou leanest on the hand that should smite,
Thou canst not from thy fellows withhold thy less forgiveness.
To thy father thy weaknesses are known, and thou hast not hid thy sin,
Therefore ask him, in all trust, to lead thee from the dangers of temptation;
While the last petition of the soul that breatheth on the confines of prayer
Is deliverance from sin and the evil one, the miseries of earth and hell.
And wherefore, child of hope, should the rock of thy confidence be sure?
Thou knowest that God heareth, and promiseth an answer of peace;
Thou knowest that he is King, and none can stay his hand;
Thou knowest his power to be boundless, for there is none other:
And to him thou givest glory, as a creature of his workmanship and favour,
For the never-ending term of thy saved and bright existence."

Of Discretion.

For what then was I born? — to fill the circling year
With daily toil for daily bread, with sordid pains and pleasures? —
To walk this chequered world, alternate light and darkness,
The day-dreams of deep thought followed by the night-dreams of fancy? —
To be one in a full procession? — to dig my kindred clay? —
To decorate the gallery of art? — to clear a few acres of forest? —
For more than these, my soul, thy God hath lent thee life.
Is then that noble end to feed this mind with knowledge,
To mix for mine own thirst the sparkling wine of wisdom,
To light with many lamps the caverns of my heart,
To reap, in the furrows of my brain, good harvest of right reasons? —
For more than these, my soul, thy God hath lent thee life.
Is it to grow stronger in self-government, to check the chafing will,
To curb with tightening rein the mettled steeds of passion,
To welcome with calm heart, far in the voiceless desert,
The gracious visitings of heaven that bless my single self? —
For more than these, my soul, thy God hath lent thee life.
To aim at thine own happiness, is an end idolatrous and evil,
In earth, yea in heaven, if thou seek it for itself, seeking thou shalt
not find.

Happiness is a road-side flower, growing on the highway of Usefulness,
Plucked, it shall wither in thy hand; passed by, it is fragrance to thy
spirit;

Love not thine own soul, regard not thine own weal,
Trample the thyme beneath thy feet; be useful, and be happy!

Thus unto fair conclusions argueth generous youth,
And quickly he starteth on his course, knight-errant to do good.
His sword is edged with arguments, his visor terrible with censures:
He goeth full mailed in faith, and zeal is flaming at his heart.

Yet one thing he lacketh, the Mentor of the mind,
 The quiet whisper of Discretion—Thy time is not yet come.
 For he smiteth an oppressor; and vengeance for that smiting
 Is dealt in doubled stripes on the faint body of the victim:
 He is glad to give and to distribute; and clamorous pauperism feasteth,
 While honest labour, pining, hideth his sharp ribs:
 He challengeth to a fair field that subtle giant Infidelity,
 And worsted in the unequal fight, strengtheneth the hands of error;
 He hasteth to teach and preach, as the war-horse rusheth to the battle,
 And to pave a way for truth, would break up the Apennines of prejudice;
 He wearieeth by stale proofs, where none looked for a reason,
 And to the listening ear will urge the false argument of feeling.
 So hath it often been, that, judging by results,
 The hottest friends of truth have done her deadliest wrong.
 Alas! for there are enemies without, glad enough to parley with a
 traitor,
 And a zealot will let down the drawbridge, to prove his own prowess:
 Yea, from within will he break away a breach in the citadel of truth,
 That he may fill the gap, for fame, with his own weak body.

Zeal without judgment is an evil, though it be zeal unto good;
 Touch not the ark with unclean hand, yea, though it seem to totter.
 There are evil who work good, and there are good who work evil,
 And foolish backers of wisdom have brought on her many reproaches.
 Truth hath more than enough to combat in the minds of all men,
 For the mist of sense is a thick veil, and sin hath warped their wills;
 Yet doth an officious helper awkwardly prevent her victory,—
 These thy wounded hands were smitten in the house of friends:—
 To point out a meaning in her words, he will blot those words with his
 finger;
 And winnow chaff into the eyes, before he hath wheat to show:
 He will heap sturdy logs on a faint expiring fire,
 And with a room in flames, will cast the casement open;
 By a shoulder to the wheel downhill harasseth the labouring beast,
 And where obstruction were needed, will harm by an ill-judged thrust-
 ing-on.

A vessel foundereth at sea, if a storm have unshipped the rudder;
 And a mind with much sail shall require heavy ballast.
 Take a lever by the middle, thou shalt seem to prove it powerless,

Argue for truth indiscreetly, thou shalt toil for falsehood.
There is plenty of room for a peaceable man in the most thronged
assembly;
But a quarrelsome spirit is straitened in the open field :
Many a teacher, lacking judgment, hindereth his own lessons ;
And the savoury mess of pottage is spoiled by a bitter herb :
The garment woven of a piece is rashly torn by schism,
Because its unwise claimants will not cast lots for its possession.

Discretion guide thee on thy way, nobly-minded youth,
Help thee to humour infirmities, to wink at innocent errors,
To take small count of forms, to bear with prejudice and fancy :
Discretion guard thine asking, discretion aid thine answer,
Teach thee that well-timed silence hath more eloquence than speech,
Whisper thee, thou art Weakness, though thy cause be Strength,
And tell thee, the keystone of an arch can be loosened with least labour
from within.

The snows of Hecla lie around its troubled smoking Geysers ;
Let the cool streams of prudence temper the hot spring of zeal :
So shalt thou gain thine honourable end, nor lose the midway prize :
So shall thy life be useful, and thy young heart happy.

Of Trifles.

Yet once more, saith the fool, yet once, and is it not a little one?
Spare me this folly yet an hour, for what is one among so many?
And he blindeth his conscience with lies, and stupifieth his heart with doubts;—

Whom shall I harm in this matter? and a little ill breedeth much good;
My thoughts, are they not mine own? and they leave no mark behind them;

And if God so pardoneth crime, how should these petty sins affect him?—
So he transgresseth yet again, and falleth by little and little,
Till the ground crumble beneath him, and he sinketh in the gulf despairing.

For there is nothing in the earth so small that it may not produce great things,

And no swerving from a right line, that may not lead eternally astray.
A landmark tree was once a seed; and the dust in the balance maketh a difference;

And the cairn is heaped high by each one flinging a pebble:
The dangerous bar in the harbour's mouth is only grains of sand;
And the shoal that hath wrecked a navy is the work of a colony of worms:

Yea, and a despicable gnat may madden the mighty elephant;
And the living rock is worn by the diligent flow of the brook.
Little art thou, O man, and in trifles thou contendest with thine equals,
For atoms must crowd upon atoms, ere crime groweth to be a giant.
What, is thy servant a dog?—not yet wilt thou grasp the dagger,
Not yet wilt thou laugh with the scoffers, not yet betray the innocent;
But, if thou nourish in thy heart the reveries of injury or passion,
And travel in mental heat the mazy labyrinths of guilt,
And then conceive it possible, and then reflect on it as done,
And use, by little and little, thyself to regard thyself a villain,

Not long will crime be absent from the voice that doth invoke him to thy heart,
And bitterly wilt thou grieve, that the buds have ripened into poison.

A spark is a molecule of matter, yet may it kindle the world:
Vast is the mighty ocean, but drops have made it vast.
Despise not thou a small thing, either for evil or for good;
For a look may work thy ruin, or a word create thy wealth:
The walking this way or that, the casual stopping or hastening,
Hath saved life, and destroyed it, hath cast down and built up fortunes.
Commit thy trifles unto God, for to him is nothing trivial;
And it is but the littleness of man that seeth no greatness in a trifle.
All things are infinite in parts, and the moral is as the material,
Neither is anything vast, but it is compacted of atoms.
Thou art wise, and shalt find comfort, if thou study thy pleasure in trifles,
For slender joys, often repeated, fall as sunshine on the heart:
Thou art wise, if thou beat off petty troubles, nor suffer their stinging
to fret thee;
Thrust not thine hand among the thorns, but with a leathern glove.
Regard nothing lightly which the wisdom of Providence hath ordered;
And therefore, consider all things that happen unto thee or unto others.
The warrior that stood against a host, may be pierced unto death by a
needle;
And the saint that feareth not the fire, may perish the victim of a thought:
A mote in the gunner's eye is as bad as a spike in the gun;
And the cable of π furlong is lost through an ill-wrought inch.
The streams of small pleasures fill the lake of happiness;
And the deepest wretchedness of life is continuance of petty pains.
A fool observeth nothing, and seemeth wise unto himself;
A wise man heedeth all things, and in his own eyes is a fool:
He that wondereth at nothing hath no capabilities of bliss:
But he that scrutinizeth trifles hath a store of pleasure to his hand.
If pestilence stalk through the land, ye say, This is God's doing;
Is it not also his doing when an aphid creepeth on a rose-bud?—
If an avalanche roll from its Alp, ye tremble at the will of Providence:
Is not that will concerned when the sear leaves fall from the poplar?—
A thing is great or little only to a mortal's thinking,
But abstracted from the body, all things are alike important:
The Ancient of Days noteth in his book the idle converse of a creature,
And happy and wise is the man to whose thought existeth not a trifle.

Of Recreation.

To join advantage to amusement, to gather profit with pleasure,
Is the wise man's necessary aim, when he lieth in the shade of recreation.
For he cannot fling aside his mind, nor bar up the floodgates of his
wisdom;

Yea, though he strain after folly, his mental monitor shall check him:
For knowledge and ignorance alike have laws essential to their being,—
The sage studieth amusements, and the simple laugheth in his studies.
Few, but full of understanding, are the books of the library of God,
And fitting for all seasons are the gain and the gladness they bestow:
The volume of mystery and Grace, for the hour of deep communings,
When the soul considereth intensely the startling marvel of itself:
The book of destiny and Providence, for the time of sober study,
When the mind gleaneth wisdom from the olive-grove of history:
And the cheerful pages of Nature, to gladden the pleasant holiday,
When the task of duty is complete, and the heart swelleth high with
satisfaction.

The soul may not safely dwell too long with the deep things of futurity;
The mind may not always be bent back, like the Parthian, straining at
the past;—

And, if thou art wearied with wrestling on the broad arena of science,
Leave awhile thy friendly foe, half vanquished in the dust,
Refresh thy jaded limbs, return with vigour to the strife,—
Thou shalt easier find thyself his master, for the vacant interval of leisure.

That which may profit and amuse is gathered from the volume of creation,
For every chapter therein teemeth with the playfulness of wisdom.
The elements of all things are the same, though nature hath mixed them
with a difference,

And Learning delighteth to discover the affinity of seeming opposites:
So out of great things and small draweth he the secrets of the universe,

And argueth the cycles of the stars, from a pebble flung by a child.
 It is pleasant to note all plants, from the rush to the spreading cedar,
 From the giant king of palms," to the lichen that staineth its stem;
 To watch the workings of instinct, that grosser reason of brutes,—
 The river-horse browsing in the jungle, the plover screaming on the
 moor,
 The cayman basking on a mud-bank, and the walrus anchored to an ice-
 berg,
 The dog at his master's feet, and the milch-kine lowing in the meadow;
 To trace the consummate skill that hath modelled the anatomy of in-
 sects,
 Small fowls that sun their wings on the petals of wild flowers;
 To learn a use in the beetle, and more than a beauty in the butterfly;
 To recognize affections in a moth, and look with admiration on a spider.
 It is glorious to gaze upon the firmament, and see from far the mansions
 of the blest,
 Each distant shining world, a kingdom for one of the redeemed;
 To read the antique history of earth, stamped upon those medals in the
 rocks
 Which Design hath rescued from decay, to tell of the green infancy of
 time;
 To gather from the unconsidered shingle mottled starlike agates,
 Full of unstoried flowers in the bubbling bloom-chalcedony:
 Or gay and curious shells, fretted with microscopic carving,
 Corallines, and fresh seaweeds, spreading forth their delicate branches.
 It is an admirable lore, to learn the cause in the change,
 To study the chemistry of Nature, her grand, but simple secrets,
 To search out all her wonders, to track the resources of her skill,
 To note her kind compensations, her unobtrusive excellence.
 In all it is wise happiness to see the well-ordained laws of Jehovah,
 The harmony that filleth all his mind, the justice that tempereth his
 bounty,
 The wonderful all-prevalent analogy that testifieth one Creator,
 The broad arrow of the Great King, carved on all the stores of his
 arsenal.
 But beware, O worshipper of God, thou forget not him in his dealings,
 Though the bright emanations of his power hide him in created glory;
 For if, on the sea of knowledge, thou regardest not the pole-star of
 religion,
 Thy bark will miss her port, and run upon the sandbar of folly:

And if, enamoured of the means, thou considerest not the scope to which
they tend,

Wherein art thou wiser than the child, that is pleased with toys and
baubles?

Verily, a trifling scholar, thou heedest but the letter of instruction :
For as motive is spirit unto action, as memory endeareth place,
As the sun doth fertilize the earth, as affection quickeneth the heart,
So is the remembrance of God in the varied wonders of creation.

Man hath found out inventions, to cheat him of the weariness of life,
To help him to forget realities, and hide the misery of guilt.
For love of praise, and hope of gain, for passion and delusive happiness,
He joineth the circle of folly, and heapeth on the fire of excitement;
 Oftentimes sadly out of heart at the tiresome insipidity of pleasure,
 Oftentimes labouring in vain, convinced of the palpable deceit :
 Yet a man speaketh to his brother, in the voice of glad congratulation,
 And thinketh others happy, though he himself be wretched :
 And hand joineth hand to help in the toil of amusement,
 While the secret aching heart is vacant of all but disappointment.
 The cheapest pleasures are the best ; and nothing is more costly than sin ;
 Yet we mortgage futurity, counting it but little loss ;
 Neither can a man delight in that which breedeth sorrow,
 Yet do we hunt for joy even in the fires that consume it.
 Whoso would find gladness may meet her in the hovel of poverty,
 Where benevolence hath scattered around the gleanings of the horn of
 plenty ;
 Whoso would sun himself in peace, may be seen of her in deeds of
 mercy,
 When the pale lean cheek of the destitute is wet with grateful tears.
 If the mind is wearied by study, or the body worn with sickness,
 It is well to lie fallow for a while, in the vacancy of sheer amusement ;
 But when thou prosperest in health, and thine intellect can soar untired,
 To seek uninstrusive pleasure is to slumber on the couch of indolence.

The Train of Religion.

Stay awhile, thou blessed band, be entreated, daughters of heaven '
While the chance-met scholar of Wisdom learneth your sacred names :
He is resting a little from his toil, yet a little on the borders of earth,
And fain would he have you his friends, to bid him glad welcome here-
after.

Who among the glorious art thou, that walkest a Goddess and a Queen,
Thy crown of living stars, and a golden cross thy sceptre ?
Who among flowers of loveliness is she, thy seeming herald,
Yet she boasteth not thee nor herself, and her garments are plain in their
neatness ?

Wherefore is there one among the train, whose eyes are red with weeping,
Yet is her open forehead beaming with the sun of ecstasy ?
And who is that blood-stained warrior, with glory sitting on his crest ?
And who that solemn sage, calm in majestic dignity ?

Also, in the lengthening troop see I some clad in robes of triumph,
Whose fair and sunny faces I have known and loved on earth ?
Welcome, ye glorified Loves, Graces, and Sciences, and Muses,
That, like sisters of charity, tended in this world's hospital ;
Welcome, for verily I knew, ye could not but be children of the light,
Though earth hath soiled your robes, and robbed you of half your glory ;
Welcome, chiefly welcome, for I find I have friends in heaven,
And some I might scarce have looked for, as thou, light-hearted Mirth ;
Thou also, star-robed Urania ; and thou with the curious glass,
That rejoicedst in tracking wisdom where the eye was too dull to note it ;
And art thou too among the blessed, mild, much injured Poetry ?
Who quickenest with light and beauty the leaden face of matter,
Who not unheard, though silent, fillest earth's gardens with music,
And not unseen, though a spirit, dost look down upon us from the stars,—
That hast been to me for oil and for wine, to cheer and uphold my soul,

(70)

When wearied battling with the surge, the stunning surge of life:
 Of thee, for well have I loved thee, of thee may I ask in hope,
 Who among the glorious is she, that walketh a Goddess and a Queen?
 And who that fair-haired herald, and who that weeping saint?
 And who that mighty warrior, and who that solemn sage?

Son, happy art thou that Wisdom hath led thee hitherward:
 For otherwise never hadst thou known the joy-giving name of our Queen.
 Behold her, the life of men, the anchor of their shipwrecked hopes:
 Behold her, the shepherdess of souls, who bringeth back the wanderers to
 God.

And for that modest herald, she is named on earth, Humility:
 And hast thou not known, my son, the tearful face of Repentance?
 Faith is yon time-scarred hero, walking in the shade of his laurels;
 And Reason, the serious sage, who followeth the footsteps of Faith:
 And we, all we, are but handmaids, ministers of minor bliss,
 Who rejoice to be counted servants in the train of a Queen so glorious.
 But for her name, son of man, it is strange to the language of heaven,
 For those who have never fallen need not and may not learn it:
 Ligeance we swear to our God, and ligeance well have we kept;
 It is only the band of the redeemed who can tell thee the fullness of that
 name; "

Yet will I comfort thee, my son, for the love wherewith thou hast loved me,
 And thou shalt touch for thyself the golden sceptre of Religion.

So that blessed train passed by me; but the vision was sealed upon my
 soul;

And its memory is shrined in fragrance, for the promise of the Spirit
 was true:

I learn from the silent poem of all creation round me,
 How beautiful their feet, who follow in that train.

Of a Trinity.

Despise not, shrewd reckoner, the God of a good man's worship,
Neither let thy calculating folly gainsay the unity of three:
Nor scorn another's creed, although he cannot solve thy doubts;
Reason is the follower of faith, where he may not be precursor:
It is written, and so we believe, waiting not for outward proof,
Inasmuch as mysteries inscrutable are the clear prerogatives of godhead
Reason hath nothing positive, faith hath nothing doubtful;
And the height of unbelieving wisdom is to question all things.
When there is marvel in a doctrine, faith is joyful and adoreth;
But when all is clear, what place is left for faith?
Tell me the sum of thy knowledge,—is it yet assured of anything?
Despise not what is wonderful, when all things are wonderful around thee,
From the multitude of like effects, thou sayest, behold a law:
And the matter thou art baffled in unmaking, is to thy mind an element.
Then look abroad, I pray thee, for analogy holdeth everywhere,
And the Maker hath stamped his name on every creature of his hand:
I know not of a matter or a spirit, that is not three in one,
And truly should account it for a marvel, a coin without the image of its
Cæsar.

Man talketh of himself as ignorant, but judgeth by himself as wise:
His own guess counteth he truth, but the notions of another are his
scorn.
But bear thou yet with a brother, whose thought may be less subtle than
thine own,
And suffer the passing speculation suggested by analogies to faith.
Like begetteth like, and the great sea of Existence
In each of its uncounted waves holdeth up a mirror to its Maker:
Like begetteth like, and the spreading tree of being
With each of its trefoil leaves pointeth at the trinity of God.

Let him whose eyes have been unfilmed, read this homily in all things,
 And thou, of duller sight, despise not him that readeth :
 There be three grand principles ; life, generation, and obedience ;
 Shadowing in every creature, the Spirit, and the Father, and the Son.
 There be three grand unities, variously mixed in trinities,
 Three catholic divisors of the million sums of matter :
 Yea, though science hath not seen it, climbing the ladder of experiment,
 Let faith, in the presence of her God, promulgate the mighty truth ;
 Of three sole elements all nature's works consist :
 The pine, and the rock to which it clingeth, and the eagle sailing
 around it ;
 The lion, and the northern whale, and the deeps wherein he sporteth ;
 The lizard sleeping in the sun ; the lightning flashing from a cloud ;
 The rose, and the ruby, and the pearl ; each one is made of three ;
 And the three be the like ingredients, mingled in diverse measures.
 Thyself hast within thyself body, and life, and mind :
 Matter, and breath, and instinct, unite in all beasts of the field ;
 Substance, coherence, and weight, fashion the fabrics of the earth ;
 The will, the doing, and the deed, combine to frame a fact :
 The stem, the leaf, and the flower ; beginning, middle, and end ;
 Cause, circumstance, consequent : and every three is one.
 Yea, the very breath of man's life consisteth of a trinity of vapours,
 And the noon-day light is a compound, the triune shadow of Jehovah."

Shall all things else be in mystery, and God alone be understood ?
 Shall finite fathom infinity, though it sound not the shallows of creation ?
 Shall a man comprehend his Maker, being yet a riddle to himself ?
 Or time teach the lesson that eternity cannot master ?
 If God be nothing more than one, a child can compass the thought ;
 But seraphs fail to unravel the wondrous unity of three.
 One verily He is, for there can be but one who is all mighty ;
 Yet the oracles of nature and religion proclaim Him three in one.
 And where were the value to thy soul, O miserable denizen of earth,
 Of the idle pageant of the cross, where hung no sacrifice for thee ?
 Where the worth to thine impotent heart, of that stirred Bethesda,
 All numbed and palsied as it is, by the scorpion stings of sin ?
 No, thy trinity of nature, enchained by treble death,
 Helplessly craveth of its God, Himself for three salvations :
 The soul to be reconciled in love, the mind to be glorified in light,
 While this poor dying body leapeth into life.

And if indeed for us all the costly ransom hath been paid,
Bethink thee, could less than Deity have owned so vast a treasure?
Could a man contend with God, and stand against the booses of His
buckler,

Rendering the balance for guilt, atonement to the uttermost?
Thou art subtle to thine own thinking, but wisdom judgeth thee a fool,
Resolving thou wilt not bow the knee to a being thou canst not comprehend:

The mind that could compass perfection were itself perfection's equal;
And reason refuseth its homage to a God who can be fully understood.

Thou that despisest mystery, yet canst expound nothing,
Wherefore rejectest thou the fact that solveth the enigma of all things?
Wherefore veilest thou thine eyes, lest the light of revelation sun them,
And putttest aside the key that would open the casket of truth?
The mind and the nature of God are shadowed in all his works,
And none could have guessed of his essence, had He not uttered it Himself.

Therefore, thou child of folly, that scornest the record of his wisdom,
Learn from the consistencies of nature the needful miracle of Godhead:
Yea, let the heathen be thy teacher, who adareth many gods,
For there is no wide-spread error that hath not truth for its beginning.
Be content; thine eye cannot see all the sides of a cube at one view,
Nor thy mind in the self-same moment follow two ideas:
There are now many marvels in thy creed, believing what thou seest,
Then let not the conceit of intellect hinder thee from worshipping mystery

Of Thinking.

Reflection is a flower of the mind, giving out wholesome fragrance,
But reverie is the same flower, when rank and running to seed.
Better to read little with thought, than much with levity and quickness;
For mind is not as merchandize, which decreaseth in the using,
But liker to the passions of man, which rejoice and expand in exertion:
Yet live not wholly on thine own ideas, lest they lead thee astray:
For in spirit, as in substance, thou art a social creature;
And if thou leanest on thyself, thou rejectest the guidance of thy betters,
Yea, thou contemnest all men,—Am I not wiser than they?—
Foolish vanity hath blinded thee, and warped thy weak judgment;
For, though new ideas flow from new springs, and enrich the treasury
of knowledge,
Yet listen often, ere thou think much; and look around thee ere thou
judgest.
Memory, the daughter of Attention, is the teeming mother of Wisdom,
And safer is he that storeth knowledge, than he that would make it for
himself.

Imagination is not thought, neither is fancy reflection:
Thought paceth like a hoary sage, but imagination hath wings as an
eagle;
Reflection sternly considereth, nor is sparing to condemn evil,
But fancy lightly laugheth, in the sun-clad gardens of amusement.
For the shy game of the fowler the quickest shot is the surest;
But with slow care and measured aim the gunner pointeth his cannon:
So for all less occasions, the surface-thought is best,
But to be master of the great take thou heavier metal.
It is a good thing, and a wholesome, to search out bosom sins,
But to be the hero of selfish imaginings, is the subtle poison of pride:
At night, in the stillness of thy chamber, guard and curb thy thoughts,

And in recounting the doings of the day, beware that thou do it with
prayer,

Or thinking will be an idle pleasure, and retrospect yield no fruit.
Steer the bark of thy mind from the syren isle of reverie,
And let a watchful spirit mingle with the glance of recollection :
Also, in examining thine heart, in sounding the fountain of thine actions,
Be more careful of the evil than of the good ; and humble thyself in thy
sin.

The root of all wholesome thought is knowledge of thyself,
For thus only canst thou learn the character of God toward thee.
He made thee, and thou art ; he redeemed thee, and thou wilt be :
Thou art evil, yet he loveth thee ; thou sinnest, yet he pardoneth thee.
Though thou canst not perceive him, yet is he in all his works,
Infinite in grand outline, infinite in minute perfection :
Nature is the chart of God, mapping out all his attributes ;
Art is the shadow of his wisdom, and copieth his resources.
Thou knowest the laws of matter to be emanations of his will,
And thy best reason for aught is this,—thou, Lord, wouldst have it so.
Yea, what is any law but an absolute decree of God ?
Or the properties of matter and mind, but the arbitrary fiat of Jehovah ?
He made and ordained necessity ; he forged the chain of reason ;
And holdeth in his own right hand the first of the golden links.
A fool regardeth mind as the spiritual essence of matter,
And not rather matter as the gross accident of mind.
Can finite govern infinite, or a part exceed the whole,
Or the wisdom of God sit down at the feet of innate necessity ?
Necessity is a creature of his hand : for he can never change ;
And chance hath no existence where everything is needful.

Canst thou measure Omnipotence, canst thou conceive Ubiquity,
Which guideth the meanest reptile, and quickeneth the brightest seraph,
Which steereth the particle of dust, and commandeth the path of the
comet ?

To Him all things are equal, for all things are necessary.
The smith was weary at his forge, and welded the metal carelessly,
And the anchor breaketh in its bed ; and the vessel foundereth with her
crew :

A word of anger is muttered, engendering the midnight murder :
The sun bursteth from a cloud, and maddeneth the toiling husbandman.

Shall these things be, and God not know it?
 Shall he know, and not be in them? shall he see, and not be among them?
 And how can they be otherwise than as he knoweth?
 Truly, the Lord is in all things; verily, he worketh in all.
 Think thus, and thy thoughts are firm, ascribing each circumstance to
 Him;

Yet know surely, and believe the truth, that God willeth not evil:
 For adversities are blessings in disguise, and wickedness the Lord
 abhorreth;

That he is in all things is an axiom, and that he is righteous in all:
 Ascribe holiness to Him, while thou musest on the mystery of sin,
 For infinite can grasp that, which finite cannot compass.

His works of art, think justly: what praise canst thou render unto man?
 For he made not his own mind, nor is he the source of contrivance.
 If a cunning workman make an engine that fashioneth curious works,
 Which hath the praise, the machine or its maker,—the engine, or he that
 framed it?

And could he frame it so subtly as to give it a will and freedom,
 Endow it with complicated powers, and a glorious living soul,
 Who, while he admireth the wondrous understanding creature,
 Will not pay deeper homage to the Maker of master minds?
 Otherwise, thou art senseless as the pagan, that adoreth his own handy-
 work;

Yea, while thou boastest of thy wisdom, thy mind is as the mind of the
 savage,
 For he boweth down to his idols, and thou art a worshipper of self,
 Giving to the reasoning machine the credit due to its creator.

The key-stone of thy mind, to give thy thoughts solidity,
 To bind them as in an arch, to fix them as the world in its sphere,
 Is to learn from the book of the Lord, to drink from the well of his
 wisdom.

Who can condense the sun, or analyse the fulness of the Bible,
 So that its ideas be gathered, and the harvest of its wisdom be brought in?
 That book is easy to the man who setteth his heart to understand it,
 But to the careless and profane it shall seem the foolishness of God;
 And it is a delicate test to prove thy moral state;
 To the humble disciple it is bread, but a stone to the proud and unbe-
 lieving:

A scorner shall find nothing but the husks, wherewith to feed his hunger,
 But for the soul of the simple, it is plenty of full-ripe wheat.
 The Scripture abideth the same, in the sober majesty of truth;
 And the differing aspects of its teaching proceed from diversity in minds.
 He that would learn to think may gain that knowledge there!
 For the living word, as an angel, standeth at the gate of wisdom,
 And publisheth, This is the way, walk ye surely in it.
 Religion taketh by the hand the humble pupil of repentance,
 And teacheth him lessons of mystery, solving the questions of doubt;
 She maketh man worthy of himself, of his high prerogative of reason,
 Threadeth all the labyrinths of thought, and leadeth him to his God.

Come hither, child of meditation, upon whose high fair forehead
 Glimmereth the star of mind in its unearthly lustre:
 Hast thou nought to tell us of thine airy joys,—
 When borne on sinewy pinions, strong as the western condor,
 The soul, after soaring for a while round the cloud-capped Andes of reflection,
 Glad in its conscious immortality, leaveth a world behind,
 To dare at one bold flight the broad Atlantic to another?
 Hast thou no secret pangs to whisper common men,
 No dread of thine own energies, still active day and night,
 Lest toe ecstatic heat sublime thyself away,
 Or vivid horrors, sharp and clear, madden thy tense fibres?
 In half-shaped visions of sleep hast thou not feared thy flittings,
 Lest reason, like a raking hawk, return not to thy call;
 Nor waked to work-day life with throbbing head and heart,
 Nor welcomed early dawn to save thee from unrest?
 For the wearied spirit lieth as a fainting maiden,
 Captive and borne away on the warrior's foam-covered steed,
 And sinketh down wounded, as a gladiator on the sand,
 While the keen faulchion of Intellect is cutting through the scabbard of the brain.
 Imagination, like a shadowy giant looming on the twilight of the Hartz,
 Shall overwhelm judgment with affright, and scare him from his throne:
 In a dream thou mayst be mad, and feel the fire within thee;
 In a dream, thou mayst travel out of self, and see thee with the eyes of another;

Or sleep in thine own corpse; or wake as in many bodies:
 Or swell, as expanded to infinity; or shrink, as imprisoned to a point;

Or among moss-grown ruins may wander with the sullen disembodied,
And gaze upon their glassy eyes until thy heart-blood freeze.

Silent must thou stand, O man! alone at the bar of judgment;
Alone must thou bear thy sentence, alone must thou answer for thy deeds:
Therefore it is well thou retirest often to secrecy and solitude,
To feel that thou art accountable separately from thy fellows:
For a crowd hideth truth from the eyes, society drowneth thought,
And being but one among many, stiflcth the chidings of conscience.
Solitude bringeth woe to the wicked, for his crimes are told out in his
ear;

But addeth peace to the good, for the mercies of his God are numbered.
Thou mayst know if it be well with a man,—loveth he gaiety or solitude?
For the troubled river rusheth to the sea, but the calm lake slumbereth
among the mountains.

How dear to the mind of the sage are the thoughts that are bred in
loneliness,

For there is as it were music at his heart, and he talketh within him as
with friends:

But guilt maddeneth the brain, and terror glareth in the eye,
Where, in his solitary cell, the malefactor wrestleth with remorse.
Give me but a lodge in the wilderness, drop me on an island in the desert,
And thought shall yield me happiness, though I may not increase it by
imparting:

For the soul never slumbereth, but is as the eye of the Eternal,
And mind, the breath of God, knoweth not ideal vacuity:
At night, after weariness and watching, the body sinketh into sleep,
But the mental eye is awake, and thou reasonest in thy dreams:
In a dream thou mayst live a lifetime, and all be forgotten in the morn-
ing:

Even such is life, and so soon perisheth its memory.

Of Speaking.

Speech is the golden harvest that followeth the flowering of thought;
Yet oftentimes runneth it to husk, and the grains be withered and scanty:
Speech is reason's brother, and a kingly prerogative of man,
That likeneth him to his Maker, who spake, and it was done:
Spirit may mingle with spirit, but sense requireth a symbol;
And speech is the body of a thought, without which it were not seen.
When thou walkest, musing with thyself, in the green aisles of the forest,
Utter thy thinkings aloud, that they take a shape and being;
For he that pondereth in silence crowdeth the store-house of his mind,
And though he hath heaped great riches, yet is he hindered in the using.
A man that speaketh too little, and thinketh much and deeply,
Corrodeeth his own heart-strings, and keepeth back good from his fellows:
A man that speaketh too much, and museth but little and lightly,
Wasteth his mind in words, and is counted a fool among men:
But thou, when thou hast thought, weave charily the web of meditation,
And clothe the ideal spirit in the suitable garments of speech.

Uttered out of time, or concealed in its season, good savoureth of evil;
To be secret looketh like guilt, to speak out may breed contention:
Often have I known the honest heart, flaming with indignant virtue,
Provoke unneeded war by its rash ambassador the tongue:
Often have I seen the charitable man go so silly on his mission,
That those who met him in the twilight, took him for a skulking thief:
I have heard the zealous youth telling out his holy secrets
Before a swinish throng, who mocked him as he spake;
And I considered, his openness was hardening them that mocked,
Whereas a judicious keeping-back might have won their sympathy:
I have judged rashly and harshly the hand, liberal in the dark,
Because, in the broad daylight, it hath holden it a virtue to be close;
And the silent tongue have I condemned, because reserve hath chained it,

That it hid, yea from a brother, the kindness it had done by comforting.
 No need to sound a trumpet, but less to hush a footfall:
 Do thou thy good openly, not as though the doing were a crime.
 Secresy goeth cowed, and Honesty demandeth wherefore?
 For he judgeth,—judgeth he not well?—that nothing need be hid but
 guilt;

Why should thy good be evil spoken of through thine unrighteous silence?
 If thou art challenged, speak, and prove the good thou doest.
 The free example of benevolence, unobtruded, yet unhidden,
 Soundeth in the ears of sloth, Go, and do thou likewise:
 And I wot the hypocrite's sin to be of darker dye,
 Because the good man, fearing, thereby hideth his light:
 But neither God nor man hath bid thee cloak thy good,
 When a seasonable word would set thee in thy sphere, that all might see
 thy brightness.

Ascribe the honour to thy Lord, but be thou jealous of that honour,
 Nor think it light and worthless, because thou mayst not wear it for
 thyself:

Remember thy grand prerogative is free unshackled utterance,
 And suffer not the flood-gates of secresy to lock the full river of thy
 speech.

¶ Come, I will show thee an affliction, unnumbered among this world's
 sorrows,

Yet real and wearisome and constant, embittering the cup of life.
 There be, who can think within themselves, and the fire burneth at their
 heart,

And eloquence waiteth at their lips, yet they speak not with their tongue:
 There be, whom zeal quickeneth, or slander stirreth to reply,
 Or need constraineth to ask, or pity sendeth as her messengers,
 But nervous dread and sensitive shame freeze the current of their speech;
 The mouth is sealed as with lead, a cold weight presseth on the heart,
 The mocking promise of power is once more broken in performance,
 And they stand impotent of words, travailing with unborn thoughts:
 Courage is cowed at the portal: wisdom is widowed of utterance;
 He that went to comfort is pitied; he that should rebuke is silent.
 And fools who might listen and learn, stand by to look and laugh;
 While friends, with kinder eyes, wound deeper by compassion.
 And thought, finding not a vent, smouldereth, gnawing at the heart,
 And the man sinketh in his sphere, for lack of empty sounds.

There be many cares and sorrows thou hast not yet considered,
 And well may thy soul rejoice in the fair privilege of speech;
 For at every turn to want a word,—thou canst not guess that want;
 It is as lack of breath or bread: life hath no grief more galling.

Come, I will tell thee of a joy, which the parasites of pleasure have not
 known,

Though earth and air and sea have gorged all the appetites of sense.
 Behold, what fire is in his eye, what fervour on his cheek!
 That glorious burst of winged words! how bound they from his tongue!
 The full expression of the mighty thought, the strong triumphant argu-
 ment,

The rush of native eloquence, resistless as Niagara,
 The keen demand, the clear reply, the fine poetic image,
 The nice analogy, the clenching fact, the metaphor bold and free,
 The grasp of concentrated intellect wielding the omnipotence of truth,
 The grandeur of his speech in his majesty of mind!
 Champion of the right,—patriot, or priest, or pleader of the innocent
 cause,

Upon whose lips the mystic bee hath dropped the honey of persuasion,
 Whose heart and tongue have been touched, as of old, by the live coal
 from the altar,

How wide the spreading of thy peace, how deep the draught of thy
 pleasures!

To hold the multitude as one, breathing in measured cadence,
 A thousand men with flashing eyes, waiting upon thy will;
 A thousand hearts kindled by thee with consecrated fire,
 Ten flaming spiritual hecatombs offered on the mount of God:
 And now a pause, a thrilling pause,—they live but in thy words,—
 Thou hast broken the bounds of self, as the Nile at its rising,
 Thou art expanded into them, one faith, one hope, one spirit,
 They breathe but in thy breath, their minds are passive unto thine,
 Thou turnest the key of their love, bending their affections to thy purpose,
 And all, in sympathy with thee, tremble with tumultuous emotions.
 Verily, O man, with truth for thy theme, eloquence shall throne thee
 with archangels.

Of Reading.

One drachma for a good book, and a thousand talents for a true friend;—

So standeth the market, where scarce is ever costly :

Yea, were the diamonds of Golconda common as shingles on the shore,

A ripe apple would ransom kings before a shining stone :

And so, were a wholesome book as rare as an honest friend,

To choose the book be mine : the friend let another take.

For altered looks and jealousies and fears have none entrance there :

The silent volume listeneth well, and speaketh when thou listest :

It praiseth thy good without envy, it chideth thine evil without malice,

It is to thee thy waiting slave, and thine unbending teacher.

Need to humour no caprice, need to bear with no infirmity ;

Thy sin, thy slander, or neglect, chilleth not, quencheth not, its love :

Unalterably speaketh it the truth, warped nor by error nor interest ;

For a good book is the best of friends, the same to-day and for ever.

To draw thee out of self, thy petty plans and cautions,

To teach thee what thou lackest, to tell thee how largely thou art blest,

To lure thy thought from sorrow, to feed thy famished mind,

To graft another's wisdom on thee, pruning thine own folly,

Choose discreetly, and well digest the volume most suited to thy case,

Touching not religion with levity, nor deep things when thou art wearied.

Thy mind is freshened by morning air, grapple with science and philosophy ;

Noon hath unnerved thy thoughts, dream for a while on fictions ;

Grey evening sobereth thy spirit, walk thou then with worshippers :

But reason shall dig deepest in the night, and fancy fly most free.

Books, ye monuments of mind, concrete wisdom of the wisest ;

Sweet solaces of daily life ; proofs and results of immortality ;

Trees yielding all fruits, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations;
Groves of knowledge, where all may eat, nor fear a flaming sword;
Gentle comrades, kind advisers; friends, comforts, treasures:
Helps, governments, diversities of tongues; who can weigh your
worth?—

To walk no longer with the just; to be driven from the porch of science;
To bid long adieu to those intimate ones, poets, philosophers, and
teachers;

To see no record of the sympathies which bind thee in communion with
the good;

To be thrust from the feet of Him, who spake as never man spake;

To have no avenue to heaven but the dim aisle of superstition;

To live as an Esquimaux, in lethargy; to die as the Mohawk, in igno-
rance:

O what were life, but a blank? what were death, but a terror?

What were man, but a burden to himself? what were mind, but misery?

Yea, let another Omar burn the full library of knowledge,

And the broad world may perish in the flames, offered on the ashes of its
wisdom!

Of Writing.

The pen of a ready writer, whereunto shall it be likened ?

Ask of the scholar, he shall know,—to the chains that bind a Proteus :

Ask of the poet, he shall say,—to the sun, the lamp of heaven :

Ask of thy neighbour, he can answer, to the friend that telleth my thought :

The merchant considereth it well, as a ship freighted with wares ;

The Divine holdeth it a miracle, giving utterance to the dumb.

It fixeth, expoundeth, and disseminateth sentiment ;

Chaining up a thought, clearing it of mystery, and sending it bright into the world.

To think rightly, is of knowledge ; to speak fluently, is of nature ;

To read with profit, is of care ; but to write aptly is of practice.

No talent among men hath more scholars, and fewer masters :

For to write is to speak beyond hearing, and none stand by to explain.

To be accurate, write ; to remember, write ; to know thine own mind, write ;

And a written prayer is a prayer of faith : special, sure, and to be answered.

Hast thou a thought upon thy brain, catch it while thou canst ;

Or other thoughts shall settle there, and this shall soon take wing ;

Thine uncompounded unity of soul, which argueth and maketh it immortal,

Yieldeth up its momentary self to every single thought ;

Therefore, to husband thine ideas, and give them stability and substance,

Write often for thy secret eye : so shalt thou grow wiser.

The commonest mind is full of thoughts ; some worthy of the rarest ;

And could it see them fairly writ, would wonder at its wealth.

● precious compensation to the dumb, to write his wants and wishes ;

O dear amends to the stammering tongue, to pen his burning thoughts !

To be of the college of Eloquence, through these silent symbols ;
 To pour out all the flowing mind without the toil of speech ;
 To show the babbling world how it might discourse more sweetly ;
 To prove that merchandize of words bringeth no monopoly of wisdom ;
 To take sweet vengeance on a prating crew, for the tongue's dishonour,
 By the large triumph of the pen, the homage rendered to a writing.
 With such, that telegraph of mind is dearer than wealth or wisdom,
 Enabling to please without pain, to impart without humiliation.

~~Fast~~ girl, whose eye hath caught the rustic penmanship of love,
 Let thy bright brow and blushing cheek confess in this sweet hour,—
 Let thy full heart, poor guilty one, whom the scroll of pardon hath just
 reached,—

Thy wet glad face, O mother, with news of a far-off child,—
 Thy strong and manly delight, pilgrim of other shores,
 When the dear voice of thy betrothed speaketh in the letter of affection,—
 Let the young poet, exulting in his lay, and hope (how false) of fame,
 While watching at deep midnight, he buildeth up the verse,—
 Let the calm child of genius, whose name shall never die,
 For that the transcript of his mind hath made his thoughts immortal,—
 Let these, let all, with no faint praise, with no light gratitude, confess
 The blessings poured upon the earth from the pen of a ready writer.

~~For~~ mother, their preciousness in absence is proved by the desire of their
 presence :

When the despairing lover waiteth day after day,
 Looking for a word in reply, one word writ by that hand,
 And cursing bitterly the morn ushered in by blank disappointment :
 Or when the long-looked-for answer argueth a cooling friend,
 And the mind is plied suspiciously with dark inexplicable doubts,
 While thy wounded heart counteth its imaginary scars,
 And thou art the innocent and injured, that friend the capricious and in
 fault :

Or when the earnest petition, that craveth for thy needs,
 Unheeded, yea, unopened, tortureth with starving delay :
 Or when the silence of a son, who would have written of his welfare,
 Racketh a father's bosom with sharp-cutting fears.
 For a letter, timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection,
 And a letter, untimely delayed, is as rust to the soldier.
 The pen, flowing with love, or dipped black in hate,

Or tipped with delicate courtesies, or harshly edged with censure,
Hath quickened more good than the sun, more evil than the sword,
More joy than woman's smile, more woe than frowning fortune;
And shouldst thou ask my judgment of that which hath most profit in the
world,

For answer take thou this, The prudent penning of a letter.

Thou hast not lost an hour, whereof there is a record;
A written thought at midnight shall redeem the livelong day,
Idea is as a shadow that departeth, speech is fleeting as the wind,
Reading is an unremembered pastime; but a writing is eternal:
For therein the dead heart liveth, the clay-cold tongue is eloquent,
And the quick eye of the reader is cleared by the reed of the scribe.
As a fossil in the rock, or a coin in the mortar of a ruin,
So the symbolled thoughts tell of a departed soul:
The plastic hand hath its witness in a statue, and exactitude of vision in
a picture,
And so, the mind that was among us, in its writings is embalmed.

Of Wealth.

Prodigality hath a sister Meanness, his fixed antagonist heart-fellow,
Who often outliveth the short career of the brother she despiseth :
She hath lean lips and a sharp look, and her eyes are red and hungry ;
But he sloucheth in his gait, and his mouth speaketh loosely and maudlin.
Let a spendthrift grow to be old, he will set his heart on saving,
And labour to build up by penury that which extravagance threw down :
Even so, with most men, do riches earn themselves a double curse ;
They are ill-got by tight dealing : they are ill-spent by loose squandering.
Give me enough, saith Wisdom ;—for he feareth to ask for more ;
And that by the sweat of my brow, addeth stout-hearted Independence :
Give me enough, and not less, for want is leagued with the tempter ;
Poverty shall make a man desperate, and hurry him ruthless into crime :
Give me enough, and not more, saving for the children of distress ;
Wealth oft-times killeth, where want but hindered the budding :
There is green clad summer near the pole, though brief and after long
winter,
But the burnt breasts of the torrid zone yield never kindly nourishment.
Wouldst thou be poor, scatter to the rich,—and reap the tares of ingrati-
tude :
Wouldst thou be rich, give unto the poor ;—thou shalt have thine own
with usury :
For the secret hand of Providence prospereth the charitable all ways,
Good luck shall he have in his pursuits, and his heart shall be glad within
him ;
Yet perchance he never shall perceive, that even as to earthly gains,
The cause of his weal, as of his joy, hath been small givings to the poor.

In the plain of Benares " is there found a root that fathereth a forest,
Where round the parent banian-tree drop its living scions ;
Thirstily they strain to the earth, like stalactites in a grotto,
And strike broad roots, and branch again, lengthening their cool arcades :

And the dervish madly danceth there, and the faquir is torturing his flesh,

And the calm brahmin worshippeth the sleek and pampered bull :

At the base lean jackalls coil, while from above depending

With dull malignant stare watcheth the branch-like boa.

Even so in man's heart is a sin that is the root of all evil ;

Whose fibres strangle the affections, whose branches overgrow the mind :

And oftenest beneath its shadow thou shalt meet distorted piety,—

The clenched and rigid fist, with the eyes upturned to heaven,

Fanatic zeal with miserly severity, a mixture of gain with godliness,

And him, against whom passion hath no power, kneeling to a golden calf :

The hungry hounds of extortion are there, the bond, and the mortgage, and the writ,

While the appetite for gold, unslumbering, watcheth to glut its maw :—

And the heart, so tenanted and shaded, is cold to all things else ;

It seeth not the sunshine of heaven, nor is warmed by the light of charity.

For covetousness disbelieveth God, and laugheth at the rights of men ;

Spurring unto theft and lying, and tempting to the poison and the knife ;

It sundereth the bonds of love, and quickeneth the flames of hate ;

A curse that shall wither the brain, and case the heart with iron.

Content is the true riches, for without it there is no satisfying,

But a ravenous all-devouring hunger gnaweth the vitals of the soul.

The wise man knoweth where to stop, as he runneth in the race of fortune,

For experience of old hath taught him, that happiness lingereth mid-way ;

And many in hot pursuit have hasted to the goal of wealth,

But have lost, as they ran, those apples of gold,—the mind and the power to enjoy it.

There is no greater evil among men than a testament framed with injustice :

Where caprice hath guided the boon, or dishonesty refused what was due.

Generous is the robber on the highway, in the open daring of his guilt,

To the secret coward, whose malice liveth and harmeth after him ;

Who smoothly sank into the tomb, with the smile of fraud upon his face

And the last black deed of his existence was injury without redress :

For deaf is the ear of the dead, and can hear no palliating reasons ;

The smiter is not among the living, and Right pleadeth but in vain.

Yet shall the curse of the oppressed be as blight upon the grave of the unjust;

Yea, bitterly shall that hand-writing testify against him at the judgment.
I saw the humble relation that tended the poorness of wealth,
And ministered, with kind hand, to the wailings of disease and discontent;
I noted how watchfulness and care were feeding on the marrow of her youth,

How heavy was the yoke of dependence, loaded by petty tyranny;
Yet I heard the frequent suggestion,—It can be but a little longer,
Patience and mute submission shall one day reap a rich reward.
So tacitly enduring much, waited that humble friend,
Putting off the lover of her youth until the dawn of wealth:
And it came, that day of release, and the freed heart could not sorrow,
For now were the years of promise to yield their golden harvest:
Hope, so long deferred, sickly sparkled in her eye,
The miserable past was forgotten, as she looked for the happier future,
And she checked, as unworthy and ungrateful, the dark suspicious thought

That perchance her right had been the safer, if not left alone with honour:
But, alas, the sad knowledge soon came, that her stern task-master's will
Hath rewarded her toil with a jibe, her patience with utter destitution!—
Shall not the scourge of justice lash that cruel coward,
Who mingled the gall of ingratitude with the bitterness of disappointment?

Shall not the hate of men, and vengeance fiercely pursuing,
Hunt down the wretched being that sinneth in his grave?
He fancied his idol self safe from the wrath of his fellows,
But Hades "rose as he came in, to point at him the finger of scorn;
And again must he meet that orphan-maid to answer her face to face,
And her wrongs shall cling around his neck, to hinder him from rising
with the just:

For his last most solemn act hath linked his name with liar,
And the crime of Ananias is branded on his brow!

A good man commendeth his cause to the one great Patron of innocence,
Convinced of justice at the last, and sure of good meanwhile.
He knoweth he hath a Guardian, wise and kind and strong,
And can thank Him for giving, or refusing, the trust or the curse of riches:

His confidence standeth as a rock; he dreads not malice nor surprise,

Nor the whisperings of artful men, nor envious secret influence ;
 He scorneth servile compromise, and the pliant mouthings of deceit ;
 He maketh not a show of love, where he cannot concede esteem ;
 He regardeth ill-got wealth, as the root most fruitful of wretchedness,
 So he walketh in straight integrity, leaning on God and his right.

No gain, but by its price : labour, for the poor man's meal,
 Ofttimes heart-sickening toil, to win him a morsel for his hunger :
 Labour, for the chapman at his trade, a dull unvaried round,
 Year after year, unto death ; yes, what a weariness is it !
 Labour for the pale-faced scribe, drudging at his hated desk
 Who bartereth for needful pittance the untold gold of health ;
 Labour, with fear, for the merchant, whose hopes are ventured on the
 sea ;

Labour, with care, for the man of law, responsible in his gains ;
 Labour, with envy and annoyance, where strangers will thee wealth ;
 Labour, with indolence and gloom, where wealth falleth from a father ;
 Labour unto all, whether aching thews, or aching head, or spirit,—
 The curse on the sons of men, in all their states, is labour.
 Nevertheless, to the diligent labour bringeth blessing :
 The thought of duty sweeteneth toil, and travail is as pleasure ;
 And time spent in doing hath a comfort that is not for the idle,
 The hardship is transmuted into joy by the dear alchemy of Mercy.
 Labour is good for a man, bracing up his energies to conquest,
 And without it life is dull, the man perceiving himself useless :
 For wearily the body groaneth, like a door on rusty hinges,
 And the grasp of the mind is weakened, as the talons of a caged vulture.
 Wealth hath never given happiness, but often hastened misery :
 Enough hath never caused misery, but often quickened happiness :
 Enough is less than thy thought, O pampered creature of society,
 And he that hath more than enough, is a thief of the rights of his brother.

Of Invention.

Man is proud of his mind, boasting that it giveth him divinity,
Yet with all its powers can it originate nothing;
For the great God into all his works hath largely poured out himself
Saving one special property, the grand prerogative,—Creation.
To improve and expand is ours, as well as to limit and defeat;
But to create a thought or a thing is hopeless and impossible.
Can a man make matter?—and yet this would-be god
Thinketh to make mind, and form original idea:
The potter must have his clay, and the mason his quarry,
And mind must drain ideas from everything around it.
Doth the soil generate herbs, or the torrid air breed flies,
Or the water frame its monads, or the mist its swarming blight?—
Mediately, through thousand generations, having seed within themselves,
All things, rare or gross, own one common Father.
Truly spake Wisdom, There is nothing new under the sun:
We only arrange and combine the ancient elements of all things.
Invention is activity of mind, as fire is air in motion;
A sharpening of the spiritual sight, to discern hidden aptitudes:
From the basket and acanthus, is modelled the graceful capital;
The shadowed profile on the wall helpeth the limner to his likeness;
The footmarks, stamped in clay, lead on the thoughts to printing;
The strange skin garments cast upon the shore suggest another hemisphere;
A falling apple taught the sage pervading gravitation;
The Huron is certain of his prey, from tracks upon the grass;
And shrewdness, guessing out the hint, followeth on the trail:
But the hint must be given, the trail must be there, or the keenest sight
is as blindness.

Behold the barren reef, which an earthquake hath just left dry;
It hath no beauty to boast of, no harvest of fair fruits:
But soon the lichen fixeth there, and, dying, diggeth its own grave,
And softening suns and splitting frosts crumble the reluctant surface;

And cormorants roost there, and the snail addeth its slime.
 And efts, with muddy feet, bring their welcome tribute;
 And the sea casteth out her dead, wrapped in a shroud of weeds;
 And orderly nature arrangeth again the disunited atoms:
 Anon, the cold smooth stone is warm with feathery grass,
 And the light sporules of the fern are dropt by the passing wind,
 The wood-pigeon, on swift wing, leaveth its crop-full of grain,
 The squirrel's jealous care planteth the fir-cone and the filbert:
 Years pass, and the sterile rock is rank with tangled herbage;
 The wild-vine clingeth to the brier, and ivy runneth green among the corn,
 Lordly beeches are studded on the down, and willows crowd around the
 rivulet,

And the tall pine and hazel-thicket shade the rambling hunter.
 Shall the rock boast of its fertility? shall it lift the head in pride?—
 Shall the mind of man be vain of the harvest of its thoughts?
 The savage is that rock; and a million chances from without,
 By little and little acting on the mind, heap up the hot-bed of society;
 And the soul, fed and fattened on the thoughts and things around it,
 Groweth to perfection, full of fruit, the fruit of foreign seeds.
 For we learn upon a hint, we find upon a clue,
 We yield an hundred-fold; but the great sower is Analogy.
 There must be an acrid aloe before a luscious peach,
 A boll of rotting flax before the bridal veil,
 An egg before an eagle, a thought before a thing,
 A spark struck into tinder to light the lamp of knowledge,
 A slight suggestive nod to guide the watching mind,
 A half-seen hand upon the wall, pointing to the balance of Comparison.
 By culture man may do all things, short of the miracle,—Creation;
 Here is the limit of thy power,—here let thy pride be stayed:
 The soil may be rich, and the mind may be active, but neither yield un-
 sown;

The eye cannot make light, nor the mind make spirit:
 Therefore it is wise in man to name all novelty invention;
 For it is to find out things that are, not to create the unexisting:
 It is to cling to contiguities, to be keen in catching likeness,
 And with energetic elasticity to leap the gulfs of contrast.
 The globe knoweth not increase, either of matter or spirit;
 Atoms and thoughts are used again, mixing in varied combinations;
 And though, by moulding them anew, thou makest them thine own,
 Yet have they served thousands, and all their merit is of God.

Of Ridicule.

Seams of thought for the sage's brow, and laughing lines for the fool's face ;

For all things leave their track in the mind ; and the glass of the mind is faithful.

Seest thou much mirth upon the cheek ? there is then little exercise of virtue ;

For he that looketh on the world, cannot be glad and good :

Seest thou much gravity in the eye ? be not assured of finding wisdom ;

For she hath too great praise, not to get many mimics.

There is a grave-faced folly ; and verily, a laughter-loving wisdom ;

And what, if surface-judges account it vain frivolity ?

There is indeed an evil in excess, and a field may lie fallow too long ;

Yet merriment is often as a froth, that mantleth on the strong mind :

And note thou this for a verity,—the subtlest thinker when alone,

From ease of thoughts unbent, will laugh the loudest with his fellows :

And well is the loveliness of wisdom mirrored in a cheerful countenance,

Justly the deepest pools are proved by dimpling eddies ;

For that, a true philosophy commandeth an innocent life,

And the unguilty spirit is lighter than a linnet's heart :

Yea, there is no cosmetic like a holy conscience ;

The eye is bright with trust, the cheek bloomed over with affection,

The brow unwrinkled by a care, and the lip triumphant in its gladness.

And for you grave-faced folly, need not far to look for her ;

How seriously on trifles dote those leaden eyes,

How ruefully she sigheth after chances long gone by,

How sulkily she moaneth over evils without cure !

I have known a true-born mirth, the child of innocence and wisdom,

I have seen a base-born gravity, mingled of ignorance and guilt :

And again, a base-born mirth, springing out of carelessness and folly,

And again, a true-born gravity, the product of reflection and right fear.
The wounded partridge hideth in a furrow, and a stricken conscience
would be left alone;

But when its breast is healed, it runneth gladly with its fellows:
Whereas the solitary heron, standing in the sedgy fen,
Holdeth aloof from the social world, intent on wiles and death.

Need but of light philosophy to dare the world's dread laugh;
For a little mind courteth notoriety, to illustrate its puny self:
But the sneer of a man's own comrades trieth the muscles of courage,
And to be derided in his home is as a viper in the nest:
The laugh of a hooting world hath in it a notion of sublimity,
But the tittering private circle stingeth as a hive of wasps.
Some have commended ridicule, counting it the test of truth,
But neither wittily nor wisely; for truth must prove ridicule:
Otherwise a blunt bulrush is to pierce the proof armour of argument,
Because the stolidity of ignorance took it for a barbed shaft.
Softer is the hide of the rhinoceros, than the heart of deriding unbelief,
And truth is idler there, than the Bushman's feathered reed:
A droll conceit parrieth a thrust, that should have hit the conscience,
And the leering looks of humour tickle the childish mind;
For that the matter of a man is mingled most with folly.
Neither can he long endure the searching gaze of wisdom.
It is pleasanter to see a laughing cheek than a serious forehead,
And there liveth not one among a thousand whose idol is not pleasure.
Ridicule is a weak weapon, when levelled at a strong mind:
But common men are cowards, and dread an empty laugh.
Fear a nettle, and touch it tenderly, its poison shall burn thee to the
shoulder;
But grasp it with a bold hand,—is it not a bundle of myrrh?
Betray mean terror of ridicule, thou shalt find fools enough to mock thee;
But answer thou their laughter with contempt, and the scoffers will lick
thy feet.

Of Commendation.

The praise of holy men is a promise of praise from their Master ;
A fore-running earnest of thy welcome,—Well done, faithful servant ;
A rich prelude note, that droppeth softly on thine ear,
To tell thee the chords of thy heart are in tune with the choirs of heaven.
Yet is it a dangerous hearing, for the sweetness may lull thee into slumber,
And the cordial quaffed with thirst may generate the fumes of presumption.

So seek it not for itself, but taste, and go gladly on thy way,
For the mariner slacketh not his sail, though the sandal-groves of Araby
allure him ;
And the fragrance of that incense would harm thee, as when, on a summer evening,
The honied yellow flowers of the broom oppress thy charmed sense :
And a man hath too much of praise, for he praiseth himself continually ;
Neither lacketh he at any time self-commendation or excuse.

Praise a fool, and slay him : for the canvass of his vanity is spread ;
His bark is shallow in the water, and a sudden gust shall sink it :
Praise a wise man, and speed him on his way ; for he carrieth the ballast
of humility,
And is glad when his course is cheered by the sympathy of brethren
ashore.

The praise of a good man is good, for he holdeth up the mirror of Truth,
That virtue may see her own beauty, and delight in her own fair face :
The praise of a bad man is evil, for he hideth the deformity of Vice,
Casting the mantle of a queen around the limbs of a leper.
Praise is rebuke to the man whose conscience alloweth it not :
And where conscience feeleth it her due, no praise is better than a little.
He that despiseth the outward appearance, despiseth the esteem of his
fellows ;

And he that overmuch regardeth it, shall earn only their contempt:
The honest commendation of an equal no one can scorn, and be blameless,

Yet even that fair fame no one can hunt for, and be honoured:
If it come, accept it and be thankful, and be thou humble in accepting;
If it tarry, be not thou cast down; the bee can gather honey out of rue:
And is thine aim so low, that the breath of those around thee
Can speed thy feathered arrow, or retard its flight?
The child shooteth at a butterfly, but the man's mark is an eagle:
And while his fellows talk, he hath conquered in the clouds.
Ally thee to truth and godliness, and use the talents in thy charge:
So shalt thou walk in peace, deserving, if not having.
With a friend, praise him when thou canst; for many a friendship hath decayed,

Like a plant in a crowded corner, for want of sunshine on its leaves:
With another, praise him not often—otherwise he shall despise thee;
But be thou frugal in commending; so will he give honour to thy judgment:

For thou that dost so zealously commend, art acknowledging thine own inferiority,

And he, thou so highly hast exalted, shall proudly look down on thy esteem.

Willst thou that one remember a thing?—praise him in the midst of thy advice;

Never yet forgot man the word whereby he hath been praised.

Better to be censured by a thousand fools, than approved but by one man that is wise;

For the pious are slower to help right, than the profane to hinder it:

So, where the world rebuketh, there look thou for the excellent,

And be suspicious of the good, which wicked men can praise.

The captain bindeth his troop, not more by severity than kindness,

And justly, should recompense well-doing, as well as be strict with an offender;

The laurel is cheap to the giver, but precious in his sight who hath won it,

And the heart of the soldier rejoiceth in the approving glance of his chief.

Timely-given praise is even better than the merited rebuke of censure,

For the sun is more needful to the plant than the knife that cutteth out a canker;

Many a father hath erred, in that he hath withheld reproof,
 But more have mostly sinned, in withholding praise where it was due:
 There be many such as Eli among men; but these be more culpable
 than Eli,

Who chill the fountain of exertion by the freezing looks of indifference:
 Ye call a man easy and good, yet he is as a two-edged sword;
 He rebuketh not vice, and it is strong; he comforteth not virtue, and it
 fainteth.

There is nothing more potent among men than a gift timely bestowed;
 And a gift kept back where it was hoped, separateth chief friends:
 For what is a gift but a symbol, giving substance to praise and esteem?
 And where is a sharper arrow than the sting of unmerited neglect?

Expect not praise from the mean, neither gratitude from the selfish;
 And to keep the proud thy friend, see thou do him not a service:
 For, behold, he will hate thee for his debt: thou hast humbled him by
 giving;

And his stubbornness never shall acknowledge the good he hath taken
 from thy hand:

Yea, rather will he turn and be thy foe, lest thou gather from his friendship
 That he doth account thee creditor, and standeth in the second place.
 Still, O kindly feeling heart, be not thou chilled by the thankless,
 Neither let the breath of gratitude fan thee into momentary heat:
 Do good for good's own sake, looking not to worthiness nor love;
 Fling thy grain among the rocks, cast thy bread upon the waters,
 His claim be strongest to thy help, who is thrown most helplessly upon
 thee,—

So shalt thou have a better praise, and reap a richer harvest of reward.

If a man hold fast to thy creed, and fit his thinking to thy notions,
 Thou shalt take him for a man right minded, yea, and excuse his evil:
 But seest thou not, O bigot, that thy zeal is but a hunting after praise,
 And the full pleasure of a proselyte lieth in the flattering of self?
 A man of many praises meeteth many welcomes,
 But he, who blameth often, shall not keep a friend;
 The velvet-coated apricot is one thing, and the spiked horse-chestnut is
 another,

A handle of smooth amber is pleasanter than rough buck-horn.
 Show me a popular man; I can tell thee the secret of his power;
 He hath soothed them with glozing words, lulling their ears with flattery,

The smile of seeming approbation is ever the companion of his presence,
And courteous looks, and warm regards, earn him all their hearts.

Nothing but may be better, and every better might be best;
The blind may discern, and the simple prove, fault or want in all things;
And a little mind looketh on the lily with a microscopic eye,
Eager and glad to pry out specks on its robe of purity;
But a great mind gazeth on the sun, glorying in his brightness,
And taking large knowledge of his good, in the broad prairie of creation:
What, though he hatch basilisks? what, though spots are on the sun?
In fulness is his worth, in fulness be his praise!

Of Self-acquaintance.

Knowledge holdeth by the hilt, and heweth out a road to conquest ;
Ignorance graspeth the blade, and is wounded by its own good sword :
Knowledge distilleth health from the virulence of opposite poisons ;
Ignorance mixeth wholesomes unto the breeding of disease :
Knowledge is leagued with the universe, and findeth a friend in all things ;
But ignorance is everywhere a stranger ; unwelcome, ill at ease, and out
of place.

A man is helpless and unsafe up to the measure of his ignorance,
For he lacketh perception of the aptitudes commending such a matter to
his use,

Clutching at the horn of danger, while he judgeth it the handle of security,

Or casting his anchor so widely, that the granite reef is just within the
tether.

Untaught in science, he is but half alive, stupidly taking note of nothing,
Or listening with dull wonder to the crafty saws of an empiric :

Simple in the world, he trusteth unto knaves ; and then to make amends
for folly,

Dealeth so shrewdly with the honest, they cannot but suspect him for a
thief ;

With an unknown God, he maketh mock of reason, fathering contrivance
on chance,

Or doting with superstitious dread on some crooked image of his fancy :

But ignorant of Self, he is weakness at heart ; the key-stone crumbleth
into sand,

There is panic in the general's tent, the oak is hollow as hemlock ;
Though the warm sap creepeth up its bark, filling out the sheaf of leaves,
Though knowledge of all things beside add proofs of seeming vigour,
Though the master-mind of the royal sage feast on the mysteries of
wisdom,

Yet ignorance of self shall bow down the spirit of a Solomon to idols ;
 The storm of temptation, sweeping by, shall snap that oak like a reed,
 And the proud luxuriance of its tufted crown drag it the sooner to the
 dust.

Youth, confident in self, tampereth with dangerous dalliance,
 Till the vice his heart once hated hath locked him in her foul embrace :
 Manhood, through zeal of doing good, seeketh high place for its occasions,
 Unwitting that the bleak mountain-air will nip the tender budding of his
 motives :

Or painfully, for love of truth, he climbeth the ladder of science,
 Till pride of intellect heating his heart, warpeth it aside to delusion :
 The maiden, to give shadow to her fairness, plaiteth her raven hair,
 Heedlessly weaving for her soul the silken net of vanity :
 The grey-beard looketh on his gold, till he loveth its yellow smile,
 Unconscious of the bright decoy which is luring his heart unto avarice :
 Wrath avoideth no quarrel, jealousy counteth its suspicions,
 Pining envy gazeth still, and melancholy seeketh solitude,
 The sensitive broodeth on his slights, the fearful poreth over horrors,
 The train of wantonness is fired, the nerves of indecision are unstrung ;
 Each special proneness unto harm is pampered by ignorant indulgence,
 And the man, for want of warning, yieldeth to the apt temptation.

A smith at the loom, and a weaver at the forge, were but sorry crafts-
 men ;

And a ship that saileth on every wind never shall reach her port :
 Yet there be thousands among men who heed not the leaning of their
 talents,

But cutting against the grain, toil on to no good end ;
 And the light of a thoughtful spirit is quenched beneath the bushel of
 commerce,

While meaner plodding minds are driven up the mountain of philosophy :
 The cedar withereth on a wall, while the house-leek is fattening in a hot-
 bed,

And the dock with its rank leaves hideth the sun from violets.
 To everything a fitting place, a proper honourable use ;
 The humblest measure of mind is bright in its humble sphere .
 The glow-worm, creeping in the hedge, lighteth her evening torch,
 And her far-off mate, on gossamer sail, steereth his course by that star :
 But ignorance mocketh at proprieties, bringing out the glow-worm at noon ;

And setteth the faults of mediocrity in the full blaze of wisdom.
 Ravens croaking in darkness, and a skylark trilling to the sun,
 The voice of a screech-owl from a ruin, and the blackbird's whistle in a
 wood,
 A cushion-footed camel for the sands, and a swift reindeer for the snows,
 A naked skin for Ethiopia, and rich soft furs for the Pole :
 In all things is there a fitness : discord with discord hath its music ;
 And the harmony of nature is preserved by each one knowing his place.

The blind at an easel, the palsied with a graver, the halt making for the
 goal,
 The deaf ear tuning psalter, the stammerer discoursing eloquence,—
 What wonder if all fail? the shaft flieth wide of the mark
 Alike if itself be crooked, or the bow be strung awry ;
 And the mind which were excellent in one way, but foolishly toileth in
 another,

What is it but an ill-strung bow, and its aim a crooked arrow ?
 By knowledge of self, thou provest thy powers : put not the racer to the
 plough,

Nor goad the toilsome ox to wager his slowness with the fleet :
 Consider thy failings, heed thy propensities, search out thy latent virtues,
 Analyze the doubtful, cultivate the good, and crush the head of evil ;
 So shalt thou catch with quick hand the golden ball of opportunity,
 The warrior armed shall be ready for the fray, beside his bridled steed ;
 Thou shalt ward off special harms, and have the sway of circumstance,
 And turn to thy special good the common current of events ;
 Choosing from the wardrobe of the world, thou shalt suitably clothe thy
 spirit,

Nor thrust the white hand of peace into the gauntlet of defiance :
 The shepherd shall go with a staff, and conquer by sling and stone ;
 The soldier shall let alone the distaff, and the scribe lay down the sword ;
 The man unlearned shall keep silence, and earn one attribute of wisdom,
 The sage be sparing of his lessons before unhearing ears :
 Calm shalt thou be, as a lion in repose, conscious of passive strength,
 And the shock that splitteth the globe, shall not unthrone thy self-pos-
 session.

Acquaint thee with thyself, O man ! so shalt thou be humble :
 The hard hot desert of thy heart shall blossom with the lily and the rose ;
 The frozen cliffs of pride shall melt, as an iceberg in the tropics ;

The bitter fountains of self-seeking be sweeter than the waters of the Nile.

But if thou lack that wisdom,—thy frail skiff is doomed,
On stronger eddy whirling to the dreadful gorge;
Untaught in that grand lore, thou standest, cased in steel,
To dare with mocking unbelief the thunderbolts of heaven.
For look now around thee on the universe, behold how all things serve thee.

The teeming soil, and the buoyant sea, and undulating air,
Golden crops, and bloomy fruits, and flowers, and precious gems,
Choice perfumes and fair sights, soft touches and sweet music:
For thee, shoaling up the bay, crowd the finny nations,
For thee, the cattle on a thousand hills live, and labour, and die:
Light is thy daily slave, darkness inviteth thee to slumber;
Thou art served by the hands of Beauty, and Sublimity kneeleth at thy feet:

Arise, thou sovereign of creation, and behold thy glory!
Yet more, thou hast a mind; intellect wingeth thee to heaven,
Tendeth thy state on earth, and by it thou divest down to hell;
Thou hast measured the belt of Saturn, thou hast weighed the moons of Jupiter,

And seen, by reason's eye, the centre of thy globe;
Subtly hast thou numbered by millions the leagues between sun and sun,
And noted in thy book the coming of their shadows;
With marvellous unerring truth, thou knowest to an inch and to an instant,
The where and the when of the comet's path that shall seem to rush by
at thy command:

Arise, thou king of mind, and survey thy dignity!
Yet more,—for once believe religion's flattering tale;
Thou hast a soul, aye, and a God,—but be not therefore humbled;
Thy Maker's self was glad to live and die—a man;
The brightest jewel in his crown is voluntary manhood:
By deep dishonour and great price, bought he that envied freedom,
But thou wast born an heir of all, thy Master scarce could earn.
O climax unto pride, O triumph of humanity,
O triple crown upon thy brow, most high and mighty Self!
Arise, thou Lord of all, thou greater than a God!—
How saidst thou, wretched being?—cast thy glance within;
Behold that painted sepulchre, the hovel of thy heart.
Ha! with what fearful imagery swarmeth that small chamber;

The horrid eye of murder, scowling in the dark,
The bony hand of avarice, filching from the poor,
The lurid fires of lust, the idiot face of folly,
The sickening deed of cruelty, the foul fierce orgies of the drunken,
Weak contemptible vanity, stubborn stolid unbelief,
Envy's devilish sneer, and the vile features of ingratitude,—
Man, hast thou seen enough? or are these full proof
That thou art a miracle of mercy, and all thy dignity is dross?

Well said the wisdom of earth, O mortal, know thyself;
But better the wisdom of heaven, O man, learn thou thy God:
By knowledge of self thou art conusant of evil, and mailed in panoply
to meet it;
By knowledge of God cometh knowledge of good, and universal love is
at thy heart.
Every creature knoweth its capacities, running in the road of instinct,
And reason must not lag behind, but serve itself of all proprieties:
The swift to the race, and the strong to the burden, and the wise for right
direction;
For self-knowledge filleth with acceptance its niche in the temple of
utility:
But vainly wilt thou look for that knowledge, till the clue of all truth is
in thy hand,
For the labyrinth of man's heart windeth in complicate deceivings:
Thou canst not sound its depths with the shallow plumb-line of reason,
Till religion, the pilot of the soul, have lent thee her unfathomable coil:
Therefore, for this grand knowledge, and knowledge is the parent of do-
minion,
Learn God, thou shalt know thyself; yea, and shalt have mastery of all
things.

Of Cruelty to Animals.

Shame upon thee, savage Monarch-man, proud monopolist of reason;
Shame upon Creation's lord, the fierce ensanguined despot:
What, man! are there not enough, hunger, and diseases and fatigue,—
And yet must thy goad or thy thong add another sorrow to existence?
What! art thou not content thy sin hath dragged down suffering and
death

On the poor dumb servants of thy comfort, and yet must thou rack them
with thy spite?

The prodigal heir of creation hath gambled away his all,—
Shall he add torment to the bondage that is galling his forfeit serfs?
The leader in nature's pæan himself hath marred her psaltery,
Shall he multiply the din of discord by overstraining all the strings?
The rebel hath fortified his strong-hold, shutting in his vassals with him,—
Shall he aggravate the woes of the besieged by oppression from within?
Thou twice deformed image of thy Maker, thou hateful representative of
Love,

For very shame be merciful, be kind unto the creatures thou hast ruined;
Earth and her million tribes are cursed for thy sake,
Earth and her million tribes still writhe beneath thy cruelty:
Liveth there but one among the million that shall not bear witness
against thee,

A pensioner of land or air or sea, that hath not whereof it will accuse
thee?

From the elephant toiling at a launch, to the shrew-mouse in the harvest-
field,

From the whale which the harpooner hath stricken, to the minnow caught
upon a pin,

From the albatross wearied in its flight, to the wren in her covered nest,
From the death-moth and lace-winged dragon-fly, to the lady-bird and
the gnat,

The verdict of all things is unanimous, finding their master cruel:

The dog, thy humble friend, thy trusting, honest friend;

The ass, thine uncomplaining slave, drudging from morn to even;

The lamb, and the timorous hare, and the labouring ox at plough ;
 The speckled trout, basking in the shallow, and the partridge, gleaning
 in the stubble,
 And the stag at bay, and the worm in thy path, and the wild bird pining
 in captivity,
 And all things that minister alike to thy life and thy comfort and thy
 pride,
 Testify with one sad voice that man is a cruel master.

Verily, they are all thine : freely mayst thou serve thee of them all :
 They are thine by gift for thy needs, to be used in all gratitude and kind-
 ness ;

Gratitude to their God and thine,—their Father and thy Father,
 Kindness to them who toil for thee, and help thee with their all :
 For meat, but not by wantonness of slaying : for burden, but with limits
 of humanity ;

For luxury, but not through torture : for draught, but according to the
 strength :

For a dog cannot plead his own right, nor render a reason for exemption,
 Nor give a soft answer unto wrath, to turn aside the undeserved lash ;
 The galled ox cannot complain, nor supplicate a moment's respite ;
 The spent horse hideth his distress, till he panteth out his spirit at the
 goal ;

Also, in the winter of life, when worn by constant toil,
 If ingratitude forget his services, he cannot bring them to remembrance ;
 Behold, he is faint with hunger ; the big tear standeth in his eye ;
 His skin is sore with stripes, and he tottereth beneath his burden ;
 His limbs are stiff with age, his sinews have lost their vigour,
 And pain is stamped upon his face, while he wrestleth unequally with toil ;
 Yet once more mutely and meekly endureth he the crushing blow ;
 That struggle hath cracked his heart-strings,—the generous brute is dead !
 Liveth there no advocate for him ? no judge to avenge his wrongs ?
 No voice that shall be heard in his defence ? no sentence to be passed on
 his oppressor ?

Yea, the sad eye of the tortured pleadeth pathetically for him ;
 Yea, all the justice in heaven is roused in indignation at his woes ;
 Yea, all the pity upon earth shall call down a curse upon the cruel ;
 Yea, the burning malice of the wicked is their own exceeding punishment.
 The Angel of Mercy stoppeth not to comfort, but passeth by on the other
 side,

And hath no tear to shed, when a cruel man is damned.

Of Friendship.

As frost to the bud, and blight to the blossom, even such is self-interest to friendship :

For Confidence cannot dwell where Selfishness is porter at the gate.
If thou see thy friend to be selfish, thou canst not be sure of his honesty ;
And in seeking thine own weal, thou hast wronged the reliance of thy friend.
Flattery hideth her varnished face when friendship sitteth at his board ;
And the door is shut upon suspicion, but candour is bid glad welcome :
For friendship abhorreth doubt, its life is in mutual trust,
And perisheth, when artful praise proveth it is sought for a purpose.
A man may be good to thee at times, and render thee mighty service,
Whom yet thy secret soul could not desire as a friend ;
For the sum of life is in trifles, and though, in the weightier masses,
A man refuse thee not his purse, nay his all in thine utmost need,
Yet if thou canst not feel that his character agreeth with thine own,
Thou never wilt call him friend, though thou render him a heartfelt of gratitude.

A coarse man grindeth harshly the finer feelings of his brother ;
A common mind will soon depart from the dull companionship of wisdom ;
A weak soul dareth not to follow in the track of vigour and decision ;
And the worldly regardeth with scorn the seeming foolishness of faith.
A mountain is made up of atoms, and friendship of little matters,
And if the atoms hold not together, the mountain is crumbled into dust.

Come, I will show thee a friend ; I will paint one worthy of thy trust :
Thine heart shall not weary of him : thou shalt not secretly despise him
Thou art long in learning him, in unravelling all his worth ;
And he dazzleth not thine eyes at first, to be darkened in thy sight afterward,
But riseth from small beginnings, and reacheth the height of thine esteem.

He remembereth that thou art only man; he expecteth not great things from thee;

And his forbearance toward thee silently teacheth thee to be considerate unto him.

He despiseth not courtesy of manner, nor neglecteth the decencies of life: Nor mocketh the failings of others, nor is harsh in his censures before thee:

For so, how couldst thou tell, if he talketh not of thee in ridicule? He withholdeth no secret from thee, and rejecteth not thine in turn; He shareth his joys with thee, and is glad to bear part in thy sorrows. Yet one thing, he loveth thee too well to show thee the corruptions of his heart:

For as an ill example strengtheneth the hands of the wicked, So to put forward thy guilt, is a secret poison to thy friend: For the evil in his nature is comforted, and he warreth more weakly against it,

If he find that the friend whom he honoureth, is a man more sinful than himself.

I hear the communing of friends; ye speak out the fulness of your souls, And being but men, as men, ye own to all the sympathies of manhood: Confidence openeth the lips, indulgence beameth from the eye, The tongue loveth not boasting, the heart is made glad with kindness: And one standeth not as on a hill, beckoning to the other to follow, But ye toil up hand in hand, and carry each other's burdens. Ye commune of hopes and aspirations, the fervent breathings of the heart,

Ye speak with pleasant interchange the treasured secrets of affection, Ye listen to the voice of complaint, and whisper the language of comfort, And as in a double solitude, ye think in each other's hearing.

Choose thy friend discreetly, and see thou consider his station, For the graduated scale of ranks accordeth with the ordinance of heaven: If a low companion ripen to a friend, in the full sunshine of thy confidence,

Know, that for old age thou hast heaped up sorrow For thou sinkest to that level, and thy kin shall scorn thee, Yea, and the menial thou hast pampered haply shall neglect thee in thy death:

And if thou reachest up to high estates, thinking to herd with princes, What art thou but a footstool, though so near a throne?

O rush among the lilies, be taught thou art a weed,
 O briar among the cedars, not contempt shall burn thee.
 But thou, friend and scholar, select from thine own caste,
 And make not an intimate of one, thy servant or thy master;
 For only friendship among men is the true republic,
 Where all have equality of service, and all have freedom of command.
 And yet, if thou wilt take my judgment, be shy of too much openness
 with any,
 Lest thou repent hereafter, should he turn and rend thee:
 For many an apostate friend hath abused unguarded confidence,
 And bent to selfish ends the secret of the soul.

Absence strengtheneth friendship, where the last recollections were
 kindly;
 But it must be good wine at the last, or absence shall weaken it daily.
 A rare thing is faith, and friendship is a marvel among men,
 Yet strange faces call they friends, and say they believe when they doubt.
 Those hours are not lost that are spent in cementing affection;
 For a friend is above gold, precious as the stores of the mind.
 Be sparing of advice by words, but teach thy lesson by example:
 For the vanity of man may be wounded, and retort unkindly upon thee.
 There be some that never had a friend, because they were gross and
 selfish;
 Worldliness, and apathy, and pride, leave not many that are worthy:
 But one who meriteth esteem, need never lack a friend:
 For as thistledown flieth abroad, and casteth its anchor in the soil,
 So philanthropy yearneth for a heart, where it may take root and blossom.

Yet I hear the child of sensibility moaning at the wintry cold,
 Wherein the mists of selfishness have wrapped the society of men:
 He grieveth, and hath deep reasons; for falsehood hath wronged his
 trust,
 And the breaches in his bleeding heart have been filled with the briars
 of suspicion.
 For, alas, how few be friends, of whom charity hath hoped well!
 How few there be among men who forget themselves for other!
 Each one seeketh his own, and looketh on his brethren as rivals,
 Masking envy with friendship, to serve his secret ends.
 And the world, that corrupteth all good, hath wronged that sacred name,
 For it calleth any man friend, who is not known for an enemy;

And such be as the flies of summer, while plenty sitteth at thy board :
But who can wonder at their flight from the cold denials of want ?
Such be as vultures round a carcase, assembled together for the feast ;
But a sudden noise scareth them, and forthwith are they specks among
the clouds.

There be few, O child of sensibility, who deserve to have thy confidence ;
Yet weep not, for there are some, and such some live for thee :
To them is the chilling world a drear and barren scene,
And gladly seek they such as thou art, for seldom find they the occasion :
For, though no man excludeth himself from the high capability of friend-
ship,
Yet verily the man is a marvel whom truth can write a friend.

Of Love.

There is a fragrant blossom, that maketh glad the garden of the heart;
Its root lieth deep: it is delicate, yet lasting, as the lilac crocus of autumn:

Loneliness and thought are the dews that water it morn and even;
Memory and Absence cherish it, as the balmy breathings of the south:
Its sun is the brightness of affection, and it bloometh in the borders of
Hope;

Its companions are gentle flowers, and the briar withereth by its side.
I saw it budding in beauty; I felt the magic of its smile;
The violet rejoiced beneath it, the rose stooped down and kissed it;
And I thought some cherub had planted there a truant flower of Eden,
As a bird bringeth foreign seeds, that they may flourish in a kindly soil.
I saw and asked not its name; I knew no language was so wealthy,
Though every heart of every clime findeth its echo within.
And yet what shall I say? Is a sordid man capable of—Love?
Hath a seducer known it? Can an adulterer perceive it?
Or he that seeketh strange women, can he feel its purity?
Or he that changeth often, can he know its truth?
Longing for another's happiness, yet often destroying its own;
Chaste, and looking up to God, as the fountain of tenderness and joy;
Quiet, yet flowing deep, as the Rhine among rivers;
Lasting, and knowing not change—it walketh with Truth and Sincerity.

Love:—what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear,
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a sigh,
The lightning in a touch, a millennium in a moment,
What concentrated joy or woe in blest or blighted love!
For it is that native poetry springing up indigenous to Mind,
The heart's own-country music thrilling all its chords,
The story without an end that angels throng to hear,

The word, the king of words, carved on Jehovah's heart!
 Go, call thou snake-eyed malice mercy, call envy honest praise,
 Count selfish craft for wisdom, and coward treachery for prudence,
 Do homage to blaspheming unbelief as to bold and free philosophy,
 And estimate the recklessness of license as the right attribute of liberty,—
 But with the world, thou friend and scholar, stain not this pure name:
 Nor suffer the majesty of Love to be likened to the meanness of desire:
 For Love is no more such, than seraphs' hymns are discord,
 And such is no more Love, than Etna's breath is, summer.

Love is a sweet idolatry enslaving all the soul,
 A mighty spiritual force, warring with the dullness of matter,
 An angel-mind breathed into a mortal, though fallen yet how beautiful!
 All the devotion of the heart in all its depth and grandeur.
 Behold that pale geranium, pent within the cottage window;
 How yearningly it stretcheth to the light its sickly long-stalked leaves,
 How it straineth upward to the sun, coveting his sweet influences,
 How real a living sacrifice to the god of all its worship!
 Such is the soul that loveth; and so the rose-tree of affection
 Bendeth its every leaf to look on those dear eyes,
 Its every blushing petal basket in their light,
 And all its gladness, all its life, is hanging on their love.

If the love of the heart is blighted, it buddeth not again:
 If that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to be learnt no more:
 Yet often will thought look back, and weep over early affection;
 And the dim notes of that pleasant song will be heard as a reproachful
 spirit,
 Moaning in Æolian strains over the desert of the heart,
 Where the hot siroccos of the world have withered its one oasis.

Of Marriage.

Seek a good wife of thy God, for she is the best gift of his providence;
Yet ask not in bold confidence that which he hath not promised:

Thou knowest not his good will:—be thy prayer then submissive there-
unto;

And leave thy petition to his mercy, assured that He will deal well
with thee.

If thou art to have a wife of thy youth, she is now living on the earth;
Therefore think of her, and pray for her weal: yea, though thou hast
not seen her.

They that love early become like-minded, and the tempter toucheth them
not:

They grow up leaning on each other, as the olive and the vine.

Youth longeth for a kindred spirit, and yearneth for a heart that can
commune with his own;

He meditateth night and day, doting on the image of his fancy.

Take heed that what charmeth thee is real, nor springeth of thine own
imagination;

And suffer not trifles to win thy love; for a wife is thine unto death.

The harp and the voice may thrill thee,—sound may enchant thine ear,

But consider thou, the hand will wither, and the sweet notes turn to dis-
cord:

The eye, so brilliant at even, may be red with sorrow in the morning;

And the sylph-like form of elegance must writhe in the crampings of pain.

☉ happy lot, and hallowed, even as the joy of angels,

Where the golden chain of godliness is entwined with the roses of love:

But beware, thou seem not to be holy, to win favour in the eyes of a
creature,

For the guilt of the hypocrite is deadly, and winneth thee wrath else-
where.

The idol of thy heart ~~is~~ as thou, a probationary sojourner on earth ;
 Therefore be chary of her soul, for that is the jewel in ~~her~~ casket :
 Let her be a child of God, that she bring with her a blessing to thy house,—
 A blessing above riches, and leading contentment in its train :
 Let her be an heir of heaven ; so shall she help thee on thy way :
 For those who are one in faith, fight double-handed against evil.
 Take heed lest she love thee before God ; that she be not an idolator :
 Yet see thou that she love thee well : for her heart is the heart of woman ;
 And the triple nature of humanity must be bound by a triple chain,
 For soul and mind and body—godliness, esteem, and affection.

~~How~~ beautiful is modesty ! it winneth upon all beholders :
 But a word or a glance may destroy the pure love that should have been
 for thee.

Affect not to despise beauty : no one is freed from its dominion ;
 But regard it not a pearl of price :—it is fleeting as the bow in the clouds.
 If the character within be gentle, it often hath its index in the counte-
 nance :

The soft smile of a loving face is better than splendour that fadeth
 quickly.

When thou choosest a wife, think not only of thyself,
 But of those God may give thee of her, that they reproach thee not for
 their being :

See that he hath given her health, lest thou lose her early and weep :
 See that she springeth of a wholesome stock, that thy little ones perish
 not before thee :

For many a fair skin hath covered a mining disease,
 And many a laughing cheek been bright with the glare of madness.

~~Mark~~ the converse of one thou lovest, that it be simple and sincere ;
 For an artful or false woman shall set thy pillow with thorns.
 Observe her deportment with others, when she thinketh not that thou art
 nigh,

For with thee will the blushes of love conceal the true colour of her mind.
 Hath she learning ? it is good, so that modesty go with it :
 Hath she wisdom ? it is precious, but beware that thou exceed ;
 For woman must be subject, and the true mastery is of the mind.
 Be joined to thine equal in rank, or the foot of pride will kick at thee ;
 And look not only for riches, lest thou be mated with misery :
 Marry not without means ; for so shouldst thou tempt Providence ;

But wait not for more than enough; for marriage is the DUTY of most men:

Grievous indeed must be the burden that shall outweigh innocence and health,

And a well-assorted marriage hath not many cares.

In the day of thy joy consider the poor: thou shalt reap a rich harvest of blessing;

For these be the pensioners of One who filleth thy cup with pleasures:

In the day of thy joy be thankful: He hath well deserved thy praise:

Mean and selfish is the heart that seeketh Him only in sorrow.

For her sake who leaneth on thine arm, court not the notice of the world,

And remember that sober privacy is comelier than public display.

If thou marriest, thou art allied unto strangers; see they be not such as shame thee:

If thou marriest, thou leavest thine own; see that it be not done in anger.

The bride and bridegroom, pilgrims of life, henceforward to travel together,

In this the beginning of your journey, neglect not the favour of heaven:

Let the day of hopes fulfilled be blest by many prayers,

And at even-tide kneel ye together, that your joy be not unhallowed:

Angels that are round you shall be glad, those loving ministers of mercy,

And the richest blessings of your God shall be poured on his favoured children.

Marriage is a figure and an earnest of holier things unseen,

And reverence well becometh the symbol of dignity and glory.

Keep thy heart pure, lest thou do dishonour to thy state;

Selfishness is base and hateful; but love considereth not itself.

The wicked turneth good into evil, for his mind is warped within him;

But the heart of the righteous is chaste: his conscience casteth off sin.

If thou wilt be loved, render implicit confidence;

If thou wouldst not suspect, receive full confidence in turn:

For where trust is not reciprocal, the love that trusted withereth.

Hide not your grief nor your gladness; be open one with the other;

Let bitterness be strange unto your tongues, but sympathy a dweller in your hearts:

Imparting halveth the evils, while it doubleth the pleasures of life,

But sorrows breed and thicken in the gloomy bosom of Reserve.

Young wife, be not froward, nor forget that modesty becometh thee:

If it be discarded, who will not hold it feigned before ?
 But be not as a timid girl,—there is honour due to thine estate :
 A matron's modesty is dignified : she blusheth not, neither is she bold.
 Be kind to the friends of thine husband, for the love they have to him :
 And gently bear with his infirmities : hast thou no need of his forbear-
 ance ?

Be not always in each other's company ; it is often good to be alone ;
 And if there be too much sameness, ye cannot but grow weary of each
 other :

Ye have each a soul to be nourished, and a mind to be taught in wisdom,
 Therefore, as accountable for time, help one another to improve it.
 If ye feel love to decline, track out quickly the secret cause ;
 Let it not rankle for a day, but confess and bewail it together :
 Speedily seek to be reconciled, for love is the life of marriage ;
 And be ye co-partners in triumph, conquering the peevishness of self.

Let no one have thy confidence, O wife, saving thine husband :
 Have not a friend more intimate, O husband, than thy wife.
 In the joy of a well-ordered home be warned that this is not your rest ;
 For the substance to come may be forgotten in the present beauty of the
 shadow.

If ye are blest with children, ye have a fearful pleasure,
 A deeper care and a higher joy, and the range of your existence is
 widened :

If God in wisdom refuse them, thank Him for an unknown mercy :
 For how can ye tell if they might be a blessing or a curse ?
 Yet ye may pray, like Hannah, simply dependent on his will : "
 Resignation sweeteneth the cup, but impatience dasheth it with vinegar.
 Now this is the sum of the matter :—if ye will be happy in marriage,
 Confide, love, and be patient : be faithful, firm, and holy.

Of Education.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love :

**A resting place for innocence on earth ; a link between angels and men :
Yet is it a talent of trust, a loan to be rendered back with interest ;
A delight, but redolent of care ; honey-sweet, but lacking not the bitter.
For character groweth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding,
And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the hours of infancy :
Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,
The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come ;
Even so mayst thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the marrings
of evil,**

**For disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first impressions :
Wherefore, though the voice of Instruction waiteth for the ear of reason,
Yet with his mother's milk the young child drinketh Education.
Patience is the first great lesson ; he may learn it at the breast ;
And the habit of obedience and trust may be grafted on his mind in the
cradle :**

**Hold the little hands in prayer, teach the weak knees their kneeling ;
Let him see thee speaking to thy God ; he will not forget it afterward :
When old and grey will he feelingly remember a mother's tender piety,
And the touching recollection of her prayers shall arrest the strong man
in his sin.**

**Select not to nurse thy darling one that may taint his innocence,
For example is a constant monitor, and good seed will die among the
tares.**

**The arts of a strange servant have spoiled a gentle disposition :
Mother, let him learn of thy lips, and be nourished at thy breast.
Character is mainly moulded by the cast of the minds that surround it :**

Let then the playmates of thy little one be not other than thy judgment shall approve :

For a child is in a new world, and learneth somewhat every moment.
His eye is quick to observe, his memory storeth in secret,
His ear is greedy of knowledge, and his mind is plastic as soft wax.
Beware then that he heareth what is good, that he feedeth not on evil maxims,

For the seeds of first instructions are dropt into the deepest furrows.
That which immemorial use hath sanctioned, seemeth to be right and true ;

Therefore, let him never have to recollect the time when good things were strangers to his thought.

Strive not to centre in thyself, fond mother, all his love ;
Nay, do not thou so selfishly, but enlarge his heart for others :
Use him to sympathy betimes, that he learn to be sad with the afflicted ;
And check not a child in his merriment,—should not his morning be sunny ?

Give him not all his desire, so shalt thou strengthen him in hope ;
Neither stop with indulgence the fountain of his tears, so shall he fear thy firmness.

Above all things graft on him subjection, yea in the veriest trifle ;
Courtesy to all, reverence to some, and to thee unanswering obedience.

Read thou first, and well approve, the books thou givest to thy child ;
But remember the weakness of his thought, and that wisdom for him must be diluted :

In the honied waters of infant tales, let him taste the strong wine of truth :

Pathetic stories soften the heart ; but legends of terror breed midnight misery ;

Fairy fictions cram the mind with folly, and knowledge of evil tempteth to like evil :

Be not loath to curb imagination, nor be fearful that truths will depress it ;

And for evil, he will learn it soon enough ; be not thou the devil's envoy.
Induce not precocity of intellect, for so shouldst thou nourish vanity :
Neither can a plant, forced in the hot-bed, stand against the frozen breath of winter.

The mind is made wealthy by ideas, but the multitude of words is a clogging weight :

Therefore be understood in thy teaching, and instruct to the measure of capacity.

Analogy is milk for babes, but abstract truths are strong meat ;
Precepts and rules are repulsive to a child, but happy illustration win-
neth him :

In vain shalt thou preach of industry and prudence, till he learn of the
bee and the ant ;

Dimly will he think of his soul, till the acorn and the chrysalis have
taught him :

He will fear God in thunder, and worship his loveliness in flowers ;
And parables shall charm his heart, while doctrines seem dead mystery ;
Faith shall he learn of the husbandman casting good corn into the soil ;
And if thou train him to trust thee, he will not withhold his reliance from
the Lord.

Fear'st thou the dark, poor child ? I would not have thee left to thy terrors :
Darkness is the semblance of evil, and nature regardeth it with dread :
Yet know thy father's God is with thee still, to guard thee :

It is a simple lesson of dependence ; let thy tost mind anchor upon Him.
Did a sudden noise affright thee ? lo, this or that hath caused it :
Things undefined are full of dread, and stagger stouter nerves.

The seeds of misery and madness have been sowed in the nights of
infancy ;

Therefore be careful that ghastly fears be not the night companions of
thy child.

Be, thou art a land-mark on a hill ; thy little ones copy thee in all things :
Let, then, thy religion be perfect : so shalt thou be honoured in thy house.
Be instructed in all wisdom, and communicate that thou knowest,
Otherwise thy learning is hidden, and thus thou seemest unwise.

A sluggard hath no respect ; an epicure commandeth not reverence ;
Meanness is always despicable, and folly provoketh contempt.

Those parents are best honoured whose characters best deserve it ;
Show me a child undutiful, I shall know where to look for a foolish
father :

Never hath a father done his duty, and lived to be despised of his son
But how can that son reverence an example he dare not follow ?

Should he imitate thee in thine evil ? his scorn is thy rebuke.

Nay, but bring him up aright, in obedience to God and to thee ;

Begin betimes, lest thou fail of his fear ; and with judgment, that thou
lose not his love :

Herein use good discretion, and govern not all alike,
 Yet, perhaps, the fault will be in thee, if kindness prove not all-sufficient:
 By kindness, the wolf and the zebra become docile as the spaniel and the
 horse;

The kite feedeth with the starling, under the law of kindness:
 That law shall tame the fiercest, bring down the battlements of pride,
 Cherish the weak, control the strong, and win the fearful spirit.
 Be obeyed when thou commandest; but command not often:
 Let thy carriage be the gentleness of love, not the stern front of tyranny.
 Make not one child a warning to another; but chide the offender apart;
 For self-conceit and wounded pride rankle like poisons in the soul.
 A mild rebuke in the season of calmness, is better than a rod in the heat
 of passion,

Nevertheless, spare not, if thy word hath passed for punishment;
 Let not thy child see thee humbled, nor learn to think thee false;
 Suffer none to reprove thee before him, and reprove not thine own pur-
 poses by change;

Yet speedily turn thou again, and reward him where thou canst,
 For kind encouragement in good cutteth at the roots of evil.

Drive not a timid infant from his home, in the early spring-time of his
 life,

Commit not that treasure to an hireling, nor wrench the young heart's
 fibres:

In his helplessness leave him not alone, a stranger among strange children,
 Where affection longeth for thy love, counting the dreary hours;
 Where religion is made a terror, and innocence weepeth unheard;
 Where oppression grindeth without remedy, and cruelty delighteth in
 smiting.

Wherefore comply with an evil fashion? Is it not to spare thee trouble?
 Can he gather no knowledge at thy mouth? Wilt thou yield thine honour
 to another?

What can he gain in learning, to equal what he loseth in innocence?
 Alas! for the price above gold, by which such learning cometh!
 For emulative pride and envy are the specious idols of the diligent,
 Oaths and foul-mouthed sin burn in the language of the idle:
 Bolder in that mimic world of boys stareth brazen-fronted vice,
 Than thereafter in the haunts of men, where society doth shame her into
 corners.

My soul, look well around thee, ere thou give thy timid infant unto sorrows.

There be many that say, We were happiest in days long past,
 When our deepest care was an ill-conned book,
 And when we sported in that merry sunshine 'of our life,
 Sadness a stranger to the heart, and cheerfulness its gay inhabitant.
 True, ye are now less pure, and therefore are more wretched :
 But have ye quite forgotten how sorely ye travailed at your tasks,
 How childish griefs and disappointments bowed down the childish mind ?
 How sorrow sat upon your pillow, and terror hath waked you up betimes,
 Dreading the strict hand of justice, that will not wait for a reason,
 Or the whims of petty tyrants, children like yourselves,
 Or the pestilent extract of evil poured into the ear of innocence ?
 Behold the coral island, fresh from the floor of the Atlantic,
 It is dinted by every ripple, and a soft wave can smooth its surface ;
 But soon its substance hardeneth in the winds and tropic sun,
 And weakly the foaming billows break against its adamant wall ;
 Even thus, though sin and care dash upon the firmness of manhood,
 The timid child is wasted most by his petty troubles ;
 And seldom, when life is mature, and the strength proportioned to the
 burden,
 Will the feeling mind, that can remember, acknowledge to deeper anguish,
 Than when, as a stranger and a little one, the heart first ached with
 anxiety,
 And the sprouting buds of sensibility were bruised by the harshness of
 a school.
 My soul, look well around thee, ere thou give thine infant unto sorrows
 Yet there be boisterous tempers, stout nerves, and stubborn hearts,
 And there is a riper season, when the mind is well disciplined in good,
 And a time, when youth may be bettered by the wholesome occasions of
 knowledge,
 Which rarely will he meet with so well, as among the congregation of his
 fellows.
 Only for infancy, fond mother, rend not those first affections ;
 Only for the sensitive and timorous, consign not thy darling unto misery

A man looketh on his little one, as a being of better hope ;
 In himself ambition is dead, but it hath a resurrection in his son ;
 That vein is yet untried,—and who can tell if it be not golden ?
 While his, well nigh worked out, never yielded aught but lead :
 And thus is he hurt more sorely, if his wishes are defeated there,
 He has staked his all upon a throw, and lo ! the dice have foiled him.

All ways, and at all times, men follow on in flocks,
 And the rife epidemic of the day shall tincture the stream of education,
 Fashion is a foolish watcher posted at the tree of knowledge,
 Who plucketh its unripe fruit to pelt away the birds :
 But, for its golden apples,—they dry upon the boughs,
 And few have the courage or the wisdom to eat in spite of fashion :
 One while, the fever is to learn, what none will be wiser for knowing,
 Exploded errors in extinct tongues, and occasions for their use are small ;
 And the bright morning of life, for years of misspent time,
 Wasted in following sounds, hath tracked up little sense,
 Till at noon a man is thrown upon the world, with a mind expert in
 trifles,

Having yet everything to learn, that can make him good or useful :
 The curious spirit of truth is crammed with unwholesome garbage,
 While starving for the mother's milk the breasts of nature yield ;
 And high-coloured fables of depravity lure with their classic varnish,
 While truth is holding out in vain her mirror much despised. *

Of olden time, the fashion was for arms, to make an accomplished slayer,
 And set gregarious man a-tilting with his fellows ;
 Thereafter, occult sciences, and mystic arts, and symbols,
 How to exorcise a wizard, and how to lay a ghost ;
 Anon, all for gallantry and presence, the minuet, the palfrey, and the foil,
 And the grand aim of Education was to produce a coxcomb ;
 Soon came scholastical dispute with hydra-headed argument,
 And the true philosophy of mind confounded in a labyrinth of words :
 Then the Pantheon,^a and its orgies, initiating docile childhood,
 While diligent youth strove hard to render his all unto Cæsar ;
 And now is seen the passion for utility, when all things are accounted by
 their price,

And the wisdom of the wise is busied in hatching golden eggs :
 Perchance, not many moons to come, and all will again be for abstrusity,
 Unravelling the figured veil that hideth Egypt's gods ;
 Or in those strange Avatars seeking benignant Vishnu,
 Kali, and Kamala the fair, and much-invoked Ganesa.^a

The mines of knowledge are oft laid bare through the forked hazelwand
 of chance,

And in a mountain of quartz we find a grain of gold.
 Of a truth it were well to know all things, and to learn them all at once,

And what, though mortal insufficiency attain to small knowledge of any?
 Man loveth exclusions, delighting in the sterile trodden path,
 While the broad green meadow is jewelled with wild flowers:
 And whether is it better with the many to follow a beaten track,
 Or by eccentric wanderings to cull unheeded sweets?

When his reason yieldeth fruit, make thy child thy friend;
 For a filial friend is a double gain, a diamond set in gold.
 As an infant, thy mandate was enough, but now let him see thy reasons;
 Confide in him, but with discretion: and bend a willing ear to his ques-
 tions.

More to thee than to all beside, let him owe good counsel and good guid-
 ance:

Let him feel his pursuits have an interest, more to thee than to all beside.
 Watch his native capacities; nourish that which suiteth him the readiest;
 And cultivate early those good inclinations wherein thou fearest he is most
 lacking:

Is he phlegmatic and desponding? let small successes comfort his hope:
 Is he obstinate and sanguine? let petty crosses accustom him to life:
 Showeth he a sordid spirit? be quick, and teach him generosity;
 Inclined he to liberal excess? prove to him how hard it is to earn.
 Gather to thy hearth such friends as are worthy of honour and attention;
 For the company a man chooseth is a visible index of his heart:
 But let not the pastor whom thou hearest be too much a familiar in thy
 house,

For thy children may see his infirmities, and learn to cavil at his teaching.
 It is well to take hold on occasions, and render indirect instruction;
 It is better to teach upon a system, and reap the wisdom of books:
 The history of nations yieldeth grand outlines: of persons, minute de-
 tails:

Poetry is polish to the mind, and high abstractions cleanse it.
 Consider the station of thy son, and breed him to his fortune with judg-
 ment:

The rich may profit in much which would bring small advantage to the
 poor.

But with all thy care for thy son, with all thy strivings for his welfare,
 Expect disappointment, and look for pain: for he is of an evil stock, and
 will grieve thee.

Of Tolerance.

Alas man in a crowded street winneth his way with gentleness,
Nor rudely pusheth aside the stranger that standeth in his path;
He knoweth that blind hurry will but hinder, stirring up contention
against him,

Yet holdeth he steadily right on, with his face to the scope of his pursuit:

Even so, in the congress of opinions, the bustling highway of intelligence,
Each man should ask of his neighbour, and yield to him again concession.
Terms ill-defined, and forms misunderstood, and customs, where their
reasons are unknown,

Have stirred up many zealous souls to fight against imaginary giants:
But wisdom will hear the matter out, and often, by keenness of perception,

Will find in strange disguise the precious truth he seeketh;
So he leaveth unto prejudice or taste the garb and the manner of her
presence,

Content to see so nigh the mistress of his love.

There is no similitude in nature that owneth not also to a difference,
Yea, no two berries are alike, though twins upon one stem;
No drop in the ocean, no pebble on the beach, no leaf in the forest, hath
its counterpart,

No mind in its dwelling of mortality, no spirit in the world unseen:
And therefore, since capacity and essence differ alike with accident,
None but a bigot partizan will hope for impossible unity.

Wilt thou ensue peace, nor buffet with the waters of contention,

Wilt thou be counted wise and gain the love of men,

Let unobtruding error escape the frown of censure,

Nor lift the glass of truth alway before thy fellows:

I say not, compromise the right, I would not have thee countenance the
wrong,

But hear with charitable heart the reasons of an honest judgment;
 For thou also hast erred, and knowest not when thou art most right,
 Nor whether to-morrow's wisdom may not prove thee simple to-day:
 Perchance thou art chiding in another what once thou wast thyself;
 Perchance thou sharply reprovest what thou wilt be hereafter.
 A man that can render a reason, is a man worthy of an answer;
 But he that argueth for victory, deserveth not the tenderness of Truth.

Better is a man liveth he may mend: count not thy brother reprobate;
 When he is dead his chance is gone: remember not his faults in bitterness.

A man, till he dieth, is immortal in thy sight; and then he is as nothing:
 Make not the living thy foe, nor take weak vengeance of the dead;
 For life is as a game of chess, where least causeth greatest,
 And an ill move bringeth loss, and a pawn may ensure victory.
 Dost thou suspect? seek out certainty: for now, by self-inflicted pain,
 Or ill-directed wrath, thou wrongest thyself or thy neighbour:
 Suspicion is an early lesson, taught in the school of experience,
 Neither shalt thou easily unlearn it, though charity ply thee with her
 preaching;

Yet look thou well for reasons, or ever mistrust hath marred thee,
 Or fear curdled thy blood, or jealousy goaded thee to madness;
 For a look, or a word, or an act, may be taken well or ill
 As construed by the latitude of love, or the closeness of cold suspicion.

Better is the wrong with sincerity, rather than the right with falsehood:
 And a prudent man will not lay siege to the strong hold of ignorant
 bigotry.

To unsettle a weak mind were an easy inglorious triumph,
 And a strong cause taketh little count of the worthless suffrage of a fool:
 Lightly he held to the wrong, loosely will he cling to right;
 Weakness is the essence of his mind, and the reed cannot yield an acorn.
 Dogged obstinacy is oftentimes the buttress that proppeth an unstable
 spirit,

But a candid man blusheth not to own, he is wiser to-day than yesterday.
 A man of a little wisdom is a sage among fools;
 But himself is chief among the fools, if he look for admiration from
 them.

A heresy is an evil thing, for its shame is its pride:
 Its necessary difference of error is the character it most esteemeth:

Give a man all things short of liberty, thou shalt have no thanks,
And little wilt thou speed with thine opponent, by proving points he will
concede.

The tost sand darkeneth the waves; and clear had been the pages of
truth,

Had not the glosses of men obscured the simplicity of faith.

In all things consider thine own ignorance, and gladly take occasion to
be taught:

But suffer not excess of liberality to neutralize thy mental independence.

The faults and follies of most men make their deaths a gain;

But thou also art a man, full of faults and follies:

Therefore sorrow for the dead, or none shall weep for thee,

For the measure of charity thou dealest, shall be poured into thine own
bosom.

That which vexeth thee now, provoking thee to hate thy brother,

Bear with it; the annoyance passeth, and may not return for ever:

The same combinations and results which aggravate thy soul to-day,

May not meet again for centuries in the kaleidoscope of circumstance:

For men and matters change, new elements mixing in continually,

And, as with chemical magic, the sour is transmuted into sweetness:

A little explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a foible,

And, lo, the jagged atoms fit like smooth mosaic.

Thou canst not shape another's mind to suit thine own body,

Think not, then, to be furnishing his brain with thy special notions.

Charity walketh with a high step, and stumbleth not at a trifle:

Charity hath keen eyes, but the lashes half conceal them:

Charity is praised of all, and fear not thou that praise,

God will not love thee less, because men love thee more."

Of Sorrow.

I ~~safe~~, I will seek out sorrow, and minister the balm of pity,
So I sought her in the house of mourning; but peace followed in her
train.

Then I marked her brooding silently in the gloomy cavern of Regret;
But a sunbeam of heavenly hope gleamed on her folded wing.
So I turned to the cabin of the poor, where famine dwelt with disease;
But the bed of the sick was smoothed, and the ploughman whistled at
his labour.

So I stopt, and mused within myself, to remember where sorrow dwelt,
For I sought to see her alone, uncomforted, unaccompanied.
I went to the prison, but penitence was there, and promise of better
times;

I listened at the madman's cell, but it echoed with deluded laughter.
Then I turned me to the rich and noble; I noted the sons of fashion:
A smile was on the languid cheek, that had no commerce with the heart;
Unhallowed thoughts, like fires, gleamed from the window of the eye,
And sorrow lived with those whose pleasures add unto their sins.

~~His~~ **His** infancy wanted not guilt; his life was continued evil:
He drew in pride with his mother's milk, and a father's lips taught him
cursing.

I marked him as the wayward boy; I traced the dissolute youth;
I saw him betray the innocent, and sacrifice affection to his lust.
I saw him the companion of knaves, and a squanderer of ill-got gain,
I heard him curse his own misery, while he hugg'd the chains that
galled him;

For well had experience declared the bitterness of guilty pleasure,
But habit, with its iron net, involved him in its folds.
Behind him lowered the thunder-storm, which the caldron of his wickedness
hath brewed;

Before him was the smooth steep cliff, whose base is ruin and despair.
So he rushed madly on, and tried to forget his being:
The noisy revel and the low debauch, and fierce excitement of play,
With dreary interchange of palling pleasures, filled the dull round of
existence:

Memory was to him as a foe, so he flew for false solace to the wine-cup,
And stunned his enemy at even; but she rent him as a giant in the
morning.

He turned aside to weep; I lost him a little while:
I looked, and years had past; he was hoar with the winter of his age.
And what was now his hope? where was the balm for his sadness?
The memory of the past was guilt: the feeling of the present, remorse.
Then he set his affections on gold, he worshipped the shrine of Mammon,
And to lay richer gifts before his idol, he starved his own bowels;
So, the youth spent in profligacy ended in the gripings of want:
The miser grudged himself husks to take deeper vengeance of the prodigal.

And I said, this is sorrow; but pity cannot reach it.
This is to be wretched indeed, to be guilty without repentance.

Of Joy.

My soul was sickened within me, so I sought the dwelling place of Joy :
And I met it not in laughter ; I found it not in wealth or power ;
But I saw it in the pleasant home, where religion smiled upon content,
And the satisfied ambition of the heart rejoiced in the favour of its God.
Behold the happy man, his face is rayed with pleasure,
His thoughts are of calm delight, and none can know his blessedness :
I have watched him from his infancy, and seen him in the grasp of death,
Yet, never have I noted on his brow the cloud of desponding sorrow.
He hath knelt beside his cradle ; his mother's hymn lulled him to sleep :
In childhood he hath loved holiness, and drank from that fountain-head
of peace.

Wisdom took him for her scholar, guiding his steps in purity :
He lived unpolluted by the world ; and his young heart hated sin.
But he owned not the spurious religion engendered of faction and moroseness,

Neither were the sproutings of his soul seared by the brand of superstition.

His love is pure and single, sincere, and knoweth not change ;
For his manhood hath been blest with the pleasant choice of his youth :
Behold his one beloved, she leaneth on his arm,
And he looketh on the years that are past, to review the dawn of her affection.

Memory is sweet unto him, as a perfect landscape to the sight ;
Each object is lovely in itself, but the whole is the harmony of nature.
Behold his little ones around him, they bask in the warmth of his smile ;
And infant innocence and joy lighten their happy faces ;
He is holy, and they honour him : he is loving, and they love him :
He is consistent, and they esteem him ; he is firm, and they fear him.
His friends are the excellent among men ; and the bands of their friendship are strong ;

His house is the palace of peace : for the Prince of Peace is there.
 As the wearied man to his couch, as the thoughtful man to his musings,
 Even so, from the bustle of life, he goeth to his well-ordered home.
 And though he often sin, he returneth with weeping eyes :
 For he feeleth the mercies of forgiveness, and gloweth with warmer
 gratitude.

Thus did he walk in happiness, and sorrow was a stranger to his soul ;
 The light of affection sunned his heart, the tear of the grateful bedewed
 his feet,
 He put his hand with constancy to good, and angels knew him as a brother,
 And the busy satellites of evil trembled as at God's ally :
 He used his wealth as a wise steward, making him friends for futurity :
 He bent his learning to religion, and religion was with him at the last :
 For I saw him after many days, when the time of his release was come,
 And I longed for a congregated world, to behold that dying saint.
 As the aloe is green and well-liking, till the last best summer of its age,
 And then hangeth out its golden bells, to mingle glory with corruption ;
 As a meteor travelleth in splendour, but bursteth in dazzling light ;
 Such was the end of the righteous : his death was the sun at its setting.

Look on this picture of joy, and remember that portrait of sorrow :
 Behold the beauty of holiness, behold the deformity of sin !
 How long, ye sons of men, will ye scorn the words of wisdom ?
 How long will ye hunt for happiness in the caverns that breed despair ?
 Will ye comfort yourselves in misery, by denying the existence of delight,
 And from experience in woe, will ye reason that none are happy ?
 Joy is not in your path, for it loveth not that bleak broad road,
 But its flowers are hung upon the hedges that line a narrower way ;
 And there the faint travellers of earth may wander and gather for themselves,
 To sooth their wounded hearts with balm from the amaranths of heaven.

Proverbial Philosophy.

(SECOND SERIES.)

Introductory.

**Come again, and greet me as a friend, fellow pilgrim upon life's highway,
Leave awhile the hot and dusty road, to loiter in the greenwood of Re-
flection.**

**Come, unto my cool dim grotto, that is watered by the rivulet of truth,
And over whose time-stained rock climb the fairy flowers of content;
Here, upon this mossy bank of leisure fling thy load of cares,
Taste my simple store, and rest one soothing hour.**

**Behold, I would count thee for a brother, and commune with thy chari-
table soul;**

**Though wrapt within the mantle of a prophet, I stand mine own weak
scholar.**

**Heed no disciple for a teacher, if knowledge be not found upon his
tongue;**

**For vanity and folly were the lessons these lips untaught could give:
The precious staple of my merchandise cometh from a better country,
The harvest of my reaping sprang of foreign seed:**

**And this poor pensioner of mercy—should he boast of merit?
The grafted stock,—should that be proud of apples not its own?
Into the bubbling brook I dip my hermit shell;**

Man receiveth as a cup, but wisdom is the river.

~~S~~orrower, for this filigree of fancy, this Oriental garnish of similitude,
 Alas, the world is old,—and all things old within it:
 I walk a trodden path, I love the good old ways;
 Prophets, and priests, and kings have tuned the harp I faintly touch.
 Truth, in a garment of the past, is my choice and simple theme;
 No truth is new to-day: and the mantle was another's.

Still, there is an insect swarm, the buzzing cloud of imagery,
 Mote-like steaming on my sight, and thronging my reluctant mind;
 The memories of studious culling, and multiplied analogies of nature,
 Fresh feelings unrepressed, welling from the heart spontaneous,
 Facts, and comparisons, and meditative atoms, gathered on the heap of
 combination,

Mingle in the fashion of my speech with gossamer dreams of Reverie.
 I need not beat the underwood for game; my pheasants flock upon the lawn,
 And gambolling hares disport fearless in my dewy field;
 I roam no heath-empurpled hills, wearily watching for a covey,
 But thoughts fly swift to my decoy, eager to be caught:
 I sit no quiet angler, lingering patiently for sport,
 But spread my nets for a draught, and take the glittering shoal;
 I chase no solitary stag, tracking it with breathless toil,
 But hunt with Aureng-zebe, and spear-surrounded thousands.¹

~~W~~hat then,—count ye this a boast?—sweet charity, think it other,
 For the dog-fish and poisonous ray are captured in the mullet-haul:
 The crane and the kite are of my thoughts, alike with the partridge and
 the quail,

And unclean meats as of the clean hang upon my Seric² shambles.
 —How saith he? shall a man deceive, dressing up his jackal as a lion?
 Or colour in staid hues of fact the changing vest of falsehood?—
 Brother, unwittingly he may; doubtless, unwillingly he doth:
 For men are full of fault, and how should he be righteous?
 Carefully my garden hath been weeded, yet shall it be foul with thistle;
 My grapery is diligently thinned, and yet many berries will be sour:
 From my nets have I flung the bad away, to my small skill and caution;
 Yet may some slimy snake have counted for an eel.
 The rudder of Man's best hope cannot always steer himself from error;
 The arrow of Man's straightest aim flieth short of truth.
 Thus, the confession of sincerity visit not as if it were presumption;
 Nor own me for a leader, where thy reason is not guide.

Of Cheerfulness.

Take courage, prisoner of time, for there be many comforts,
Cease thy labour in the pit, and bask awhile with truants in the sun;
Be cheerful, man of care, for great is the multitude of chances,
Burst thy fetters of anxiety, and walk among the citizens of ease:
Wherefore dost thou doubt? if present good is round thee,
It may be well to look for change, but to trust in a continuance is better;
Whilst, at the crisis of adversity, to hope for some amends were wisdom,
And cheerfully to bear thy cross in patient strength is duty.
I speak of common troubles, and the petty plagues of life,
The phantom-spies of Unbelief, that lurk about his outposts:
Sharp suspicion, dull distrust, and sullen stern moroseness
Are captains in that locust swarm to lead the cloudy host.
Thou hast need of fortitude and faith, for the adversaries come on thickly,
And he that fled hath added wings to his pursuing foes;
Fight them, and the cravens flee; thy boldness is their panic;
Fear them, and thy treacherous heart hath lent the ranks a legion:
Among their shouts of victory resoundeth the wail of Heraclitus,
While Democrite, confident and cheerful, hath plucked up the standard
of their camp.

Not few nor light are the burdens of life; then load it not with heaviness of spirit;
Sicknesses, and penury, and travail,—there be real ills enow:
We are wandering nighted, with a waning moon; plunge not rashly
into jungles,
Where cold and poisonous damps will quench the torch of hope:
The tide is strong against us; good oarsmen, pull or perish,—
If your arms be slack for fear, ye shall not stem the torrent.
A wise traveller goeth on cheerily, through fair weather or foul;

He knoweth that his journey must be sped, so he carrieth his sunshine
with him.

Calamities come not as a curse,—nor prosperity for other than a trial;
Struggle,—thou art better for the strife, and the very energy shall
hearten thee.

Good is taught in a Spartan school,—hard lessons and a rough discipline,
But evil cometh idly of itself, in the luxury of Capuan holidays;
And wisdom will go bravely forth to meet the chastening scourge,
Enduring with a thankful heart that punishment of Love.

There be three chief rivers of despondency; sin, sorrow, fear;
Sin is the deepest, sorrow hath its shallows, and fear is a noisy rapid:
But even to the darkest holes in guilt's profoundest river
Hope can pierce with quickening ray, and all those depths are lightened.
So long as there is mercy in a God, hope is the privilege of creatures,
And so soon as there is penitence in creatures, that hope is exalted into
duty.

Verily, consider this for courage; that the fearful and the unbelieving
Are classed with idolators and liars, because they trusted not in God:
For it is no other than selfish sin, a hard and proud ingratitude,
Where seeming repentance is herald of despair, instead of hope's fore-
runner.

Moreover, in thy day of grief,—for friends, or fame, or fortune,
Well I wot the heart shall ache, and mind be numbed in torpor:
Let nature weep; leave her alone; the freshet of her sorrow must run off;
And sooner will the lake be clear, relieved of turbid floodings.
Yet see that her license hath a limit; with the novelty her agony is over;
Hasten in that earliest calm, to tie her in the leash with Reason.
For regrets are an enervating folly, and the season for energy is come,
Yea rather, that the future may repair with diligence the ruins of the
past.

Again, for empty fears, the harassings of possible calamity;
Pray, and thou shalt prosper; trust in God, and tread them down.
Yield to the phantasy,—thou sinnest, resist it, He will aid thee:
Out of Him there is no help, nor any sober courage.
Feeble is the comfort of the faithless, a man without a God;
Who dare counsel such an one to fling away his fears?
Fear is the heritage of him, a portion wise and merciful,

To drive the trembler into safety, if haply he may turn and flee:
 Nevertheless, let him reckon as he will, that all he counteth casual
 May as well be for him as against him; dice have many sides:
 And, even as in ailments of the body, diseases follow closely upon dreads,
 So, with infirmities of mind, is fear the pallid harbinger of failure.
 It were wise to walk undaunted even in an accidental chaos,
 For the brave man is at peace, and free to get the mastery of circumstance.

The stoutest armour of defence is that which is worn within the bosom,
 And the weapon that no enemy can parry, is a bold and cheerful spirit;
 Catapults in old war worked like Titans, crushing foes with rocks;'
 So doth a strong-springed heart throw back every load on its assailants.

I went heavily for cares, and fell into the trance of sorrow;
 And behold, a vision in my trance, and my ministering angel brought it.
 There stood a mountain huge and steep, the awful Rock of Ages;
 The sun upon its summit, and storms midway, and deep ravines at foot.
 And, as I looked, a dense black cloud, suddenly dropping from the
 thunder,

Filled, like a cataract with yeasty foam, a narrow smiling valley:
 Close and hard that vaporous mass seemed to press the ground,
 And lamentable sounds came up, as of some that were smothering beneath.

Then, as I walked upon the mountain, clear in summer's noon,
 For charity I called aloud, Ho! climb up hither to the sunshine.
 And even like a stream of light my voice had pierced the mist;
 I saw below two families of men, and knew their names of old:
 Courage, struggling through the darkness, stout of heart and gladsome,
 Ran up the shining ladder which the voice of hope had made;
 And tripping lightly by his side, a sweet-eyed helpmate with him,
 I looked upon her face to welcome pleasant Cheerfulness;
 And a babe was cradled in her bosom, a laughing little prattler,
 The child of Cheerfulness and Courage,—could his name be other than
 Success?

So, from his happy wife, when they both stood beside me on the mountain,
 The fond father took that babe, and set him on his shoulder in the sunshine.

Again I peered into the valley, for I heard a gasping moan,
 A desolate weak cry, as muffled in the vapours.

So down that crystal shaft into the poisonous mine
I sped for charity to seek and save,—and those I sought fled from me.
At length, I spied, far distant, a trembling withered dwarf
Who crouched beneath the cloak of a tall and spectral mourner:
Then I knew Cowardice and Gloom, and followed them on in darkness,
Guided by their rustling robes and moans and muffled cries,
Until in a suffocating pit the wretched pair had perished,—
And lo, their whitening bones were shaping out an epitaph of Failure.

So I saw that despondency was death, and flung my burdens from me,
And, lightened by that effort, I was raised above the world;
Yea, in the strangeness of my vision, I seemed to soar on wings,
And the names they called my wings were Cheerfulness and Wisdom.

Of Yesterday.

Speak, poor almsman of to-day, whom none can assure of a to-morrow.
Tell out, with honest heart, the price thou settest upon yesterday.
Is it then a writing in the dust, traced by the finger of idleness,
Which Industry, clean housewife, can wipe away for ever?
Is it as a furrow on the sand, fashioned by the toying waves,
Quickly to be trampled then again by the feet of the returning tide?
Is it as the pale blue smoke, rising from a peasant's hovel,
That melted into limpid air, before it topped the larches?
Is it but a vision, unstable and unreal, which wise men soon forget?
Is it as the stranger of a night,—gone, we heed not whither?
Alas! thou foolish heart, whose thoughts are but as these,
Alas! deluded soul, that hopeth thus of Yesterday.

For, behold,—those temples of Ellora, the Brahmin's rock-built shrine*
Behold—yon granite cliff, which the North Sea buffeteth in vain,—
That stout old forest fir,—these waking verities of life,
This guest abiding ever, not strange, nor a servant, but a son,—
Such, O man, are vanity and dreams, transient as a rainbow on the cloud,
Weighed against that solid fact, thine ill-remembered Yesterday.

Come, let me show thee an ensample, where Nature shall instruct us;
Luxuriantly the arguments for truth spring native in her gardens.
Seek we yonder woodman of the plain; he is measuring his axe to
the elm,

And anon the sturdy strokes ring upon the wintry air:
Eagerly the village school-boys cluster on the tightened rope,
Shouting, and bending to the pull, or lifted from the ground elastic;
The huge tree boweth like Sisera, boweth to its foes with faintness,—

Its sinews crack,—deep groans declare the reeling anguish of Goliath,
 The wedge is driven home,—and the saw is at its heart,—and lo, with
 solemn slowness,
 The shuddering monarch riseth from his throne,—toppled with a crash,
 —and is fallen!

Now, shall the mangled stump teach proud man a lesson;
 Now, can we from that elm-tree's sap distil the wine of Truth.
 Heed ye those hundred rings, concentric from the core,
 Eddying in various waves to the red-bark's shore-like rim?
 These be the gathering of yesterdays, present all to-day,
 This is the tree's judgment, self-history that cannot be gainsaid:
 Seven years ago there was a drought,—and the seventh ring is nar-
 rowed;

The fifth from hence was half a deluge,—the fifth is cellular and broad.
 Thus, Man, thou art a result, the growth of many yesterdays,
 That stamp thy secret soul with marks of weal or woe:
 Thou art an almanac of self, the living record of thy deeds;
 Spirit hath its scars as well as body, sore and aching in their season.
 Here is a knot,—it was a crime; there is a canker,—selfishness:
 Lo, here, the heart-wood rotten; lo, there, perchance, the sap-wood
 sound.

Nature teacheth not in vain; thy works are in thee, of thee;
 Some present evil bent hath grown of older errors:
 And what if thou be walking now uprightly? Salve not thy wounds
 with poison,

As if a petty goodness of to-day hath blotted out the sin of yesterday:
 It is well, thou hast life and light; and the Hower showeth mercy,
 Dressing the root, pruning the branch, and looking for thy tardy fruits;
 But, even here as thou standest, cheerful belike and careless,
 The stains of ancient evil are upon thee, the record of thy wrong is in
 thee:

For, a curse of many yesterdays is thine, many yesterdays of sin,
 That, haply little heeded now, shall blast thy many morrows.

Shall then a man reck nothing, but hurl mad defiance at his Judge,
 Knowing that less than an omnipotent cannot make the has been, not
 been?

He ought,—so Satan spake; he must,—so Atheism urgeth;
 He may,—it was the libertine's thought; he doth,—the bad world said it.

But thou of humbler heart, thou student wiser for simplicity,
 While Nature warneth thee betimes, heed the loving counsel of Religion.
 True, this change is good, and penitence most precious :
 But trust not thou thy change, nor rest upon repentance ;
 For all we are corrupted at the core, smooth as surface seemeth ;
 What health can bloom in a beautiful skin, when rottenness hath fed
 upon the bones ?
 And guilt is parcel of us all ; not thou, sweet nursling of affection,
 Art spotless, though so passing fair,—nor thou, mild patriarch of virtue.

Behold then the better Tree of Life, free unto us all for grafting,
 Cut thee from the hollow root of self, to be budded on a richer Vine.
 Be desperate, O man, as of evil, so of good ; tear that tunic from thee ;
 The past can never be retrieved, be the present what it may.
 Vain is the penance and the scourge, vain the fast and vigil :
 The fencer's cautious skill to-day, can this erase his scars ?
 It is Man's to famish as a faquir, it is Man's to die a devotee,
 Light is the torture and the toil, balanced with the wages of Eternity :
 But it is God's to yearn in love, on the humblest, the poorest, and the
 worst,

For he giveth freely, as a king, asking only thanks for mercy.
 Look upon this noble-hearted Substitute ; seeing thy woes, he pitied thee,
 Bowed beneath the mountain of thy sin, and perished,—but for Godhead ;
 There stood the Atlas in his power, and Prometheus in his love is there,
 Emptying on wretched men the blessings earned from heaven :
 Put them not away, hide them in thy heart, poor and penitent receiver,
 Be gratitude thy counsellor to good, and wholesome fear unto obedience ;
 Remember, the pruning knife is keen, cutting cankers even from the vine ;
 Remember, twelve were chosen, and one among them liveth—in perdition.

See,—for standing unatoned, the soul is a bison on the prairie,
 Hunted by those trooping wolves, the many sinful yesterdays :
 And it speedeth a terrified Deucalion, flinging back the pebble in his
 flight,

The pebble that must add one more to those pursuing ghosts.
 O man, there is a storm behind should drive thy bark to haven ;
 The foe, the foe is on thy track, patient, certain, and avenging ;
 Day by day, solemnly, and silently, followeth the fearful past,—
 His step is lame, but sure ; for he catcheth the present in eternity :
 And how to escape that foe, the present-past in future ?

How to avert that fate, living consequence of causes nonexistent?—
Boldly we must overleap his birth, and date above his memories,
Grafted on the living Tree, that was before a yesterday :
No refuge of a younger birth than one that saw creation
Can hide the child of time from still condemning yesterday.
There, is the Sanctuary-city, mocking at the wrath of thine Avenger,
Close at hand, with the wicket on the latch ; haste for thy life, poor
 hunted one !
The gladiator, Guilt, fighteth as of old, armed with net and dagger ;
Snaring in the mesh of yesterdays, stabbing with the poignard of to-day :
Fly, thy sword is broken at the hilt ; fly, thy shield is shivered ;
Leap the barriers, and baffle him : the arena of the past is his.
The bounds of Guilt are the cycles of Time : thou must be safe within
 Eternity ;
The arms of God alone shall rescue thee from Yesterday.

Of To-day.

Now, is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time,
Now, is the watchword of the wise, **Now**, is on the banner of the prudent.
Cherish thy to-day and prize it well, or ever it be gulphed into the past,
Husband it, for who can promise, if it shall have a morrow?
Behold, thou art,—it is enough; that present care be thine;
Leave thou the past to thy Redeemer, entrust the future to thy Friend;
But for to-day, child of man, tend thou charily the minutes,
The harvest of thy yesterday, the seed-corn of thy morrow.

Last night died its day; and the deeds thereof were judged:
Thou didst lay thee down as in a shroud, in darkness and deathlike
slumber:
But at the trumpet of this morn, waking the world to resurrection,
Thou didst arise, like others, to live a new day's life:
Fear, lest folly give thee cause to mourn its passing presence,
Fear, that to-morrow's sigh be not, would God it had not dawned!

For, To-day the lists are set, and thou must bear thee bravely,
Tilting for honour, duty, life, or death without reproach:
To-day, is the trial of thy fortitude, O dauntless Mandan chief;
To-day, is thy watch, O sentinel; to-day thy reprieve, O captive;
What more? to-day is the golden chance wherewith to snatch fruition,—
Be glad, grateful, temperate: there are asps among the figs.
For the potter's clay is in thy hands,—to mould it or to mar it at thy will,
Or idly to leave it in the sun, an uncouth lump, to harden.

● bright presence of To-day, let me wrestle with thee, gracious angel,
I will not let thee go, except thou bless me; bless me, then, To-day:
O sweet garden of To-day, let me gather of thee, precious Eden;
I have stolen bitter knowledge, give me fruits of life To-day:
O true temple of To-day, let me worship in thee, glorious Zion;

I find none other place nor time, than where I am To-day,
 O living rescue of To-day, let me run into thee, ark of refuge;
 I see none other hope nor chance, but standeth in To-day:
 O rich banquet of To-day, let me feast upon thee, saving manna;
 I have none other food nor store, but daily bread To-day!

Behold, thou art pilot of the ship, and owner of that freighted galleon,
 Competent, with all thy weakness, to steer into safety or be lost:
 Compass and chart are in thy hand: roadstead and rocks thou knowest;
 Thou art warned of reefs and shallows; thou beholdest the harbour and
 its lights.

What? shall thy wantonness or sloth drive the gallant vessel on the
 breakers?

What? shall the helmsman's hand waver upon the black lee shore?

Vain is that excuse; thou canst escape: thy mind is responsible for
 wrong:

Vain that murmur; thou may'st live: thy soul is debtor for the right.
 To-day, in the voyage of thy life down the dark tide of time,
 Stand boldly to thy tiller, guide thee by the pole-star, and be safe;
 To-day, passing near the sunken rocks, the quicksands and whirlpools
 of probation,

Leave awhile the rudder to swing round, give the wind its heading, and
 be wrecked.

The crisis of man's destiny is Now, a still recurring danger;
 Who can tell the trials and temptations coming with the coming hour?
 Thou standest a target-like Sebastian, and the arrows whistle near thee;
 Who knoweth when he may be hit? for great is the company of archers.
 Each breath is burdened with a bidding, and every minute hath its
 mission;

For spirits, good and bad, cluster on the thickly-peopled air:
 Sin may blast thee, grace may bless thee, good or ill this hour:
 Chance, and change, and doubt, and fear, are parasites of all.
 A man's life is a tower, with a staircase of many steps,
 That, as he toileth upward, crumble successively behind him:
 No going back; the past is an abyss; no stopping, for the present per-
 isheth;

But ever hasting on, precarious on the foothold of To-day.

Our cares are all To-day; our joys are all To-day;

And in one little word, our life, what is it, but—To-day?

Of Cu-murru.

There is a floating island, forward, on the stream of time,
Buoyant with fermenting air, and borne along the rapids;
And on that island is a siren, singing sweetly as she goeth,
Her eyes are bright with invitation, and allurements lurketh in her
cheeks;

Many lovers, vainly pursuing, follow her beckoning finger,
Many lovers seek her still, even to the cataract of death.
To-morrow is that island, a vain and foolish heritage,
And, laughing with seductive lips, Delusion hideth there,
Often, the precious present is wasted in visions of the future,
And coy To-morrow cometh not with prophecies fulfilled.

There is a fairy skiff, plying on the sea of life,
And charitably toiling still to save the shipwrecked crews;
Within, kindly patient, sitteth a gentle mariner,
Piloting through surf and strait, the fragile barks of men:
How cheering is her voice, how skilfully she guideth,
How nobly leading onward yet, defying even death!
To-morrow is that skiff, a wise and welcome rescue,
And, full of gladdening words and looks, that mariner is Hope.
Often, the painful present is comforted by flattering the future,
And kind To-morrow beareth half the burdens of To-day.

To-morrow, whispereth weakness; and To-morrow findeth him the
weaker;

To-morrow, promiseth conscience; and behold, no to-day for a fulfil-
ment.

O name of happy omen unto youth, O bitter word of terror to the
dotard,

Goal of folly's lazy wish, and sorrow's ever-coming friend,
 Fraud's loophole,—caution's hint,—and trap to catch the honest,—
 Thou wealth to many poor, disgrace to many noble,
 Thou hope and fear, thou weal and woe, thou remedy, thou ruin,
 How thickly swarms of thought are clustering round To-morrow.
 The hive of memory increaseth, to every day its cell;
 There is the labour stored, the honey or corruption;
 Each morn the bees fly forth, to fill the growing comb,
 And levy golden tribute of the uncomplaining flowers:
 To-morrow is their care; they toil for rest to-morrow;
 But man deferreth duty's task, and loveth ease to-day.

~~To-morrow~~ is that lamp upon the marsh, which a traveller never reacheth;
 To-morrow, the rainbow's cup, coveted prize of ignorance;
~~To-morrow~~, the shifting anchorage, dangerous trust of mariners;
 To-morrow, the wrecker's beacon, wily snare of the destroyer.
 Reconcile convictions with delay, and To-morrow is a fatal lie;
 Frighten resolutions into action, To-morrow is a wholesome truth;
 I must, for I fear To-morrow; this is the Cassava's food;
 Why should I? let me trust To-morrow,—this is the Cassava's poison

~~No~~, it is the even of To-day,—a day so lately a To-morrow;
 Where are those high resolves, those hopes of yester-night?
 O faint fond heart, still shall thy whisper be, To-morrow,
 And must the growing avalanche of sin roll down that easy slope?
 Alas, it is ponderous, and moving on in might, that a Sisyphus may not
 stop it;
 But haste thee with the lever of a prayer, and stem its strength To-day:
 For its race may speedily be run, and this poor hut, thyself,
 Be whelmed in death and suffocating guilt, that dreary Alpine snow-
 wreath.

~~Defender~~ of life, be wise, and heed a brother's counsel,
 I also am a beadsman, with scrip and staff as thou:
 Wouldest thou be bold against the past, and all its evil memories,
 Wouldest thou be safe amid the present, its dangers and temptations,
 Wouldest thou be hopeful of the future, vague though it be and end-
 less?
 Haste thee, repent, believe, obey! thou standest in the courage of a
 legion.

**Commend the Past to God, with all its irrevocable harm,
Humbly, but in cheerful trust, and banish vain regrets ;
Come to him, continually come, casting all the Present at his feet,
Boldly, but in prayerful love, and fling off selfish cares ;
Commit the Future to his will, the viewless fated Future ;
Zealously go forward with integrity, and God will bless thy faith.
For that, feeble as thou art, there is with thee a mighty Conqueror,
Thy friend, the same for ever, yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow ;
That friend, changeless as eternity, himself shall make thee friends
Of those thy foes transformed, yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow.**

Of Authorship.

Great is the dignity of authorship: I magnify mine office;
Albeit in much feebleness I hold it thus unworthily.
For it is to be one of a noble band, the welfare of the world,
Whose haunt is on the lips of men, whose dwelling in their hearts,
Who are precious in the retrospect of Memory, and walk among the
visions of Hope,
Who commune with the good for everlasting, and call the wisest, brother,
Whose voice hath burst the Silence, and whose light is flung upon the
Darkness,
—Flashing jewels on a robe of black, and harmony bounding out of
chaos,—
Who gladden empires with their wisdom, and bless to the farthest genera-
tion,
Doers of illimitable good, gainers of inestimable glory!—
We speak but of the Magnates, we heed none humbler than the highest,
We take no count of sorry scribes, nor waste one thought upon the
groundlings;
Our eyes are lifted from the multitude, groping in the dark with candles,
To gaze upon that firmament of praise, the constellated lamps of learning,
Everduring witnesses of Mind, undisputed evidence of Power,
Goodly volumes, living stones, build up their author's temple;
Though of low estate, his rank is above princes,—though needy, he hath
worship of the rich,
When Genius unfurlcth on the winds his banner as a mighty leader.
Just in purpose, and self-possessed in soul, lord of many talents,
The mental Croesus goeth forth, rejoicing in his wealth;
Keen and clear perception gloweth on his forehead like a sunbeam,
He readeth men at a glance, and mists roll away before him;
The wise have set him as their captain, the foolish are rebuked at his
presence,

The excellent bless him with their prayers, and the wicked praise him by
their curses;

His voice, mighty in operation, stirreth up the world as a trumpet,
And kings account it honour to be numbered of his friends.

None is the worthiness of authorship : I justify mine office ;
Albeit fancies weak as mine credit not the calling.

For it addeth immortality to dying facts, that are ready to vanish away,
Embalming as in amber the poor insects of an hour ;
Shedding upon stocks and stones the tender light of interest,
And illumining dark places of the earth, with radiance of classic lustre.
It hath power to make past things present, and availeth for the present
in the future,

Delivering thoughts, and words, and deeds, from the outer darkness of
oblivion.

Where are the sages and the heroes, giants of old time ?—

Where are the mighty kings, that reigned before Agamemnon ?—

Alas, they lie unwept, unhonoured, hidden in the midnight :

Alas, for they died unchronicled : their memorial perished with them.

Where are the nobles of Nineveh, and mitred rulers of Babylon ?

Where are the lords of Edom, and the royal pontiffs of Thebais ?

The golden Satrap, and the Tetrarch,—the Hun, and the Druid, and the
Celt ?

The merchant princes of Phœnicia, and the minds that fashioned Elephanta ?

Alas, for the poet hath forgotten them ; and lo ! they are outcasts of
Memory ;

Alas, that they are withered leaves, sapless and fallen from the chaplet
of fame.

Speak, Etruria, whose bones be these, entombed with costly care,—

Tell out, Herculaneum, the titles that have sounded in those thy palaces,—

Lycian Xanthus, thy citadels are mute, and the honour of their architects
hath died ;

Copan and Palenque, dreamy ruins in the West, the forest hath swallowed
up your sculptures ;¹¹

Syracuse,—how silent of the past !—Carthage, thou art blotted from re-
membrance !¹²

Egypt, wondrous shores, ye are buried in the sand-hills of forgetfulness !

Alas,—for in your glorious youth, Time himself was young,

And none durst wrestle with that Angel, iron-sinewed bride-groom of
Space ;

So he flew by, strong upon the wing, nor dropped one failing feather,
 Wherewith some hoary scribe might register your honour and renown
 Beyond the broad Atlantic, in the regions of the setting sun,
 Ask of the plume-crowned Incas, that ruled in old Peru,—
 Ask of grand Caziques, and priests of the pyramids in Mexico,—
 Ask of a thousand painted tribes, high nobility of Nature,
 Who, once, could roam their own Elysian plains, free, generous, and
 happy,
 Who, now, degraded and in exile, having sold their fatherland for nought,
 Sink and are extinguished in the western seas, even as the sun they
 follow,—

Where is the record of their deeds, their prowess worthy of Achilles,
 Nestor's wisdom, the chivalry of Manlius, the native eloquence of Cicero,
 The skill of Xenophon, the spirit of Alcibiades, the firmness of a Macca-
 bean mother,
 Brotherly love that Antigone might envy, the honour and the fortitude
 of Regulus?
 Alas! their glory and their praise have vanished like a summer cloud;
 Alas! that they are dead indeed; they are not written down in the Book
 of the living.

But is the privilege of Authorship: I purify mine office;
 Albeit earthly stains pollute it in my hands.
 For it is to the world a teacher and a guide, Mentor of that gay Tele-
 machus;
 Warning, comforting, and helping,—a lover and friend of Man.
 Heaven's almoner, Earth's health, patient minister of goodness,
 With kind and zealous pen, the wise religious blesseth:
 Nature's worshipper, and neophyte of grace, rich in tender sympathies,
 With kindled soul and flashing eye, the poet poureth out his heartfelt:
 Priest of truth, champion of innocence, warder of the gates of praise,
 Carefully with sifting search laboureth the pale historian:
 Error's enemy, and acolyte of science, firm in sober argument,
 The calm philosopher marshalleth his facts, noting on his page their
 principles.
 These pour mercies upon men; and others, little less in honour,
 By cheerful wit and graphic tale refreshing the harassed spirit.
 But, there be other some beside, buyers and sellers in the temple,
 Who shame their high vocation, greedy of inglorious gain;
 There be, who fabricating books, heed of them meanly as of merchandise;

And seek nor *use*, nor truth, nor fame, but sell their minds for lucre :
 O false brethren ! ye wot indeed the labour, but are witless of the love ;
 O lying prophets, chilled in soul, unquickened by the life of inspiration !—
 And there be, who, frivolous and vain, seek to make others foolish,
 Snaring Youth by loose sweet Song, and Age by selfish maxim ;
 Cleverly heartless, and wittily profane, they swell the river of corruption :
 Brilliant satellites of sin,—my soul, be not found among their company.
 And there be, who, haters of religion, toil to prove it priestcraft,
 Owning none other aim nor hope, but to confound the good :
 Woe unto them ! for their works shall live ; yea, to their utter condem-
 nation :
 Woe ! for their own handwriting shall testify against them for ever.

But is the happiness of Authorship : I glorify mine office ;
 Albeit lightly having sipped the cup of its lower pleasures.
 For it is to feel with a father's heart, when he yearneth on the child
 of his affections ;
 To rejoice in a man's own miniature world, gladdened by its rare ar-
 rangement.
 The poem, is it not a fabric of mind ? we love what we create :
 That choice and musical order,—how pleasant is the toil of composition !
 Yea, when the volume of the universe was blazoned out in beauty by its
 Author,
 God was glad, and blessed his work ; for it was very good.
 And shall not the image of his Maker be happy in his own mind's doing,
 Looking on the structure he hath reared, gratefully, with sweet com-
 placence ?
 Shall not the Minerva of his brain, panoplied and perfect in propor-
 tions,¹²
 Gladden the soul and give light unto the eyes, of him the travelling
 parent ?
 Go to the sculptor, and ask him of his dreams,—wherefore are his nights
 so moonlit ?
 Angel faces, and beautiful shapes, fascinate the pale Pygmalion :
 Go to the painter, and trace his reveries,—wherefore are his days so
 sunny ?
 Choice design and skilful colouring charm the fitting hours of Par-
 rhasius :
 Even so walking in his buoyancy, intoxicate with fairy fancies,
 The young enthusiast of authorship goeth on his way rejoicing :

Behold,—he is gallantly attended; legions of thrilling thoughts
 Throng about the standard of his mind, and call his Will their captain;
 Behold,—his court is as a monarch's; ideas, and grand imaginations
 Swell, with gorgeous cavalcade, the splendour of his Spiritual State;
 Behold,—he is delicately served; for oftentimes, in solitary calmness,
 Some mental fair Egeria smileth on her Numa's worship;
 Behold,—he is happy; there is gladness in his eye, and his heart is a
 sealed fountain,
 Bounding secretly with joys unseen, and keeping down its ecstasy of
 pleasure!

Æt: how dignified, and worthy, full of privilege and happiness,
 Standeth in majestic independence the self-ennobled Author!
 For God hath blessed him with a mind, and cherished it in tenderness
 and purity,
 Hath taught it in the whisperings of wisdom, and added all the riches
 of content:

Therefore, leaning on his God, a pensioner for soul and body,
 His spirit is the subject of none other, calling no man Master.
 His hopes are mighty and eternal, scorning small ambitions:
 He hideth from the pettiness of praise, and pitieth the feebleness of envy.
 If he meet honours, well; it may be his humility to take them:
 If he be rebuked, better; his veriest enemy shall teach him.
 For the master-mind hath a birthright of eminence; his cradle is an
 eagle's eyrie:

Need but to wait till his wings are grown, and Genius soareth to the sun:
 To creeping things upon the mountain leaveth he the gradual ascent,
 Resting his swiftness on the summit only for a higher flight.
 Glad in clear good-conscience, lightly doth he look for commendation;
 What, if the prophet lacketh honour? for he can spare that praise:
 The honest giant careth not to be patted on the back by pigmies;
 Flatter greatness, he brooketh it good-humouredly: blame him,—thou
 tiltest at a pyramid:

Yet, just censure of the good never can he hear without contrition;
 Neither would he miss one wise man's praise, for scarce is that jewel
 and costly:

Only for the herd of common minds, and the vulgar trumpeting of fame,
 If aught he heedeth in the matter, his honour is sought in their neglect.
 Slender is the marvel, and little is the glory, when round his luscious
 fruits

The worm and the wasp and the multitude of flies are gathered as to
banquet;
Fashion's freaks and the critical sting, and the flood of flatteries he
scorneth;
Cheerfully asking of the crowd the favour to forget him:
The while his blooming fruits ripen in richer fragrance,
A feast for the few,—and the many yet unborn,—who still shall love
their savour.

So then, humbly with his God, and proudly independent of his fellows,
Walketh, in pleasures multitudinous, the man ennobled by his pen:
He hath built up, glorious architect, a monument more durable than
brass;
His children's children shall talk of him in love, and teach their sons his
honour:
His dignity hath set him among princes, the universe is debtor to his
worth,
His privilege is blessing for ever, his happiness shineth now,
For he standeth of that grand Election, each man one among a thousand,
Whose sound is gone out into all lands, and their words to the end of the
world!

Of Mystery.

All things being are in mystery; we expound mysteries by mysteries;
And yet the secret of them all is one in simple grandeur:
All intricate, yet each path plain, to those who know the way;
All unapproachable, yet easy of access, to them that hold the key:
We walk among labyrinths of wonder, but thread the mazes with a clue;
We sail in chartless seas, but behold! the pole-star is above us.
For, counting down from God's good will, thou meltest every riddle into
Him,
The axiom of reason is an undiscovered God, and all things live in his
ubiquity:
There is only one great secret; but that one hideth everywhere;
How should the infinite be understood in Time, when it stretcheth on
ungrasped forever?
Can a halting *Œdipus* of earth guess that enigma of the universe?
Not one: the sword of faith must cut the Gordian knot of nature.

God, pervading all, is in all things the mystery of each;
The wherefore of its character and essence, the fountain of its virtues
and its beauties.
The child asketh of its mother,—Wherefore is the violet so sweet?
The mother answereth her babe,—Darling, God hath willed it.
And sages, diving into science, have but a profundity of words,
They track for some few links the circling chain of consequence,
And then, after doubts and disputations, are left where they began,
At the bald conclusion of a clown, things are because they are.
Wherefore are the meadows green, is it not to gratify the eye?
But why should greenness charm the eye? such is God's good will.
Wherefore is the ear attuned to a pleasure in musical sounds,
And who set a number to those sounds, and fixed the laws of harmony?
Who taught the bird to build its nest, or lent the shrub its life,

Or poised in the balances of order the power to attract and to repel?
 Who continueth the worlds, and the sea, and the heart, in motion?
 Who commanded gravitation to tie down all upon its sphere?—
 For even as a limestone cliff is an aggregate of countless shells,
 One riddle concrete of many, a mystery compact of mysteries,
 So God, cloudcapped in immensity, standeth the cohesion of all things,
 And secrets, sublimely indistinct, permeate that Universe, Himself:
 As is the whole, so are the parts, whether they be mighty or minute,
 The sun is not more unexplained than the tissue of an emmet's wing.

Thus then, omnipresent Deity worketh his unbiassed mind,
 A mind, one in moral, but infinitely multiplied in means:
 And the uniform prudence of his will cometh to be counted law,
 Till mutable man fancieth volition stirring in the potter's clay:
 God, a wise father, sheweth not his reasons to his babes;
 But willeth in secrecy and goodness; for causes generate dispute:
 Then we, his darkling children, watch that invariable purpose,
 And invest the passive creature with its Maker's energy and skill.
 Therefore, they of old time stopped short of God in idols,
 Therefore, in these latter days, we heed not the Jehovah in his works.
 Mystery is God's great name; He is the mystery of goodness:
 Some other, from the hierarchs of heaven, usurped the mystery of sin.
 God is the King, yea even of himself; he crowned himself with holiness;
 The burning circlet of iniquity another found and wore.
 God is separate, even from his attributes; but he willed eternally the good;
 Therefore freely, though unchangeably, is wise, righteous, and loving:
 But ambition, open unto angels, saw the evil flung aside from the beginning,
 It was Lucifer that saw, and nothing loathed those black unclaimed regalia,
 So he coveted and stole, to be counted for a king, antagonist of God,
 But when he touched the leprous robes, behold, a cheated traitor.

For self-existence, characterized with love, with power, wisdom, and ubiquity,
 Could not dwell alone, but willed and worked creation.
 Thus, in continual exhalation, darkening the void with matter,
 Sprang from prolific Deity the creatures of his skill;
 And beings, living on his breath, were needfully less perfect than himself,
 Therefore less capable of bliss, whereat His benevolence was bounded;

So to make the capability expand, intensely progressive to sternity.
 He suffered darkness to illustrate the light, and pain to heighten pleasure:
 To heap up happiness on souls he loved, allowed he sin and sorrow,
 And then to guilt and grief and shame, he brought unbidden amnesty:
 Sinless, none had been redeemed, nor wrapt again in God:
 Sorrowless, no conflict had been known, and heaven had been mulcted of
 its comfort:

Yea, with evil unexhibited, probationary toils unfelt,
 Men had not appreciated good, nor angels valued their security.
 Herein, to reason's eye, is revealed the mystery of goodness
 Blessing through permitted woe, and teaching by the mystery of sin.

⊙ Christian, whose chastened curiosity loveth things mysterious,
 Accounting them shadows and eclipses of Him the one great light,
 Look now, satisfied with faith, on minds that judge by sense,
 And, dull from contemplating matter, take small heed of spirit.
 Toiling feebly upward, their argument tracketh from below,
 They catch the latest consequent, and prove the nearest cause:
 What is this? that a seed produced a seed, and so for a thousand seasons;
 Ascend a thousand steps, thy ladder leaveth thee in air:
 Thou canst not climb to God, and short of Him is nothing;
 There is no cause for aught we see, but in his present will.
 Begin from the Maker, thou carriest down his attributes to reptiles,
 The sharded beetle and the lizard live and move in Him:
 Begin from the creature, corruption and infirmity mar thy foolish toil,
 Heap Ossa on Olympus,—"how much art thou nearer to the stars?
 It is easy running from a mountain's top down to the valleys at its foot,
 But difficult and steep the laborious ascent, and feebly shalt thou
 reach it:

Yet man, beginning from himself, that first deluding mystery,
 Hopeth from the pit of lies to struggle up to truth;
 So, taxing knowledge to its strength, he pusheth one step further,
 And fancieth complacently that much is done by reaching a remote
 effect:

Then he maketh answer to himself, as a silly nurse to her little one,
 Evading, in a mist of words, hard things he cannot solve;
 Till, like an ostrich in the desert, he burieth his head in atoms,
 Thinking that, if he is blind, no sun can shine in heaven.

Therefore, cometh it to pass, that an atheist is ever the most credulous,

Snatching at any foolish cause, that may dispel his doubts ;
 And, even as it were for ridicule, a spectacle to men and angels,
 The captious and cautious unbeliever is of all men weakest to believe :
 Cut from the anchorage of God, his bark is a plaything of the billows ;
 The compass of his principle is broken, the rudder of his faith unshipped :
 Chance and Fate, in a stultified antagonism, govern all for him ;
 Truth sprang from the conflict of falsities, and the multitude of accidents
 hath bred design !

Where is the imposture so gross, that shall not entrap his curiosity ?
 What superstition is so abject, that it doth not blanch his cheek ?
 Whereof can he be sure, with whom Chaos is substitute for Order ?
 How should his silly structure stand, a pyramid built upon its apex ? —
 Yea, I have seen grey-headed men, the bastard slips of science,
 Go for light to glow-worms, while they scorn the sun at noon ;
 Men, who fear no God, trembling at a gipsy's curse,
 Men, who jest at revelation, clinging to a madman's prophecy !

There is a pleasing dread in the fashion of all mysteries,
 For hope is mixed therein and fear ; who shall divine their issues ?
 Even the orphan, wandering by night, lost on dreary moors,
 Is sensible of some vague bliss amidst his shapeless terrors ;
 The buoyancy of instant expectation, spurring on the mind to venture,
 Overbears, in its energy, the cramp and the chill of apprehension.
 There is a solitary pride, when the heart, in new importance,
 Writeth gladly on its archives, the secrets none other men have seen :
 And there is a caged terror, evermore wrestling with the mind,
 When crime hath whispered his confession, and the secrets are written
 there in blood .

The village maiden is elated at a tenderly confided tale :
 The bandit's wife with sickening fear guessed the premeditated murder :
 The sage, with triumph on his brow, hideth up his deep discovery ;
 The idlest clown shall delve all day, to find a hidden treasure.

For mystery is man's life ; we wake to the whisperings of novelty :
 And what, though we lie down disappointed ? we sleep, to wake in hope.
 The letter, or the news, the chances and the changes, matters that may
 happen,
 Sweeten or embitter daily life with the honey-gall of mystery.
 For we walk blindfold,—and a minute may be much,—a step may reach
 the precipice ;

What earthly loss, what heavenly gain, may not this day produce?
 Levelled of Alps and Andes, without its valleys and ravines,
 How dull the face of earth, unfeatured of both beauty and sublimity!
 And so, shorn of mystery, beggared in its hopes and fears,
 How flat the prospect of existence, mapped by intuitive foreknowledge.
 Praise God, creature of earth, for the mercies linked with secrecy,
 That spices of uncertainty enrich the cup of life:
 Praise God, his hosts on high, for the mysteries that make all joy;
 What were intelligence, with nothing more to learn, or heaven, in etern-
 nity of sameness?

Can number every mystery were to sum the sum of all things:
 None can exhaust a theme, whereof God is example and similitude.
 Nevertheless, take a garland from the garden, a handful from the harvest—
 Some scattered drops of spray from the ceaseless mighty cataract.
 Whence are we,—whither do we tend,—how do we feel, and reason?
 How strange a thing is man, a spirit saturating clay!
 When doth soul make embryos immortal,—how do they rank hereafter,—
 And will the unconscious idiot be quenched in death as nothing!
 In essence immaterial, are these minds, as it were, thinking machines?
 For, to understand may but rightly be to use a mechanism all possess,
 So that in reading or hearing of another, a man shall seem unto himself—
 To be recollecting images or arguments, native and congenial to his mind:
 And yet, what shall we say,—who can arede the riddle?
 The brain may be clockwork, and mind its spring, mechanism quickened
 by a spirit.

Can so shrewd as rightly to divide life, instinct, reason;
 Trees, zoophytes, creatures of the plain, and savage men among them?
 Hath the mimosa instinct,—or the scallop more than life,—
 Or the dog less than reason,—or the brute-man more than instinct?
 What is the cause of health,—and the gendering of disease?
 Why should arsenic kill,—and whence is the potency of antidotes?
 Behold, a morsel,—eat and die: the term of thy probation is expired:
 Behold, a potion,—drink and be alive; the limit of thy trial is enlarged.
 Who can expound beauty? or explain the character of nations?
 Who will furnish a cause for the epidemic force of fashion?
 Is there a moral magnetism living in the light of example?
 Is practice electricity?—Yet all these are but names.
 Doth normal Art imprison, in its works, spirit translated into substance,

So that the statue, the picture, or the poem, are crystals of the mind?
 And doth Philosophy with sublimating skill shred away the matter,
 Till rarefied intelligence exudeth even out of stocks and stones?

☉ mysteries, ye all are one, the mind of an inexplicable Architect
 Dwelleth alike in each, quickening and moving in them all.
 Fields, and forests, and cities of men, their woes and wealth and works,
 And customs, and contrivances of life, with all we see and know,
 For a little way, a little while, ye hang dependent on each other,
 But all are held in one right-hand, and by His will ye are.
 Here is answer unto mystery, an unintelligible God,
 This is the end and the beginning, it is reason that He be not understood.
 Therefore it were probable and just, even to a man's weak thinking,
 To have one for God who always may be learnt, yet never fully known:
 That He, from whom all mysteries spring, in whom they all converge,
 Throned in his sublimity beyond the grovellings of lower intellect,
 Should claim to be truer than man's truest, the boasted certainty of
 numbers,
 Should baffle his arithmetic, confound his demonstrations, and paralyse
 the might of his necessity,
 Standing supreme as the mystery of mysteries, everywhere, yet imper-
 sonate,
 Essential one in three, essential three in one!

Of Gifts.

I had a seeming friend ;—I gave him gifts, and he was gone :
I had an open enemy ;—I gave him gifts, and won him :
Common friendship standeth on equalities, and cannot bear a debt ;
But the very heart of hate melteth at a good man's love :
Go to, then, thou that sayest,—I will give and rivet the links :
For pride shall kick at obligation, and push the giver from him.
The covetous spirit may rejoice, revelling in thy largess,
But chilling selfishness will mutter,—I must give again :
The vain heart may be glad, in this new proof of man's esteem,
But the same idolatry of self abhorreth thoughts of thanking.

Nevertheless, give ; for it shall be a discriminating test
Separating honesty from falsehood, weeding insincerity from friendship
Give, it is like God ; thou weariest the bad with benefits :
Give, it is like God ; thou gladdenest the good by gratitude.
Give to thy near of kin, for providence hath stationed thee his helper :
Yet see that he claim not as his right, thy freewill offering of duty.
Give to the young, they love it ; neither hath the poison of suspicion
Spoilt the flavour of their thanks, to look for latent motives.
Give to merit, largely give ; his conscious heart will bless thee :
It is not flattery, but love,—the sympathy of men his brethren
Give, for encouragement in good ; the weak desponding mind
Hath many foes, and much to do, and leaneth on its friends.
Yet heed thou wisely these ; give seldom to thy better ;
For such obtrusive boon shall savour of presumption ;
Or, if his courteous bearing greet thy proffered kindness,
Shall not thine independent honesty be vexed at the semblance of a bribe ?
Moreover, heed thou this ; give to thine equal charily,
The occasion fair and fitting, the gift well chosen and desired :
Hath he been prosperous and blest ? a flower may show thy gladness ;
(158)

Is he in need? with liberal love, tender him the well-filled purse:
 Disease shall welcome friendly care in grapes and precious unguents;
 And where a darling child hath died, give praise, and hope, and sympathy,
 Yet once more, heed thou this; give to the poor discreetly,
 Nor suffer idle sloth to lean upon thy charitable arm:
 To diligence give, as to an equal, on just and fit occasion;
 Or he bartereth his hard-earned self-reliance for the casual lottery of gifts.
 The timely loan hath added nerve, where easy liberality would palsy;
 Work and wages make a light heart; but the mendicant asked with a
 heavy spirit.

A man's own self-respect is worth unto him more than money,
 And evil is the charity that humbleth, and maketh man less happy.

There are who sow liberalities, to reap the like again;
 But men accept his boon, scorning the shallow usurer:
 I have known many such a fisherman lose his golden baits;
 And oftentimes the tame decoy escapeth with the flock.
 Yea, there are who give unto the poor, to gain large interest of God,—
 Fool,—to think His wealth is money, and not mind:
 And haply after thine alms, thy calculated givings,
 The hurricane shall blast thy crops, and sink the homeward ship;
 Then shall thy worldly soul murmur that the balances were false,
 Thy trader's mind shall think of God,—He stood not to his bargain?

Else, saith the preacher, be large in liberality, yield to the holy impulse,
 Tarry not for cold consideration, but cheerfully and freely scatter.
 So, for complacency of conscience, in a gush of counterfeited charity,
 He that hath not wherewith to be just, selfishly presumeth to be generous:
 The debtor, and the rich by wrong, are known among the band of the
 benevolent;

And men extol the noble hearts, who rob that they may give.
 Receivers are but little prone to challenge rights of giving,
 Nor stop to test, for conscience-sake, the righteousness of mammon:
 And a zealot in a cause is a receiver, at the hand which bettereth his
 cause;

And thus an unsuspected bribe shall blind the good man's judgment:
 It is easy to excuse greatness, and the rich are readily forgiven:
 What, if his gains were evil, sanctified by using them aright?
 O shallow flatterer, self-interest is thy thought,
 Hopeless of partaking in the like, thou too wouldest scorn the giver.

Money hath its value; and the scatterer thereof his thanks:
 Few men, drinking at a rivulet, stop to consider its source.
 The hand that closeth on an alm, be it for necessities or zeal,
 Hath small scruple whence it came: Vespasian rejoiceth in his tribute."
 Therefore have colleges and hospitals risen upon orphans' wrongs,
 Chapels and cathedrals have thriven on the welcome wages of iniquity,
 And fraud, in evil compensation, hath salved his guilty conscience,
 Not by restoring to the cheated, but by ostentatious giving to the
 grateful.

So, those who reap rejoice; and reaping, bless the sower:
 No one is eager to discover, where discovery tendeth unto loss:
 Yet, if knowledge of a theft make gainers thereby guilty,
 Can he be altogether innocent, who never asked the honesty of gain?
 Therefore, O preacher, zealous for charity, temper thy warm appeal,—
 Warning the debtor and unjustly rich, they may not dare to give:
 To do good is a privilege and guerdon: how shouldest thou rejoice
 If ill-got gifts of presumptuous fraud be offered on the altar?
 The question is not of degrees; unhallowed alms are evil;
 Discourage and reject alike the obolus, or talent of iniquity.

Yet more, be careful that, unworthily, thou gain not an advantage over
 weakness,

Unstable souls, fervent and profuse, fluttered by the feeling of the mo-
 ment;

For eloquence swayeth to its will the feeble and the conscious of defect:
 Rashly give they, and afterward are sad,—a gift that doubly erred.
 It was the worldliness of priestcraft that accounted alms-giving for
 charity;

And many a father's penitence hath steeped his son in penury;
 Yet, considered he lightly the guilt of a deathbed selfishness
 That strove to take with him, for gain, the gold no longer his;
 So he died in a false peace, and dying robbed his kindred;
 The cunning friar at his side having cheated both the living and the dead.

Charity sitteth on a fair hill-top, blessing far and near,
 But her garments drop ambrosia, chiefly, on the violets around her:
 She gladdeneth indeed the maplike scene, stretching to the verge of the
 horizon,

For her angel face is lustrous and beloved, even as the moon in heaven,

But the light of that beatific vision gloweth in serener concentration
 The nearer to her heart, and nearer to her home,—that hill-top where
 she sitteth :

Therefore is she kind unto her kin, yearning in affection on her neighbours,
 bours,

Giving gifts to those around, who know and love her well.

But the counterfeit of charity, an hypocrite of earth, not a grace of
 heaven,

Seeketh not to bless at home, for her nearer aspect is ill-favoured:

Therefore hideth she for shame, counting that pride humility,

And none of those around her hearth are gladdened by her gifts:

Rather, with an overreaching seal, flingeth she her bounty to the stranger,

And scattered prodigalities abroad compensate for meanness in her
 home:

For benefits showered on the distant shine in unmixed beauty,

So that even she may reap their undiscerning praise:

Therefore native want hath pined, where foreign need was fattened;

Woman been crushed by the tyrannous hand that upheld the flag of lib-
 erality;

Poverty been prisoned up and starved, by hearts that are maudlin upon
 crime;

And freeborn babes been manacled by men, who liberate the sturdy slave

Policy counselleth a gift, given wisely and in season,

And policy afterwards approveth it, for great is the influence of gifts.

The lover, unsmiled upon before, is welcome for his jewelled bauble;

The righteous cause without a fee, must yield to bounteous guilt:

How fair is a man in thine esteem, whose just discrimination seeketh thee,

And so, discerning merit, honoureth it with gifts!

Yea, let the cause appear sufficient, and the motive clear and unsuspi-
 cious,

As given unto one who cannot help, or proving honest thanks,

There liveth not one among a million, who is proof against the charm of
 liberality,

And flattery, that boon of praise, hath power with the wisest.

Man is of three natures, craving all for charity:

It is not enough to give him meats, withholding other comfort;

For the mind starveth, and the soul is scorned, and so the human animal

•
Eateth his unsatisfying pittance, a thankless, heartless pauper:
Yet would he bless thee and be grateful, didst thou feed his spirit,
And teach him that thine almsgivings are charities, are loves:
—I saw a beggar in the street, and another beggar pitied him;
Sympathy sank into his soul, and the pitied one felt happier:
Anon passed by a cavalcade, children of wealth and gaiety;
They laughed, and looked upon the beggar, and the gallants flung him
gold;
He, poor spirit-humbled wretch, gathered up their givings with a curse,
And went—to share it with his brother, the beggar who had pitied him!

Of Beauty.

**"Thou mightier than Manoah's son," whence is thy great strength,
And wherein the secret of thy craft, O charmer charming wisely?—
For thou art strong in weakness, and in artlessness well-skilled,
Constant in the multitudes of change, and simple amidst intricate complexity.**

**Folly's shallow lip can ask the deepest question,
And many wise in many words should answer, what is beauty?—
Who shall separate the hues that flicker on a dying dolphin,
Or analyse the jewelled lights that deck the peacock's train,
Or shrewdly mix upon a palette the tints of an iridescent spar,
Or set in rank the wandering shades about a watered silk?**

**For beauty is intangible, vague, ill to be defined;
She hath the coat of a chameleon, changing while we watch it.
Strangely woven is the web, disorderly yet harmonious,
A glistening robe of mingled mesh, that may not be unravelled.
It is shot with heaven's blue, the soul of summer skies,
And twisted strings of light, the mind of noonday suns,
And ruddy gleams of life, that roll along the veins,
A coat of many colours, running curiously together.
There is threefold beauty for man; twofold beauty for the animal;
And the beauty of inanimates is single: body, temper, spirit.
Multiplied in endless combination, issue the changeable results;
Each class verging on the other twain, with imperceptible gradation;
And every individual in each having his propriety of difference,
So that the meanest of creation bringeth in a tribute of the beautiful.
Yea, from the worst in favour shineth out a fitness of design,
The patent mark of beauty, its Maker's name imprest.
For the great Creator's seal is set to all his works;
Its quarterings are Attributes of praise, and all the shield is beauty:**

So, that heraldic blazon is Creation's common signet;
 And the universal family of life goeth in the colours of its Lord:
 But each one, as a several son, shall bear those arms with a difference;
 Beauty, various in phase, and similar in seeming oppositions.
 The coins of old Rome were struck with a diversity for each,
 Barely two be found alike, in every Caesar's image:
 So, note thou the seals, ranged around the charters of the Universe,
 The finger of God is the stamp upon them all, but each hath its separate
 variety.

Beauty, theme of innocence, how may guilt discourse thee?
 Let holy angels sing thy praise, for man hath marred thy visage.
 Still, the maimed torso of a Theseus² can gladden taste with its propor-
 tions:

Though sin hath shattered every limb, how comely are the fragments!
 And music leaveth on the ear a memory of sweet sounds;
 And broken arches charm the sight with hints of fair completeness.
 So, while humbled at the ruin, be thou grateful for the relics;
 Go forth, and look on all around with kind uncaptious eye:
 Freely let us wander through these unfrequented ways,
 And talk of glorious beauty, filling all the world.

Yet beauty hideth everywhere, that Reason's child may seek her,
 And having found the gem of price, may set it in God's crown.
 Beauty nestleth in the rosebud, or walketh the firmament with planets,
 She is heard in the beetle's evening hymn, and shouteth in the matins
 of the sun;

The cheek of the peach is glowing with her smile, her splendour blaseth
 in the lightning,

She is the dryad of the woods, the naiad of the streams;
 Her golden hair hath tapestried the silkworm's silent chamber,
 And to her measured harmonies the wild waves beat in time;
 With tinkling feet at eventide she danceth in the meadow,
 Or, like a Titan, lieth stretched athwart the ridgy Alps;
 She is rising, in her veil of mist, a Venus³ from the waters,—
 Men gaze upon the loveliness,—and lo, it is beautiful exceedingly;
 She, with the might of a Briareus, is dragging down the clouds upon the
 mountain,—

Men look upon the grandeur,—and lo, it is excellent in glory.
 For I judge that beauty and sublimity be but the lesser and the great,

Sublime, as magnified to giants, and beautiful, diminished into fairies.
 It were a false fancy to solve all beauty by desire,
 It were a lowering thought to expound sublimity by dread.
 Cowardly men with trembling hearts have feared the furious storm,
 Nor felt its thrilling beauty; but is it then not beautiful?
 And careless men, at summer's eve, have loved the dimpled waves;
 O that smile upon the seas,—hath it no sublimity?
 Dost thou nothing know of this,—to be awed at woman's beauty?
 Nor, with exhilarated heart, to hail the crashing thunder;
 Thou hast much to learn, that never found a fearfulness in flowers;
 Thou hast missed of joy, that never basked in beauties of the terrible

Show me an enthusiast in aught; he hath noted one thing narrowly,
 And lo, his keenness hath detected the one dear hiding-place of beauty.
 Then he boasteth, simple soul, flattered by discovery,
 Fancying that no science else can show so fair and precious:
 He hath found a ray of light, and cherisheth the treasure in his closet,
 Mocking at those larger minds, that bathe in floods of noon;
 Lo, what a jewel hath he gotten,—this is the monopolist of beauty,—
 And lightly heeding all beside, he poured his yearnings thitherward:
 Be it for love, or for learning, habit, art, or nature,
 Exclusive thought is all the cause of this particular zeal.
 But the like intensity of fitness, kind and skilful beauty,
 So pleasant to his mind in one thing, filleth all beside:
 From the waking minute of a chrysalis, to the perfect cycle of chronology,
 From the centipede's jointed armour to the mammoth's fossil ribs,
 From the kingfisher's shrill note, to the cataract's thundering bass,
 From the greensward's grateful hues, to the fascinating eye of woman,
 Beauty, various in all things, setteth up her home in each,
 Shedding graciously around an omnipresent smile.

There is beauty in the rolling clouds, and placid shingle beach,
 In feathery snows, and whistling winds, and dun electric skies;
 There is beauty in the rounded woods, dank with heavy foliage,
 In laughing fields, and dinted hills, the valley and its lake;
 There is beauty in the gullies, beauty on the cliffs, beauty in sun and shade,
 In rocks and rivers, seas and plains,—the earth is drowned in beauty.

Beauty coileth with the water-snake, and is cradled in the shrewmouse's nest,

She flitteth out with evening bats, and the soft mole hid her in his tunnel;
The limpet is encamped upon the shore, and beauty not a stranger to
his tent;

The silvery dace and golden carp thread the rushes with her:
She saileth into clouds with an eagle, she fluttereth into tulips with a
humming-bird;

The pasturing kine are of her company, and she prowleth with the
leopard in his jungle.

Moreover, for the reasonable world, its words, and acts, and speculation,
For frail and fallen manhood, in his every work and way,
Beauty, wrecked and stricken, lingereth still among us,
And morsels of that shattered sun are dropt upon the darkness.
Yea, with savages and boors, the mean, the cruel, and besotted,
Ever in extenuating grace hide some relics of the beautiful.
Gleams of kindness, deeds of courage, patience, justice, generosity,
Truth welcomed, knowledge prized, rebukes taken with contrition,
All, in various measure, have been blest with some of these,
And never yet hath lived the man, utterly beggared of the beautiful.

Beauty is as crystal in the torchlight, sparkling on the poet's page;
Virgin honey of Hymettus,²⁰ distilled from the lips of the orator;
A savour of sweet spikenard, anointing the hands of liberality;
A feast of angels' food set upon the tables of religion.
She is seen in the tear of sorrow, and heard in the exuberance of mirth;
She goeth out early with the huntsman, and watcheth at the pillow of
disease.

Science in his secret laws hath found out latent beauty,
Sphere and square, and cone and curve, are fashioned by her rules:
Mechanism met her in his forces, fancy caught her in its flittings,
Day is lightened by her eyes, and her eyelids close upon the night.

Beauty is dependence in the babe, a toothless tender nursing;
Beauty is boldness in the boy, a curly rosy truant;
Beauty is modesty and grace in fair retiring girlhood,
Beauty is openness and strength in pure highminded youth;
Man, the noble and intelligent, gladdeneth earth in beauty,
And woman's beauty sunneth him, as with a smile from heaven.

There is none enchantment against beauty, Magician for all time,
 Whose potent spells of sympathy have charmed the passive world:
 Verily, she reigneth a Semiramis; there is no might against her;
 The lords of every land are harnessed to her triumph.
 Beauty is conqueror of all, nor ever yet was found among the nations
 That iron-moulded mind, full proof against her power.
 Beauty, like a summer's day, subdueth by sweet influences;
 Who can wrestle against Sleep?—yet is that giant, very gentleness.

Ajax may rout a phalanx, but beauty shall enslave him single-handed;
 Pericles ruled Athens, yet is he the servant of Aspasia:
 Light were the labour, and oftentold the tale, to count the victories of
 beauty,—

Helen, and Judith, and Omphale, and Thais, many a trophied name.
 At a glance the misanthrope was softened, and repented of his vows,
 When beauty asked, he gave, and banned her—with a blessing;
 The cold ascetic loved the smile that lit his dismal cell,
 And kindly stayed her step, and wept when she departed;
 The bigot abbess felt her heart gush with a mother's feeling,
 When looking on some lovely face beneath the cloister's shade;
 Usury freed her without ransom; the buccaneer was gentle in her presence;

Madness kissed her on the cheek, and Idiocy brightened at her coming:
 Yea, the very cattle in the field, and hungry prowlers of the forest
 With fawning homage greeted her, as beauty glided by.
 A welcome guest unbidden, she is dear to every hearth;
 A glad spontaneous growth of friends is springing round her rest:
 Learning sitteth at her feet, and Idleness laboureth to please her,
 Folly hath flung aside his bells, and leaden Dullness gloweth;
 Prudence is rash in her defence; Frugality filleth her with riches;
 Despair came to her for counsel; and Bereavement was glad when she
 consoled;

Justice putteth up his sword at the tear of supplicating beauty,
 And Mercy, with indulgent haste, hath pardoned beauty's sin.

For beauty is the substitute for all things, satisfying every absence,
 The rich delirious cup to make all else forgotten:
 She also is the zest unto all things, enhancing every presence,
 The rare and precious ambergris, to quicken each perfume.
 O beauty, thou art eloquent; yea, though slow of tongue,

Thy breast, fair Phryne, pleaded well before the dazzled judge:
 O beauty, thou art wise; yea, though teaching falsely,
 Sages listen, sweet Corinna, to commend thy lips;—
 O beauty, thou art ruler; yea, though lowly as a slave,
 Myrrha, that imperial brow is monarch of thy lord;
 O beauty, thou art winner; yea, though halting in the race,
 Hippodame, Camilla, Atalanta,—in gracefulness ye fascinate ~~you~~
 umpires;
 O beauty, thou art rich; yea, though clad in russet,
 Attalus cannot boast his gold against the wealth of beauty;
 O beauty, thou art noble; yea, though Esther be an exile,
 Set her up on high, ye kings, and bow before the majesty of beauty!

Friend and scholar, who, in charity, hast walked with me thus far,
 We have wandered in a wilderness of sweets, tracking beauty's footsteps.
 And ever as we rambled on among the tangled thicket,
 Many a startled thought hath tempted further roaming:
 Passion, sympathetic influence, might of imaginary haloes,—
 Many the like would lure aside, to hunt their wayward themes.
 And, look you!—from his ferny bed in yonder hazel coppice,
 A dappled hart hath flung aside the boughs and broke away;
 He is fleet and capricious as the zephyr, and with exulting bounds
 Hieth down a turfy lane between the sounding woods;
 His neck is garlanded with flowers, his antlers hung with chaplets,
 And rainbow-coloured ribbons stream adown his mottled flanks:
 Should we follow?—foolish hunters, thus to chase afoot,—
 Who can track the airy speed and doubling wiles of Taste?

For the estimates of human beauty, dependent upon time and clime,
 Manifold and changeable, are multiplied the more by strange gregarious
 fashion:

And notable ensamples in the great turn to epidemics in the lower,
 So that a nation's taste shall vary with its rulers.
 Stern Egypt, humbled to the Greek, fancied softer idols,
 Greece, the Roman province, nigh forgot her classic sculpture,
 Rome, crushed beneath the Goth, loved his barbarian habits,
 And Alaric, with his ruffian horde, is tamed by silken Rome.
 Columbia's flattened head, and China's crumpled feet,—
 The civilised tapering waist,—and the pendulous ears of the savage,—

The swollen throat among the mountains, and an ebon skin beneath the tropics,—

These shall all be reckoned beauty: and for weighty cause.

First, for the latter; Providence in mercy tempereth taste by circumstance,

So that Nature's must shall hit her creature's liking;

Second, for the middle; though the foolishness of vanity seek to mar proportion,

Still, defects in those we love shall soon be counted praise;

Third, for the first; a chief, and a princess, maimed or distorted from the cradle,

Shall coax the flattery of slaves to imitate the great in their deformity:

Hence groweth habit; and habits make a taste,

And so shall servile zeal deface the types of beauty.

Whiles Alexander conquered, crookedness was comely:

And followers learn to praise the scars upon their leader's brow.

Youth hath sought to flatter age by mimicking grey hairs;

Age plastereth her wrinkles, and is painted in the ruddiness of Youth.

Fashion, the parasite of Rank, apeth faults and failings,

Until the general Taste depraved hath warped its sense of beauty.

Each man hath a measure for himself, yet all shall coincide in much;

A perfect form of human grace would captivate the world;

Be it manhood's lustre, or the loveliness of woman, all would own its beauty,

The Caffre and Circassian, Russians and Hindoos, the Briton, the Turk and Japanese.

Not all alike, nor all at once, but each in proportion to intelligence,

His purer state in morals, and a lesser grade in guilt:

For the high-standard of the beautiful is fixed in Reason's forum,

And sins, and customs, and caprice, have failed to break it down:

And reason's standard for the creature pointeth three perfections,

Frame, knowledge, and the feeling heart, well and kindly mingled:

A fair dwelling, furnished wisely, with a gentle tenant in it,—

This is the glory of humanity: thou hast seen it seldom.

There is a beauty for the body: the superficial polish of a statue,

The symmetry of form and feature, delicately carved and painted.

How bright in early bloom the Georgian sitteth at her lattice,

How softened off in graceful curves her young and gentle shape:

Those dark eyes, lit by curiosity, flash beneath the lashes,
 And still her velvet cheek is dimpled with a smile.
 Dost thou count her beautiful?—even as a mere fair figure,
 A plastic image, little more,—the outer garb of woman :
 Yea,—and thus far it is well ; but Reason's hopes are higher,—
 Can he sate his soul on a scantling third of beauty ?

Yet is this the pleasing trickery, that cheateth half the world,
 Nature's wise deceit, to make up waste in life ;
 And few be they that rest uncaught, for many a twig is limed ;
 Where is the wise among a million, that took not form for beauty ?
 But watch it well ; for vanity and sin, malice, hate, suspicion,
 Lowering as clouds upon the countenance, will disenchant its charms.
 The needful complexity of beauty claimeth mind and soul,
 Though many coins of foul alloy pass current for the true :
 And albeit fairness in the creature shall often co-exist with excellence,
 Yet hath many an angel shape been tenanted by fiends.
 A man, spiritually keen, shall detect in surface beauty
 Those marring specks of evil, which the sensual cannot see ;
 Therefore is he proof against a face, unlovely to his likings,
 And common minds shall scorn the taste, that shrunk from sin's distortion.

There is a beauty for the reason ; grandly independent of externals,
 It looketh from the windows of the house, shining in the man triumphant.
 I have seen the broad blank face of some misshapen dwarf
 Lit on a sudden as with glory, the brilliant light of mind :
 Who then imagined him deformed ? intelligence is blazing on his forehead,
 There is empire in his eye, and sweetness on his lip, and his brown cheek
 glittereth with beauty :
 And I have known some Nireus of the camp, a varnished paragon of
 chamberers,
 Fine, elegant, and shapely, moulded as the master-piece of Phidias,—
 Such an one, with intellects abased, have I noted crouching to the dwarf,
 Whilst his lovers scorn the fool, whose beauty hath departed !

And there is a beauty for the spirit ; mind in its perfect flowering,
 Fragrant, expanded into soul, full of love and blessed.
 Go to some squalid couch, some famishing death-bed of the poor,
 He is shrunken, cadaverous, diseased ;—there is here no beauty of the
 body :

Never hath he fed on knowledge, nor drank at the streams of science,
He is of the common herd, illiterate;—there is here no beauty of the
reason :

But lo ! his flaming eye is bright with love from heaven,
In every look it beameth praise, as worshipping with seraphs ;
What honeycomb is hived upon his lips, eloquent of gratitude and
prayer,—

What triumph shrined serene upon that clammy brow,
What glory flickering transparent under those thin cheeks,—
What beauty in his face !—Is it not the face of an angel ?

Now, of these three, infinitely mingled and combined,
Consisteth human beauty, in all the marvels of its mightiness :
And forth from human beauty springeth the intensity of Love ;
Feeling, thought, desire, the three deep fountains of affection.
Son of Adam, or daughter of Eve, art thou trapped by nature,
And is thy young eye dazzled with the pleasant form of beauty ?
This is but a lower love ; still it hath its honour ;
What God hath made and meant to charm, let not man despise.
Nevertheless, as reason's child, look thou wisely farther,
For age, disease, and care, and sin, shall tarnish all the surface :
Reach a loftier love ; be lured by the comeliness of mind,—
Gentle, kind, and calm, or lustrous in the livery of knowledge :
And more, there is a higher grade ; force the mind to its perfection,—
Win those golden trophies of consummate love :
Add unto riches of the reason, and a beauty moulded to thy liking,
The precious things of nobler grace that well adorn a soul ;
Thus, be thou owner of a treasure, great in earth and heaven,
Beauty, wisdom, goodness, in a creature like its God.

So then, draw we to an end ; with feeble step and faltering,
I follow beauty through the universe, and find her home Ubiquity :
In all that God hath made, in all that man hath marred,
Lingereth beauty, or its wreck, a broken mould and castings.
And now, having wandered long time, freely and with desultory feet,
To gather in the garden of the world a few fair sample flowers,
With patient scrutinizing care let us cull the conclusion of their essence,
And answer to the riddle of Zorobabel, Whence the might of beauty ?²²

Ugliness is native unto nothing, but an attribute of concrete evil ;

In everything created, at its worst, lurk the dregs of loveliness.
 We be fallen into utter depths, yet once we stood sublime,
 For man was made in perfect praise, his Maker's comely image:
 And so his new-born ill is spiced with older good,
 He carrieth with him, yea to crime, the withered limbs of beauty.
 Passions may be crooked generousities; the robber stealeth for his children;
 Murder was avenger of the innocent, or wiped out shame with blood.
 Many virtues, weighted by excess, sink among the vices;
 Many vices, amicably buoyed, float among the virtues.
 For, albeit sin is hate, a foul and bitter turpitude,
 As hurling back against the Giver all his gifts with insult,
 Still when concrete in the sinner, it will seem to partake of his attractions,
 And in seductive masquerade shall cloak its leprous skin;
 His broken lights of beauty shall illumine its utter black,
 And those refracted rays glitter on the hunch of its deformity.

Verily the fancy may be false, yet hath it met me in my musings,
 (As expounding the pleasantness of pleasure, but no ways extenuating
 licence,)

That even those yearnings after beauty, in wayward wanton youth,
 When guileless of ulterior end, it craveth but to look upon the lovely,
 Seem like struggles of the soul, dimly remembering pre-existence,
 And feeling in its blindness for a long-lost god, to satisfy its longing;
 As if the sucking babe, tenderly mindful of his mother,
 Should pull a dragon's dugs, and drain the teats of poison.
 Our primal source was beauty, and we pant for it ever and again;
 But sin hath stopped the way with thorns; we turn aside, wander, and
 are lost.

God, the undiluted good, is root and stock of beauty,
 And every child of reason drew his essence from that stem.
 Therefore, it is of intuition, an innate hankering for home,
 A sweet returning to the well, from which our spirit flowed,
 That we, unconscious of a cause, should bask these darkened souls
 In some poor relics of the light that blazed in primal beauty,
 And, even like as exiles of idolatry, should quaff from the cisterns of
 creation
 Stagnant draughts, for those fresh springs that rise in the Creator.

Only, being burdened with the body, spiritual appetite is warped,
 And sensual man, with taste corrupted, drinketh of pollutions:

Impulse is left, but indiscriminate; his hunger feasteth upon carrion;
 His natural love of beauty doateth over beauty in decay.
 He still thirsteth for the beautiful; but his delicate ideal hath grown
 gross,

And the very sense of thirst hath been fevered from affection into passion.
 He remembereth the blessedness of light, but it is with an old man's
 memory,

A blind old man from infancy, that once hath seen the sun,
 Whom long experience of night hath darkened in his cradle recollections,
 Until his brightest thought of noon is but a shade of black.

Thus then is thy charm, O beauty all pervading;
 And this thy wondrous strength, O beauty, conqueror of all:
 The outline of our shadowy best, the pure and comely creature,
 That winneth on the conscience with a saddening admiration:
 And some untutored thirst for God, the root of every pleasure,
 Native to creatures, yea in ruin, and dating from the birthday of the soul.
 For God sealeth up the sum, confirmed exemplar of proportions,
 Rich in love, full of wisdom, and perfect in the plenitude of Beauty."

Of Fame.

Blow the trumpet, spread the wing, fling thy scroll upon the sky,
Rouse the slumbering world, O Fame, and fill the sphere with echo!
—Beneath thy blast they wake, and murmurs come hoarsely on the wind,
And flashing eyes and bristling hands proclaim they hear thy message:
Rolling and surging as a sea, that upturned flood of faces
Hasteneth with its million tongues to spread the wondrous tale;
The hum of added voices groweth to the roaring of a cataract,
And rapidly from wave to wave is tossed that exaggerated story,
Until those stunning clamours, gradually diluted in the distance,
Sink ashamed, and shrink afraid of noise, and die away.
Then brooding Silence, forth from his hollow caverns,
Cloaked and cowed, and gliding along, a cold and stealthy shadow,
Once more is mingled with the multitude, whispering as he walketh,
And hushing all their eager ears, to hear some newer Fame.

So all is still again; but nothing of the past hath been forgotten;
A stirring recollection of the trumpet ringeth in the hearts of men:
And each one, either envious or admiring, hath wished the chance
were his

To fill as thus the startled world with fame, or fear, or wonder.
This lit thy torch of sacrilege, Ephesian Eratostratus;*
This dug thy living grave, Pythagoras, the traveller from Hadës;
For this, dived Empedocles into Etna's fiery whirlpool;
For this conquerors, regicides, and rebels, have dared their perilous
crimes.

In all men, from the monarch to the menial, lurketh lust of fame;
The savage and the sage alike regard their labours proudly:
Yea, in death, the glazing eye is illumined by the hope of reputation,
And the stricken warrior is glad, that his wounds are salved with glory.

For fame is a sweet self-homage, an offering grateful to the idol,
 A spiritual nectar for the spiritual thirst, a mental food for mind,
 A pregnant evidence to all of an after immaterial existence,
 A proof that soul is scatheless, when its dwelling is dissolved.
 And the manifold pleasures of fame are sought by the guilty and the
 good:

Pleasures, various in kind, and spiced to every palate:
 The thoughtful loveth fame as an earnest of better immortality,
 The industrious and deserving, as a symbol of just appreciation,
 The selfish, as a promise of advancement, at least to a man's own kin,
 And common minds, as a flattering fact that men have been told of their
 existence.

There is a blameless love of fame, springing from desire of justice,
 When a man hath fealty won and fairly claimed his honours:
 And then fame cometh as encouragement to the inward consciousness of
 merit,
 Gladdening by the kindliness and thanks, wherewithal his labours are
 rewarded.

But there is a sordid imitation, a feverish thirst for notoriety,
 Waiting upon vanity and sloth, and utterly regardless of deserving:
 And then fame cometh as a curse; the fire-damp is gathered in the mine:
 The soul is swelled with poisonous air, and a spark of temptation shall
 explode it.

Idle causes, noised awhile, shall yield most active consequents,
 And therefore it were ill upon occasion, to scorn the voice of rumour.
 Ye have seen the chemist in his art mingle invisible gases;
 And lo, the product is a substance, a heavy dark precipitate:
 Even so fame, hurtling on the quiet with many meeting tongues,
 Can out of nothing bring forth fruits, and blossom on a nourishment
 of air.

For many have earned honour, and thereby rank and riches,
 From false and fleeting tales, some casual mere mistake;
 And many have been wrecked upon disgrace, and have struggled with
 poverty and scorn,
 From envious hints and ill reports, the slanders cast on innocence.
 Whom may not scandal hit? those shafts are shot at a venture:
 Who standeth not in danger of suspicion? that net hath caught the
 noblest.

Cæsar's wife was spotless, but a martyr to false fame ;"
 And Rumour, in temporary things, is gigantic as a ruin or a remedy ;
 Many poor and many rich have testified its popular omnipotence,
 And many a panic-stricken army hath perished with the host of the
 Assyrians.

Nevertheless, if opportunity be nought, let a man bide his time ;
 So the matter be not merchandize nor conquest, fear thou less for character.

If a liar accuseth thee of evil, be not swift to answer ;
 Yea, rather give him license for awhile ; it shall help thine honour afterward :

Never yet was calumny engendered, but good men speedily discerned it,
 And innocence hath burst from its injustice, as the green world rolling
 out of Chaos.

What, though still the wicked scoff,—this also turneth to his praise ;
 Did ye never hear that censure of the bad, is buttress to a good man's
 glory ?

What, if the ignorant still hold out, obstinate in unkind judgment,—
 Ignorance and calumny are paired ; we affirm by two negations :
 Let them stand round about, pushing at the column in a circle,
 For all their toil and wasted strength, the foolish do but prop it.
 And note thou this ; in the secret of their hearts, they feel the taunt is
 false,
 And cannot help but reverence the courage, that walketh amid calumnies
 unanswering :

He standeth as a gallant chief, unheeding shot or shell ;
 He trusted in God his Judge ; neither arrows nor the pestilence shall
 harm him.

A high heart is a sacrifice to heaven : should it stoop among the creepers
 in the dust,

To tell them that what God approved, is worthy of their praise ?
 Never shall it heed the thought ; but flaming on in triumph to the skies,
 And quite forgetting fame, shall find it added as a trophy.
 A great mind is an altar on a hill : should the priest descend from his
 altitude,

To canvass offerings and worship from dwellers on the plain ?
 Rather, with majestic perseverance will he minister in solitary grandeur,

patient the time will come, when pilgrims shall be flocking to the shrine.

Fame is the birthright of genius; and he recketh not how long it be delayed;

Heir need not hasten to his heritage, when he knoweth that his tenure is eternal.

Careless poet of Avon," was he troubled for his fame,
The deep-mouthed chronicler of Paradise, heeded he the suffrage of his equals?

Onides took no thought, committing all his honours to the future,
Flaccus, standing on his watch-tower, spied the praise of ages."

Setting flax will breed a flame, and the flame may illuminate a world;
ere is he who scorned that smoke as foul and murky vapour?

Village stream swelled to a river, and the river was a kingdom's wealth,

ere is he who boasted he could step across that stream?

Here are the beginnings of the famous: little in the judgment of their peers,

Juster verdict of posterity shall fix them in the orbits of the Great,
Before dull Zoilus, clamouring ascendant of the hour,

Soon be fain to hide his hate, and bury up his bitterness for shame:
Before mocking Momus, offended at the steps of Beauty,"

Will win the prize of his presumption, and be hooted from his throne
among the stars.

As the shadow of a mountain lengtheneth before the setting sun,
If that screening Alp have darkened all the canton,—

Fame groweth to its great ones; their images loom larger in departing;

The shadow of mind is light, and earth is filled with its glory.

O thou, student of the truth, commended to the praise of God,
Wilst thou find applause with men?—seek it not, nor shun it.

Eternal fame is roofed in cedar, and her walls are marble;

Learn fame lodgeth in a hut, a slight and temporary dwelling:

Not up the treasures of thy soul within so damp a chamber,
The moth of detraction shall fret thy robe, and drop its eggs upon thy motive:

The rust of disheartening reserve shall spoil the lustre of thy gold,
If its burnished beauty shall be dim as tarnished brass;

Or thieves, breaking through to steal, shall claim thy jewelled thoughts,
And turn to charge the theft on thee, a pilferer from them !

There is a magnanimity in recklessness of fame, so fame be well deserving,
That rusheth on in fearless might, the conscious sense of merit :
And there is a littleness in jealousy of fame, looking as aware of weakness,

That creepeth cautiously along, afraid that its title will be challenged.
The wild boar, full of beechmast, flingeth him down among the brambles ;
Secure in bristly strength, without a watch, he sleepeth :
But the hare, afraid to feed, croucheth in its own soft form ;
Wakefully with timid eyes, and quivering ears, he listeneth.
Even so, a giant's might is bound up in the soul of Genius,
His neck is strong with confidence, and he goeth tusked with power :
Sturdily he roameth in the forest, or sunneth him in fen and field,
And scareth from his marshy lair a host of fearful foes.
But there is a mimic Talent, whose safety lieth in its quickness,
A timorous thing of doubling guile, that scarce can face a friend :
This one is captious of reproof, provident to snatch occasion,
Greedy of applause, and vex to lose one tittle of the glory.
He is a poor warder of his fame, who is ever on the watch to keep it spotless ;

Such care argueth debility, a garrison relying on its sentinel.
Passive strength shall scorn excuses, patiently waiting a reaction,
He wotteth well that truth is great, and must prevail at last :
But fretful weakness hasteth to explain, anxiously dreading prejudice,
And ignorant that perishable falsehood dieth as a branch cut off.

Purity of motive and nobility of mind shall rarely condescend
To prove its rights, and prate of wrongs, or evidence its worth to others.
And it shall be small care to the high and happy conscience
What jealous friends, or envious foes, or common fools may judge.
Should the lion turn and rend every snarling jackal,
Or an eagle be stopt in his career to punish the petulance of sparrows ?
Should the palm-tree bend his crown to chide the briar at his feet,
Nor kindly help its climbing, if it hope, and be ambitious ?
Should the nightingale account it worth her pains to vindicate her music,
Before some sorry finches, that affect to judge of song ?
No : many an injustice, many a sneer, and slur,
Is passed aside with noble scorn by lovers of true fame :

For well they wot that glory shall be tinctured good or evil,
By the character of those who give it, as wine is flavoured by the wine-
skin :

So that worthy fame floweth only from a worthy fountain,
But from an ill-conditioned troop the best report is worthless.
And if the sensibility of genius count his injuries in secret,
Wisely will he hide the pains a hardened herd would mock :
For the great mind well may be sad to note such littleness in brethren,
The while he is comforted and happy in the firmest assurance of desert.

Cease awhile, gentle scholar ;—seek other thoughts and themes ;
Or dazzling Fame with wildfire light will lure us on for ever.
For look, all subjects of the mind may range beneath its banner,
And time would fail and patience droop, to count that numerous host.
The mine is deep, and branching wide,—and who can work it out ?
Years of thought would leave untold the boundless topic, Fame.
Every matter in the universe is linked in suchwise unto others,
That a deep full treatise upon one thing might reach to the history of all
things :

And before some single thesis had been followed out in all its branches,
The wandering thinker would be lost in the pathless forest of existence.
What were the matter or the spirit, that hath no part in Fame ?
Where were the fact irrelevant, or the fancy out of place ?
For the handling of that mighty theme should stretch from past to future,
Catching up the present on its way, as a traveller burdened with time.
All manner of men, their deeds, hopes, fortunes, and ambitions,
All manner of events and things, climate, circumstance, and custom,
Wealth and war, fear and hope, contentment, jealousy, devotion,
Skill and learning, truth, falsehood, knowledge of things gone and things
to come,

Pride and praise, honour and dishonour, warnings, ensamples, emulations,
The excellent in virtues, and the reprobate in vice, with the cloud of in-
different spectators,—

Wave on wave with flooding force throng the shoals of thought,
Filling that immeasurable theme, the height and depth of Fame.
With soul unsatisfied and mind dismayed, my feet have touched the thres-
hold,

Fain to pour these flowers and fruits an offering on that altar :
Lo, how vast the temple,—there are clouds within the dome !
Yet might the huge expanse be filled, with volumes writ on Fame.

Of Flattery.

Music is commended of the deaf;—but is that praise despised?
I trow not: with flattered soul the musician heard him gladly.
Beauty is commended of the blind:—but is that compliment misliking?
I trow not: though false and insincere, woman listened greedily.
Vacant Folly talketh high of Learning's deepest reason;
Is she hated for her hollowness?—learning held her wiser for the nonce.
The worldly and the sensual, to gain some end, did homage to religion:
And the good man gave thanks as for a convert, where others saw the hypocrite.

Not none of these were cheated at the heart, nor steadily believed those flatteries;
They feared the core was rotten, while they hoped the skin was sound:
But the fruits have so sweet fragrance, and are verily so pleasant to the eyes,
It were an ungracious disenchantment to find them apples of Sodom.
So they laboured to think all honest, winking hard with both their eyes;
And hushed up every whisper that could prove that praise absurd:
They willingly regard not the infirmities that make such worship vain,
And palliate to their own fond hearts the faults they will not see.
For the idol rejoiceth in his incense, and loveth not to shame his sup-
pliants,
Should he seek to find them false, his honours die with theirs:
An offering is welcome for its own sake, set aside the giver,
And praise is precious to a man, though uttered by the parrot or the
mocking-bird.

The world is full of fools; and sycophancy liveth on the foolish:
So he groweth great and rich, that fawning supple parasite.
Sometimes he boweth like a reed, cringing to the pompousness of pride,

**Sometimes he strutteth as a gallant, pampering the fickleness of vanity ;
 I have known him listen with the humble, enacting silent marveller,
 To hear some purse-proud dunce expound his poverty of mind :
 I have heard him wrangle with the obstinate, vowing that he will not be
 convinced,**

**When some weak youth hath wisely feared the chance of ill success :
 Now, he will barely be a winner,—to magnify thy triumphs afterward ;
 Now, he will hardly be a loser,—but cannot cease to wonder at thy skill :
 He laudeth his own worth, that the leader may have glory in his follower ;
 He meekly confesseth his unworthiness, that the leader may have glory
 in himself.**

**Many wiles hath he, and many modes of catching,
 But every trap is selfishness, and every bait is praise.**

Come, I would forewarn thee and forearm thee ; for keen are the weapons of his warfare ;

**And, while my soul hath scorned him, I have watched his skill from far.
 His thoughts are full of guile, deceitfully combining contrarieties,
 And when he doeth battle in a man, he is leagued with traitorous Self-
 love.**

**Strange things have I noted, and opposite to common fancy ;
 We leave the open surface, and would plumb the secret depths.
 For he will magnify a lover, even to disparaging his mistress :
 So much wisdom, goodness, grace,—and all to be enslaved ?
 Till the Narcissus, self-enamoured, whelmed in floods of flattery,
 Is cheated from the constancy and fervency of love by friendship's subtle
 praise.**

**Moreover, he will glorify a parent, even to the censure of his child,—
 O degenerate scion, of a stock so excellent and noble !**

**Scant will be in well-earned praise of a son before his father ;
 And rarely commendeth to a mother her daughter's budding beauty :
 Yet shall he extol the daughter to her father, and be warm about the
 son before his mother ;**

**Knowing that self-love entereth not, to resist applause with jealousies.
 Wisely is he sparing of hyperbole where vehemence of praise would
 humble,**

**For many a father liketh ill to be counted second to his son :
 And shrewdly the flatterer hath reckoned on a self still lurking in the
 mother,**

When his tongue was slow to speak of graces in the daughter.

But, if he descend a generation, to the grandsire his talk is of the grandson,

Because in such high praise he hideth the honours of the son ;
And the daughter of a daughter may well exceed, in beauty, love, and learning,

For unconsciously old age perceived — she cannot be my rival.

These are of the deep things of flattery : and many a shallow sycophant
Hath marvelled ill that praise of children seldom won their parents.

This therefore note, unto detection : flattery can sneer as well as smile ;
And a master in the craft wotteth well, that his oblique thrust is surest.

Flattery sticketh like a burr, holding to the soil with anchors,

A vital, natural, subtle seed, everywhere hardy and indigenous.

Go to the storehouse of thy memory, and take what is readiest to thy hand, —

The noble deed, the clever phrase, for which thy pride was flattered :

Oh, it hath been dwelt upon in solitude, and comforted thy heart in crowds,

It hath made thee walk as in a dream, and lifted up the head above thy fellows ;

It hath compensated months of gloom, that minute of sweet sunshine,

Drying up the pools of apathy, and kindling the fire of ambition :

Yea, the flavour of that spice, mingled in the cup of life,

Shall linger even to the dregs, and still be tasted with a welcome ;

The dame shall tell her grandchild of her coy and courted youth,

And the greybeard prateth of a stranger, who praised his task at school.

Offtimes to the sluggard and the dull, flattery hath done good service,
Quickening the mind to emulation, and encouraging the heart that failed.

Even so, a stimulating poison, wisely tendered by the leech,

Shall speed the pulse, and rally life, and cheat astonished death.

For, as a timid swimmer ventureth afloat with bladders,

Until self-confidence and growth of skill have made him spurn their aid,

Thus commendation may be prudent, where a child hath ill deserved it ;

But praise unmerited is flattery, and the cure will bring its cares :

For thy son may find thee out, and thou shalt rue the remedy :

Yea, rather, where thou canst not praise, be honest in rebuke.

I have seen the objects of a flatterer mirrored clearly on the surface,
Where self-love scattereth praise, to gather praise again.

This is a commodity of merchandise, words put out at interest :
 A scheme for canvassing opinions, and tinging them all with partiality.
 He is but a harmless fool ; humour him with pitiful good nature :
 If a poetaster quote thy song, be thou tender to his poem :
 Did the painter praise thy sketch ? be kind, commend his picture ;
 He looketh for a like return ; then thank him with thy praise.
 In these small things with these small minds count thou the sycophant a
 courtier,
 And pay back, as blindly as ye may, the too transparent honour.

Else, where the flattery is delicate, coming unobtrusive and in season,
 Though thou be suspicious of its truth, be generous at least to its gen-
 tility.

The skilful thief of Lacedæmon^m had praise before his judges,
 And many caitiffs win applause for genius in their callings.
 Moreover, his meaning may be kind,—and thou art a debtor to his
 tongue ;

Hasten well to pay the debt, with charity and shrewdness :
 He must not think thee caught, nor feel himself discovered,
 Nor find thine answering compliment as hollow as his own.
 Though he be a smiling enemy, let him heed thee as the fearless and the
 friendly ;

A searching look, a poignant word, may prove thou art aware :
 Still, with compassion to the frail, though keen to see his soul,
 Let him not fear for thy discretion : see thou keep his secret, and thine
 own.

Where, where the flattery is gross, a falsehood clear and fulsome,
 Crush the venomous toad, and spare not for a jewel in his head.
 Tell the presumptuous in flattery, that or ever he bespatter thee with
 praise,

It might be well to stop and ask how little it were worth :
 Thou hast not solicited his suffrage,—let him not force thee to refuse it,
 Look to it, man, thy fence is foiled,—and thus we spoil the plot.
 Self-knowledge goeth armed, girt with many weapons,
 But carrieth whips for flattery, to lash it like a slave :
 But the dunce in that great science goeth as a greedy tunny,
 To gorge both bait and hook, unheeding all but appetite :
 He smelleth praise and swalloweth,—yea, though it be palpable and plain,
 Say unto him, Folly, thou art Wisdom,—he will bless thee for thy lie.

Flatterer, thou shalt rue thy trade, though it have many present gains;
 Those varnished wares may sell apace, yet shall they spoil thy credit.
 Thine is the intoxicating cup, which whoso drinketh it shall nauseate:
 Thine is trickery and cheating; but deception never pleased for long.
 And though while fresh thy fragrance seemed even as the dews of charity,
 Yet afterwards it fouled thy censer, as with savour of stale smoke.
 For the great mind detected thee at once, answering thine emptiness
 with pity,

He saw thy self-interested zeal, and was not cozened by vain-glory:
 And the little mind is bloated with the praise, scorning him who gave it,
 A fool shall turn to be thy tyrant, an thou hast dubbed him great:
 And the medium mind of common men, loving first thy music,
 After, when the harmonies are done, shall feel small comfort in their
 echoes;

For either he shall know thee false, conscious of contrary deservings,
 And, hating thee for falsehood, soon will scorn himself for truth,
 Or, if in aught to toilsome merit honest praise be due,
 Though for a season, belike, his weakness hath been raptured at thy
 witching,

Shall he not speedily perceive, to the vexing of his disappointed spirit,
 That thine exaggerative tongue hath robbed him of fair fame?
 Thou hast paid in forger's coins, and he had earned true money:
 For the substance of just praise, thou hast put him off with shadows
 of the sycophant:

Thou art all things to all men, for ends false and selfish,
 Therefore shalt be nothing unto any one, when those thine ends are seen.

Turn aside, young scholar, turn from the song of Flattery!
 She hath the Siren's musical voice, to ravish and betray.
 Her tongue droppeth honey, but it is the honey of Anticyra;
 Her face is a mask of fascination, but there hideth deformity behind;
 Her coming is the presence of a queen, heralded by courtesy and beauty,
 But, going away, her train is held by the hideous dwarf, Disgust.

Know thyself, thine evil as thy good, and flattery shall not harm thee:
 Yea, her speech shall be a warning, a humbling and a guide.
 For wherein thou lackest most, there chiefly will the sycophant com-
 mend thee,
 And then most warmly will congratulate, when a man hath least
 deserved.

Behold, she is doubly a traitor; and will underrate her victim's best,
That, to the comforting of conscience, she may plead his worse for better.

Therefore, is she dangerous,—as every lie is dangerous:
Believe her tales, and perish: if thou act upon such counsel.
Her aims are thine not thee, thy wealth and not thy welfare,
Thy suffrage not thy safety, thine aid and not thine honour.
Moreover, with those aims insured, ceaseth all her glozing;
She hath used thee as a handle,—but her hand was wise to turn it:
Thus will she glorify her skill, that it deftly caught thy kindness,
Thus will she scorn thy kindness, so pliable and easy to her skill.
And then, the flatterer will turn to be thy foe, the bitterest and hottest,
Because he oweth thee much hate to pay off many humblings.
Thinkest thou now that he is high, he loveth the remembrance of his
lowliness,

The servile manner, the dependent smile, the conscience self-abased?
No, this hour is his own, and the flatterer will be found a busy mocker;
He that hath saved thee with his tongue, shall now gnash upon thee with
his teeth,

Yea, he will be leader in the laugh,—silly one, to listen to thy loss,
We scarce had hoped to lime and take another of the fools of flattery.

At the last; have charity, young scholar,—yea, to the sycophant convicted;
Be not a Brutus to thyself, nor stern in thine own cause.
Pardon exaggerated praise; for there is a natural impulse,
Spurring on the nobler mind, to colour facts by feelings:
Take an indulgent view of each man's interest in self,
Be large and liberal in excuses; is not that infirmity thine own?
Search thy soul and be humble; and mercy abideth with humility;
So that, yea, the insincere may find thee pitiful, and love thee.
Mildly put aside, without rudeness of repulse, the pampering hand of
flattery,

For courtesy and kindness have gone beneath its guise, and ill shouldst
thou rebuke them.

Thou art incapable of theft; but flowers in the garden of a friend
Are thine to pluck with confidence, and it were unfriendliness to hesitate:
Thou abhorrest flattery: but a generous excess in praise
Is thine to yield with honest heart, and false were the charity to doubt it;
The difference lieth in thine aim; kindness and good are of charity,
But selfish, harmful, vile, and bad, is flattery's evil end,

Of Neglect.

Generous and righteous is thy grief, slighted child of sensibility;
For kindness enkindleth love, but the waters of indifference quench it:
Thy soul is athirst for sympathy, and hungereth to find affection,
The tender scions of thy heart yearn for the sunshine of good feeling;
And it is an evil thing and bitter, when the cheerful face of Charity,
Going forth gaily in the morning to woo the world with smiles,
Is met by those wayfaring men with coldness, suspicion, and repulse,
And turneth into hard dead stone at the Gorgon^m visage of Neglect.
O brother, warm and young, covetous of others' favour,
I see thee checked and chilled, sorrowing for censure or forgetfulness:
Let coarse and common minds despise—that wounding of thy vanity,
Alas, I note a sorer cause, the blighting of thy love;
Let the callous sensual deride thee,—disappointed of thy praise,
Alas, thou hast a juster grief, defrauded of their kindness:
It is a theme for tears to feel the soft heart hardening,
The frozen breath of apathy sealing up the fountain of affection;
It is a pang, keen only to the best, to be injured well-deserving,
And slumbering Neglect is injury,—Could ye not watch one hour?
When God himself complained, it was that none regarded,
And indifference bowed to the rebuke, Thou gavest Me no kiss when I
came in.

Moreover, praise is good; honour is a treasure to be hoarded;
A good man's praise foreshadoweth God's, and in His smile is heaven:
But men walk on in hardihood, steeling their sinfulness to censure,
And when rebuke is ridiculed, the love of praise were an infirmity;
The judge thou heedest not in fear, cannot have deep homage of thy hope,
And who then is the wise of this world, that will own he trembleth at his
fellows?

Calm, careless, and insensible, he mocketh blame or calumny,
Neither should his dignity be humbled to some pittance of their praise:
The rather, let false pride affect to trample on the treasure

Which evermore in secret strength unconquered Nature prizeth ;
 Rather, shall he stifle now the rising bliss of triumph,
 Lest after, in the world's Neglect, he must acknowledge bitterness.

For lo, that world is wide, a huge and crowded continent,
 Its brazen sun is mammon, and its iron soil is care :
 A world full of men, where each man clingeth to his idol ;
 A world full of men, where each man cherisheth his sorrow ;
 A world full of men, multitude shoaling upon multitude ;
 A surging sea, where every wave is burdened with an argosy of self ;
 A boundless beach, where every stone is a separate microscopic world ;
 A forest of innumerable trees, where every root is independent.

What then is the marvel or the shame, if units be lost among the million ?
 Canst thou reasonably murmur, if a leaf drop off unnoticed ?
 Wondrous in architecture, intricate and beautiful, delicately tinged and
 scented,
 Exquisite of feeling and mysterious in life, none cared for its growth, or
 its decay :

None ? yea,—no one of its fellows,—nor cedar, palm, nor bramble,—
 None ? its twinborn brother scarcely missed it from the spray :
 None ?—if none indeed, then man's neglect were bitterness ;
 And Life a land without a sun, a globe without a God !
 Yea, flowers in the desert, there be that love your beauty ;
 Yea, jewels in the sea, there be that prize your brightness ;
 Children of unmerited oblivion, there be that watch and woo you,
 And many tend your sweets, with gentle ministering care :
 Thronging spirits of the happy, and the ever-present Good One
 Yearning seek those precious things, man hath not heart to love,
 Gems of the humblest or the highest, pure and patient in their kind,
 The souls unhardened by ill usage, and uncorrupt by luxury.

And ye, poor desolates unsunned, toilers in the dark damp mine,
 Wearied daughters of oppression, crushed beneath the car of avarice,
 There be that count your tears,—He hath numbered the hairs of thy
 head,—

There be that can forgive your ill, with kind considerate pity :
 Count ye this for comfort, Justice hath her balances,
 And yet another world can compensate for all :
 The daily martyrdom of patience shall not be wanting of reward ;
 Duty is a prickly shrub, but its flower will be happiness and glory.

Ye too, the friendless, yet dependent, that find nor home nor lover,
 Sad imprisoned hearts, captive to the net of circumstance,—
 And ye, too harshly judged, noble unappreciated intellects,
 Who, capable of highest, lowlier fix your just ambition in content,—
 And chiefest, ye, famished infants of the poor, toiling for your parents'
 bread,

Tired, and sore, and un comforted the while, for want of love and learning,
 Who struggle with the pitiless machine in dull continuous conflict,
 Tasked by iron men, who care for nothing but your labour,—
 Be ye long-suffering and courageous: abide the will of Heaven;
 God is on your side; all things are tenderly remembered:
 His servants here shall help you; and where those fail you through
 Neglect,

His kingdom still hath time and space for ample discriminative Justice:
 Yes, though utterly on this bad earth ye lose both right and mercy,
 The tears that we forgot to note, our God shall wipe away.

Nevertheless, kind spirit, susceptible and guileless,
 Meek uncherished dove, in a carrion flock of fowls,
 Sensitive mimosa, shrinking from the winds that help to root the fir,
 Fragile nautilus, shipwrecked in the gale whereat the conch is glad,
 Thy sharp peculiar grief is un comforted by hope of compensation,
 For it is a delicate and spiritual wound, which the probe of pity bruiseeth:
 Yet hear how many thoughts extenuate its pain;
 Even while a kindred heart can sorrow for its presence.
 For the sting of neglect is in this,—that such as we are all, forget us,
 That men and women, kith and kin, so lightly heed of other:
 Sympathy is lacking from the guilty such as we, even where angels
 minister,

And souls of fine accord must prize a fellow-sinner's love;
 For the worst love those who love them, and the best claim heart for
 heart,

And it is a holy thirst to long for love's requital:
 Hard it will be, hard and sad, to love and be unloved,
 And many a thorn is thrust into the side of him that is forgotten.
 The oppressive silence of reserve, the frost of failing friendship,
 Affection blighted by repulse, or chilled by shallow courtesy,
 The unaided struggle, the unconsidered grief, the unesteemed self-
 sacrifice,

The gift, dear evidence of kindness, long due, but never offered,

The glance estranged, the letter flung aside, the greeting ill received,
 The services of unobtrusive care unthanked, perchance unheeded,
 These things, which hard men mock at, rend the feelings of the tender,
 For the delicate tissue of a spiritual mind is torn by those sharp barbs;
 The coldness of a trusted friend, a plenitude ending in vacuity,
 Is as if the stable world had burst a hollow bubble.

But consider, child of sensibility; the lot of men is labour,
 Labour for the mouth, or labour in the spirit, labour stern and individual.
 Worldly cares and worldly hopes exact the thoughts of all,
 And there is a necessary selfishness, rooted in each mortal breast.
 The plans of prudence, or the whisperings of pride, or all-absorbing
 reveries of love,
 Ambition, grief, or fear, or joy, set each man for himself:
 Therefore, the centre of a cycle, whereunto all the universe convergeth,
 Is seen in fallen solitude, the naked selfish heart:
 Stripped of conventional deceptions, untrammelled from the harness of
 society,

We all may read one little word engraved on all we do;
 Other men, what are they unto us? the age, the mass, the million,—
 We segregate, distinct from generalities, that isolated particle, a self:
 It is the very law of our life, a law for soul and body,
 An earthly law for earthly men, toiling in responsible probation.
 For each is the all unto himself, disguise it as we may,
 Each infinite, each most precious; yet even as a nothing to his neighbour.
 O consider, we be crowding up an avenue, trapped in the decoy of time,
 Behind us the irrevocable past, before us the illimitable future:
 What wonder is there, if the traveller, wayworn, hopeful, fearful,
 Burdened himself, so lightly heed the burden of his brother?
 How shouldst thou marvel and be sad, that the pilgrims trouble not to
 learn thee,

When each hath to master for himself the lessons of life and immortality?

Moreover, what art thou,—so vainly impatient of Neglect,
 Where then is thy worthiness, that so thou claimest honour?
 Let the true judgment of humility reckon up thine ill deserts,
 How little is there to be loved, how much to stir up scorn!
 The double heart, the bitter tongue, the rash and erring spirit,
 Be these, ye purest among men, your passports unto favour?
 It is mercy in the Merciful, and justice in the Just, to be jealous of his
 creature's love,

But how should evil or duplicity arrogate affection to itself?
 Where love is happiness and duty, to be jealous of that love is godlike,
 But who can reverence the guilty? who findeth pleasure in the mean?
 Check the presumption of thy hopes: thankfully take refuge in obscurity,
 Or, if thou claimest merit, thy sin shall be proclaimed upon the housetops.

Yet again: consider them of old, the good, the great, the learned,
 Who have blessed the world by wisdom, and glorified their God by purity.
 Did those speed in favour? were they the loved and the admired?
 Was every prophet had in honour? and every deserving one remembered
 to his praise?

What shall I say of yonder band, a glorious cloud of witnesses,
 The scorned, defamed, insulted,—but the excellent of earth?
 It were weariness to count up noble names, neglected in their lives,
 Whom none esteemed, nor cared to love, till death had sealed them his.
 For good men are the health of the world, valued only when it perisheth,
 Like water, light, and air, all precious in their absence.

Who hath considered the blessing of his breath, till the poison of an
 asthma struck him?

Who hath regarded the just pulses of his heart, till spasm or paralysis
 have stopped them?

Even thus, an unobserved routine of daily grace and wisdom,
 When no more here, had worship of a world, whose penitence atoned for
 its neglect.

And living genius is seen among infirmities, wherefrom the commoner
 are free;

And other rival men of mind crowd this arena of contention;
 And there be many cares; and a man knoweth little of his brother;
 Feebly we appreciate a motive, and slowly keep pace with a feeling:
 And social difference is much; and experience teacheth sadly,
 How great the treachery of friends, how dangerous the courtesy of ene-
 mies.

So, the sum of all these things operateth largely upon all men,
 Hedging us about with thorns, to cramp our yearning sympathies,
 And we grow materialized in mind, forgetting what we see not,
 But, immersed in perceptions of the present, keep things absent out of
 thought:

Thus, where ingratitude, and guilt, and labour, and selfishness would
 harden,

Humbly will the good man bow, unmurmuring, to Neglect.

Yet once more, griever at neglect, hear me to thy comfort, or rebuke:
 For, after all thy just complaint, the world is full of love
 O heart of childhood, tender, trusting, and affectionate,
 O youth, warm youth, full of generous attentions,
 O woman, self-forgetting woman, poetry of human life,
 And not less thou, O man, so often the disinterested brother,
 Many a smile of love, many a tear of pity,
 Many a word of comfort, many a deed of magnanimity,
 Many a stream of milk and honey pour ye freely on the earth,
 And many a rosebud of love rejoiceth in the dew of your affection.
 Neglect? O liberal world, for thine are many prizes:
 Neglect? O charitable world, where thousands feed on bounty;
 Neglect? O just world, for thy judgments err not often;
 Neglect? O libel on a world where half that world is woman!
 Where is the afflicted, whose voice, once heard, stirreth not a host of
 comforters?
 Where is the sick untended, or in prison, and they visited him not?
 The hungry is fed, and the thirsty satisfied, till ability set limits to the
 will,
 And those who did it unto them, have done it unto God!
 For human benevolence is large, though many matters dwarf it,
 Prudence, ignorance, imposture, and the straitenings of circumstance
 and time.
 And if to the body, so to the mind, the mass of men are generous;
 Their estimate who know us best, is seldom seen to err;
 Be sure the fault is thine, as pride, or shallowness, or vanity,
 If all around thee, good and bad, neglect thy seeming merit:
 No man yet deserved, who found not some to love him;
 And he, that never kept a friend, need only blame himself:
 Many for unworthiness will droop and die, but all are not unworthy;
 It must indeed be cold clay soil, that killeth every seed.
 Therefore, examine thy state, O self-accounted martyr of Neglect,
 It may be, thy merit is a cubit, and thy measure thereof a furlong;
 But grant it greater than thy thoughts, and grant that men thy fellows
 For pleasure, business, or interest, misuse, forget, neglect thee,—
 Still be thou conqueror in this, the consciousness of high deservings;
 Let it suffice thee to be worthy; faint not thou for praise;
 For that thou art, be grateful; go humbly even in thy confidence;
 And set thy foot upon the neck of an enemy so harmless as Neglect.

Of Contentment.

Godliness with Contentment,—these be the pillars of felicity,
Jachin, wherewithal it is established, and **Boaz**, in the which is strength;
And upon their capitals is lily-work, the lotus fruit and flower,
Those fair and fragrant types of holiness, innocence, and beauty;
Great gain pertaineth to the pillars, nets and chains of wreathen gold,
And they stand up straight in the temple porch, the house where **Glory**
dwelleth.

The body craveth meats, and the spirit is athirst for peacefulness;
He that hath these, hath enough; for all beyond is vanity.
Surfeit vaulteth over pleasure, to light upon the hither side of pain;
And great store is great care, the rather if it mightily increaseth.
Albeit too little is a trouble, yet too much shall swell into an evil,
If wisdom stand not nigh to moderate the wishes:
For covetousness never had enough, but moaneth at its wants for ever,
And rich men have commonly more need to be taught contentment than
the poor.

That hungry chasm in their market-place gapeth still unsatisfied,
Yea, fling in all the wealth of Rome,—it asketh higher victims;
So, when the miser's gold cannot fill the measure of his lust,
Curtius must leap into the pit, and avarice shall close upon his life."

Behold Independence in his rags, all too easily contented,
Careful for nothing, thankful for much, and uncomplaining in his poverty:
Such an one have I somewhere seen earn his crust with gladness;
He is a gatherer of simples, culling wild herbs upon the hills;
And now, as he sitteth on the beach, with his motherless child beside him,
To rest them in the cheerful sun, and sort their mints and horehound,—
Tell me, can ye find upon his forehead the cloud of covetous anxiety,
Or note the dull unkindled eyes of sated sons of pleasure?—

For there is more joy of life with that poor picker of the ditches,
Than among the multitude of wealthy who wed their gains to discontent.

I have seen many rich, burdened with the fear of poverty,
I have seen many poor, buoyed with all the carelessness of wealth :
For the rich had the spirit of a pauper, and the moneyless a liberal heart ;
The first enjoyeth not for having, and the latter hath nothing but enjoyment.

None is poor but the mean in mind, the timorous, the weak, and unbelieving ;

None is wealthy but the affluent in soul, who is satisfied and floweth over.
The poor-rich is attenuate for fears, the rich-poor is fattened upon hopes ;
Cheerfulness is one man's welcome, and the other warneth from him by his gloom.

Many poor have the pleasures of the rich, even in their own possessions ;
And many rich miss the poor man's comforts, and yet feel all his cares.
Liberty is affluence, and the Helots' of anxiety never can be counted wealthy ;

But he that is disenthralled from fear, goeth for the time a king ;
He is royal, great, and opulent, living free of fortune,
And looking on the world as owner of its good, the Maker's child and heir :

Whereas, the covetous is slavish, a very Midas in his avarice,
Full of dismal dreams, and starved amongst his treasures :
The ceaseless spur of discontent goaded him with instant apprehension,
And his thirst for gold could never be quenched, for he drank with the throat of Crassus."

Vanity, and dreary disappointment, care, and weariness, and envy ;
Vanity is graven upon all things ; wisely spake the preacher.
For ambition is a burning mountain, thrown up amid the turbid sea,
A Stromboli in sullen pride above the hissing waves ;
And the statesman climbing there, forgetful of his patriot intentions,
Shall hate the strife of each rough step, or ever he hath toiled midway :
And every truant from his home, the happy home of duty,
Shall live to loathe his eminence of cares, that seething smoke and lava.
Contentment is the temperate repast, flowing with milk and honey ;
Ambition is the drunken orgy, fed by liquid flames :
A black and bitter frown is stamped upon the forehead of Ambition,
But fair Contentment's angel-face is rayed with winning smiles.

There was in Tyre a merchant, the favourite child of fortune,
 An opulent man with many ships, to trade in many climes;
 And he rose up early to his merchandize, after feverish dreaming,
 And lay down late to his hot unrest, overwhelmed with calculated cares.
 So, day by day, and month by month, and year by year, he gained;
 And grew grey, and waxed great; for money brought him all things.
 All things?—verily, not all; the kernel of the nut is lacking,—
 His mind was a stranger to content, and as for Peace, he knew her not:
 Luxuries palled upon his palate, and his eyes were satiate with purple;
 He could coin much gold, but buy no happiness with it.
 And on a day, a day of dread, in the heat of inordinate ambition,
 When he threw with a gambler's hand, to lose or to double his possessions,
 The chance hit him,—he had speculated ill,—and men began to whisper:—
 Those he trusted, failed; and their usuries had bribed him deeply,
 One ship foundered out at sea,—and another met the pirate,—
 And so, with broken fortunes, men discreetly shunned him.
 He was a stricken stag, and went to hide away in solitude,
 And there in humility, he thought,—he resolved, and promptly acted:
 From the wreck of all his splendours, from the dregs of the goblet of
 affluence,
 He saved with management a morsel and a drop, for his daily cup and
 platter:
 And lo, that little was enough, and in enough was competence;
 His cares were gone,—he slept by night, and lived at peace by day;
 Cured of his guilty selfishness,—money's love, envy, competition,—
 He lived to be thankful in a cottage that he had lost a palace:
 For he found in his abasement, what he vainly had sought in high estate,
 Both mind and body well at ease, though robed in the russet of the lowly.

Once more; a certain priest, happy in his high vocation,
 With faith, and hope, and charity, well served his village altar;
 As men count riches, he was poor; but great were his treasures in
 heaven,
 And great his joys on earth, for God's sake doing good:
 He had few cares and many consolations, one of the welcome everywhere;
 The labourer accounted him his friend, and magnates did him honour at
 their table:
 With a large heart and little means he still made many grateful,
 And felt as the centre of a circle, of comfort, calmness, and content.
 But on a weaker sabbath,—for he preached both well and wisely,—

Some casual hearer loudly praised his great neglected talents:

Why should he be buried in obscurity, and throw these pearls to swine?

Could he not still be doing good,—the whilst he pushed his fortunes?

Then came temptation, even on the spark of discontent:

The neighbouring town had a pulpit to be filled; hotly did he canvass,
and won it:

Now was he popular and courted, and listened to the spell of admiration,
And toiled to please the taste, rather than to pierce the conscience.

Greedily he sought, and seeking found, the patronizing notice of the
great;

He thirsted for emoluments and honours, and counted rich men happy:

So he flattered, so he preached; and gold and fame flowed in,

They flowed in,—he was reaping his reward,—and felt himself a fool.

Alas, what a shadow was he following,—how precious was the substance
he had left!

Man for God, gold for good, this was his miserable bargain.

The village church, its humble flock, and humbler parish priest,

Zeal, devotion, and approving heaven,—his books, and simple life,

His little farm and flower-beds,—his recreative rambles with a friend,

And haply at eventide the leaping trouts, to help their humble fare,

All these wretchedly exchanged for what the world called fortune,

With the harrowing conscience of a state relapsed to vain ambitions.

Then,—for God was gracious to his soul,—his better thoughts returned,

And better aims with better thoughts, his holy walk of old.

Sickened of style, and ostentation, and the dissipative fashions of society,

He deserted from the ranks of Mammon, and renewed his allegiance to
God:

For he found that the praises of men, and all that gold can give,

Are not worthy to be named, against godliness and calm contentment

Of Life.

A child was playing in a garden, a merry little child,
Bounding with triumphant health, and full of happy fancies;
His kite was floating in the sunshine,—but he tied the string to a twig
And ran among the roses to catch a new-born butterfly;
His horn-book lay upon a bank, but the pretty truant hid it,
Buried up in gathered grass, and moss, and sweet wild-thyme;
He launched a paper boat upon the fountain, then wayward turned aside,
To twine some vagrant jessamines about the dripping marble:
So, in various pastime shadowing the schemes of manhood,
That curly-headed boy consumed the golden hours:
And I blessed his glowing face, envying the merry little child,
As he shouted with the ecstasy of being, clapping his hands for joyfulness:
For I said, Surely, O Life, thy name is happiness and hope,
Thy days are bright, thy flowers are sweet, and pleasure the condition
of thy gift.

A youth was walking in the moonlight, walking not alone,
For a fair and gentle maid leant on his trembling arm:
Their whispering was still of beauty, and the light of love was in their
eyes,
Their twin young hearts had not a thought unwowed to love and beauty:
The stars, and the sleeping world, and the guardian eye of God,
The murmur of the distant waterfall, and nightingales warbling in the
thicket,
Sweet speech of years to come, and promises of fondest hope,
And more, a present gladness in each other's trust,
All these fed their souls with the hidden manna of affection,
While their faces shone beatified in the radiance of reflected Eden:
I gazed on that fond youth, and coveted his heart,

Attuned to holiest symphonies, with music in its strings:
 For I said, Surely, O Life, thy name is love and beauty,
 Thy joys are full, thy looks most fair, thy feelings pure and sensitive.

A man sat beside his merchandize, a careworn altered man,
 His waking hope, his nightly fear, were money, and its losses:
 Rarely was the laugh upon his cheek, except in bitter scorn
 For his foolishness of heart, and the lie of its romance, counting Love a
 treasure.

His talk is of stern Reality, chilling unimaginative facts,
 The dull material accidents of this sensual body;
 Lucreless honour were contemptible, impoverished affection but a pauper's riches,
 Duty, struggling unrewarded, the bargain of a cheated fool;
 The market value of a fancy must be measured by the gain it bringeth,
 No man is fed or clothed by fame, or love, or duty:—
 So toiled he day by day, that cold and joyless man;
 I gazed upon his haggard face, and sorrowed for the change:
 For I said, Surely, O Life, thy name is care and weariness,
 Thy soil is parched, thy winds are fierce, and the suns above thee
 hardening.

A withered elder lay upon his bed, a desolate man and feeble:
 His thoughts were of the past, the early past, the by-gone days of youth:
 Bitterly repented he the years stolen by the God of this world:
 Remembering the maiden of his love, and the heart-stricken wife of his
 selfishness.

For the sunshiny morning of life came again to him a vivid truth,
 But the years of toil as a long dim dream, a cloudy blighted noon:
 He saw the nutting schoolboy, but forgot the speculative merchant;
 The callous calculating husband was shamed by the generous lover:
 He knew that the weeds of worldliness, and the smoky breath of Mammon
 Had choked and killed those tender shoots, his yearnings after honour
 and affection:

So was he sick at heart, and my pity strove to cheer him,
 But a deep and dismal gulph lay between comfort and his soul.
 Then I said, Surely, O Life, thy name is vanity and sorrow,
 Thy storms at noon are many, and thine eventide is clouded by remorse.

Now, when I thought upon these things, my heart was grieved within me:
 I wept, with bitterness of speech, and these were the words of my complaining;

"Wherefore then must happiness and love wither into care and vanity,—
Wherefore is the bud so beautiful, but flower and fruit so blighted?
Hard is the lot of man; to be lured by the meteor of romance,
Only to be snared, and to sink in the turbid mudpool of reality."

Suddenly, a light,—and a rushing presence,—and a consciousness of
Something near me,—

I trembled, and listened, and prayed: then I knew the Angel of Life:
Vague, and dimly visible, mine eye could not behold him,
As, calmly unimpassioned, he looked upon an erring creature;
Unseen, my spirit apprehended him; though he spake not, yet I heard:
For a sympathetic communing with Him flashed upon my mind electric.

Pensioner of God, be grateful; the gift of Life is good:
The Life of heart, and life of soul, mingled with life for the body.
Gladness and beauty are its just inheritance,—the beauty thou hast
counted for romance:

And guardian spirits weep that selfishness and sorrow should destroy it.
Thou hast seen the natural blessing marred into a curse by man;
Come then, in favour will I show thee the proper excellence of life.
Keep thou purity, and watch against suspicion,—love shall never perish;
Guard thine innocence spotless, and the buoyancy of childhood shall re-
main:

Sweet ideals feed the soul, thoughts of loveliness delight it,
The chivalrous affection of uncalculating youth lacketh not honourable
wisdom.

Charge not folly on invisibles, that render thee happier and purer,
The fair frail visions of Romance have a use beyond the maxims of the
Real.

Rephol, a patriarch of years, who leaneth on the staff of religion;
His heart is fresh, quick to feel, a bursting fount of generosity;
He, playful in his wisdom, is gladdened in his children's gladness,
He, pure in his experience, loveth in his son's first love:
Lofty aspirations, deep affections, holy hopes are his delight;
His abhorrence is to strip from Life its charitable garment of Idea.
The cold and callous sneerer, who heedeth of the merely practical,
And mocketh at good uses in imaginary things, that man is his scorn:
The hard unsympathizing modern, filled with facts and figures,
Cautious, and coarse, and materialized in mind, that man is his pity.

Passionate thirst for gain never hath burnt within his bosom,
 The leaden chains of that dull lust have not bound him prisoner :
 The shrewd world laughed at him for honesty, the vain world mouthed
 at him for honour,
 The false world hated him for truth, the cold world despised him for af-
 fection :
 Still, he kept his treasure, the warm and noble heart,
 And in that happy wise old man survive the child and lover.
 For human Life is as Chian wine,² flavoured unto him who drinketh it,
 Delicate fragrance comforting the soul, as needful substance for the body :
 Therefore, see thou art pure and guileless ; so shall thy Realities of Life
 Be sweetened, and tempered, and gladdened by the wholesome spirit of
 Romance.

Best thou live, man, dost thou live,—or only breathe and labour ?
 Art thou free, or enslaved to a routine, the daily machinery of habit ?
 For one man is quickened into Life, where thousands exist as in a torpor,
 Feeding, toiling, sleeping, an insensate weary round :
 The plough, or the ledger, or the trade, with animal cares and indolence,
 Make the mass of vital years a heavy lump unleavened.
 Drowsily lie down in thy dullness, fettered with the irons of circumstance,
 Thou wilt not wake to think and feel a minute in a month.
 The epitome of common life is seen in the common epitaph,
 Born on such a day, and dead on such another, with an interval of
 threescore years.
 For time hath been wasted on the senses, to the hourly diminishing of
 spirit ;
 Lean is the soul and pineth, in the midst of abundance for the body :
 He forgot the worlds to which he tended, and a creature's true nobility,
 Nor wished that hope and wholesome fear should stir him from his har-
 dened satisfaction.
 And this is death in life ; to be sunk beneath the waters of the Actual,
 Without one feebly-struggling sense of an airier spiritual realm :
 Affection, fancy, feeling—dead ; imagination, conscience, faith,
 All wilfully expunged, till they leave the man mere carcase.
 See thou livest, whiles thou art : for heart must live, and soul,
 But care and sloth and sin and self, combine to kill that life.
 A man will grow to an automaton, an appendage to the counter or the
 desk,
 If mind and spirit be not roused to raise the plodding groveller.

Then praise God for sabbaths, for books, and dreams, and pains,
For the recreative face of nature, and the kindling charities of home;
And remember, thou that labourest,—thy leisure is not loss,
If it help to expose and undermine that solid falsehood, the Material.

Life is a strange avenue of various trees and flowers;
Lightsome at commencement, but darkening to its end in a distant massy
portal.

It beginneth as a little path, edged with the violet and primrose,
A little path of lawny grass, and soft to tiny feet:
Soon, spring thistles in the way, those early griefs of school,
And fruit-trees ranged on either hand show holiday delights:
Anon, the rose and the mimosa hint at sensitive affection,
And vipers hide among the grass, and briars are woven in the hedges:
Shortly, staked along in order, stand the tender saplings,
While hollow hemlock and tall ferns fill the frequent interval:
So advancing, quaintly mixed, majestic line the way
Sturdy oaks, and vigorous elms, the beech and forest-pine:
And here the road is rough with rocks, wide, and scant of herbage,
The sun is hot in heaven, and the ground is cleft and parched:
And many-times a hollow trunk, decayed, or lightning-scathed,
Or in its deadly solitude, the melancholy upas:
But soon, with closer ranks, are set the sentinel trees,
And darker shadows hover amongst Autumn's mellow tints;
Ever and anon, a holly,—junipers, and cypresses, and yews;
The soil is damp; the air is chill; night cometh on apace:
Speed to the portal, traveller,—lo, there is a moon,
With smiling light to guide thee safely through the dreadful shade:
Hark,—that hollow knock,—behold, the warder openeth,
The gate is gaping, and for thee;—those are the jaws of Death!

Of Death.

Keep silence, laughter of frivolity,—for Death is in that chamber!
Startle not with echoing sound the strangely solemn peace.
Death is here in spirit, watcher of a marble corpse,—
That eye is fixed, that heart is still,—how dreadful in its stillness!
Death, new tenant of the house, pervadeth all the fabric;
He waiteth at the head, and he standeth at the feet, and hideth in the
caverns of the breast:

Death, subtle leech, hath anatomized soul from body,
Dissecting well in every nerve its spirit from its substance:
Death, rigid lord, hath claimed the heriot clay,
While joyously the youthful soul hath gone to take his heritage:
Death, cold usurer, hath seized his bonded debtor;
Death, savage despot, hath caught his forfeit serf;
Death, blind foe, wreaketh petty vengeance on the flesh;
Death, fell cannibal, gloateth on his victim,
And carrieth it with him to the grave, that dismal banquet-hall,
Where in foul state the Royal Goul holdeth secret orgies.

Shut it up, hide it up, draw the decent curtain:
Hence! curious fool, and pry not on corruption:
For the fearful mysteries of change are being there enacted,
And many actors play their part on that small stage, the tomb.
Leave the clay, that leprous thing, touch not the fleshly garment:
Dust to dust, it mingleth well among the sacred soil:
It is scattered by the winds, it is wafted by the waves, it mixeth with
herbs and cattle,

But God hath watched those morsels, and hath guided them in care:
Each waiting soul must claim his own, when the archangel soundeth,
And all the fields, and all the hills, shall move a mass of life;
Bodies numberless crowding on the land, and covering the trampled sea,
Darkening the air precipitate, and gathered scatheless from the fire;

The Himalayan peaks shall yield their charge, and the desolate steppes
of Siberia,

The Maelström disengulph its spoil, and the iceberg manumit its captive:
All shall teem with life, the converging fragments of humanity,
Till every conscious essence greet his individual frame;
For in some dignified similitude, alike, yet different in glory,
This body shall be shaped anew, fit dwelling for the soul:
The hovel hath grown to a palace, the bulb hath burst into the flower,
Matter hath put on incorruption, and is at peace with spirit.

Amen,—and so it shall be:—but now, the scene is drear,—
Yea, though promises and hope strive to cheat its sadness;
Full of grief, though faith herself is strong to speed the soul,
For the partner of its toil is left behind to endure an ordeal of change.
Dear partner, dear and frail, my loved though humble home,—
Should I cast thee off without a pang, as a garment flung aside?
Many years, for joy and sorrow, have I dwelt in thee,
How shall I be reckless of thy weal, nor hope for thy perfection?—
This also, He that lent thee for my uses in mortality,
Shall well fulfil with boundless praise on that returning day:
Behold, thou shalt be glorified: thou, mine abject friend,—
And should I meanly scorn thy state, until it rise to greatness?
Far be it, O my soul, from thine expectant essence,
To be heedless, if indignity or folly desecrate those thine ashes:
Keep them safe with careful love; and let the mound be holy;
And, thou that passest by, revere the waiting dead.

Naples sitteth by the sea, keystone of an arch of azure,
Crowned by consenting nations peerless queen of gaiety:
She laugheth at the wrath of Ocean, she mocketh the fury of Vesuvius,
She spurneth disease and misery and famine, that crowd her sunny
streets:

The giddy dance, the merry song, the festal glad procession,
The noonday slumber and the midnight serenade,—all these make up
her Life:

Her Life?—and what her Death?—look we to the end of life,—
Solon, and Tellus the Athenian, wisely have ye pointed to the grave.
For behold yon dreary precinct,—those hundreds of stone wells,
A pit for a day, a pit for a day,—a pit to be sealed for a year:
And in the gloom of night, they raise the year-closed lid,—
Look in,—for gnawing lime hath half consumed the carcases;

Thus, they hurl the daily dead into that horrible pit,
 The dead that only died this day,—as unconsidered offal!
 There, a stark white heap, unwept, unloved, uncared for,
 Old men and maidens, young men and infants, mingle in hideous corruption;

Fling in the gnawing lime,—seal up the charnel for a year
 For lo, a morrow's dawn hath tinged the mountain summit.
 O fair false city, thou gay and gilded harlot,
 Woe, for thy wanton heart, woe, for thy wicked hardness:
 Woe unto thee, that the lightsomeness of Life, beneath Italian suns,
 Should meet the solemnity of Death, in a sepulchre so foul and fearful.

For that, even to the best, the wise and pure and pious,
 Death, repulsive king, thine iron rule is terrible:
 Yea, and even at the best, in company of buried kindred,
 With hallowing rites, and friendly tears, and the dear old country church,
 Death, cold and lonely, thy frigid face is hateful,
 The bravest look on thee with dread, the humblest curse thy coming.
 Still, ye unwise among mankind, your foolishness hath added fears;
 The crowded cemetery, the catacomb of bones, the pestilential vault,
 With fancy's gliding ghost at eve, her moans and flaky footfalls,
 And the gibbering train of terror to fright your coward hearts.
 We speak not here of sin, nor the phantoms of a bloody conscience,
 Nor of solaces, and merciful pardon: we heed but the inevitable grave;
 The grave, that wage of guilt, that due return to dust,
 The grave, that goal of earth, and starting-post for Heaven.

Plant it with laurels, sprinkle it with lilies, set it upon yonder dewy hill
 Midst holy prayers, and generous grief, and consecrating blessings:
 Let Sophocles sleep among his ivy, green perennial garlands,
 Let olives shade their Virgil, and roses bloom above Corinne;
 To his foster-mother, Ocean, entrust the mariner in hope;
 The warrior's spirit, let it rise on high from the flaming fragrant pyre.
 But heap not coffins and corruption to infect the mass of living,
 Nor steal from odious realities the charitable poetry of Death:
 It is wise to gild uncomeliness, it is wise to mask necessity,
 It is wise from cheerful sights and sounds to draw their gentle uses:
 Hide the facts, the bitter facts, the foul, and fearful facts,
 Tend the body well in hope, this were praise and wisdom:
 But to plunge in gloom the parting soul, that hath loved its clay tenement so long,

This were vanity and folly, the counsel of moroseness and despair.
 Not thus, the Scythian of old time welcomed Death with songs :
 Not thus, the shrewd Egyptian decorated Death with braveries ;
 Not thus on his funeral tower sleepeth the sun-worshipping Parsee :
 Not thus the Moslem saint lieth in his arabesque mausoleum ;
 Not thus, the wild red Indian, hunter of the far Missouri,
 In flowering trees hath nested up his forest-loving ancestry ;^a
 Not thus, the Switzer mountaineer scattereth ribboned garlands
 About the rustic cross that halloweth the bed of his beloved ;
 Not thus, the village maiden wisheth she may die in spring,
 With store of violets and cowslips to be sprinkled on her snow-white
 shroud ;
 Not thus, the dying poet asketh a cheerful grave,—
 Lay him in the sunshine, friends, nor sorrow that a Christian hath de-
 parted !

Fæa ; it is the poetry of Death, an Orpheus gladdening Hades,^a
 To care with mindful love for all so dear—and dead ;
 To think of them in hope, to look for them in joy, and—but for its
 simple vanity,—
 To pray with all the earnestness of nature for souls who cannot change.
 For the tree is felled, and boughed, and bare, and the Measurer standeth
 with his line ;
 The chance is gone for ever, and is past the reach of prayer :
 For men and angels, good and ill, have rendered all their witness ;
 The trial is over, the jury are gone in, and none can now be heard ;
 Well are they agreed upon the verdict, just, and fixt, and final,
 And the sentence showeth clear, before the Judge hath spoken :
 Now,—while resting matter is at peace within the tomb,
 The conscious spirit watcheth in unspeakable suspense ;
 Racked with a fearful looking-forward, or blissfully feeding on the fore-
 taste,
 Waiting souls in eager expectation pass the solemn interval :
 They slumber not at death, but awaken, quickened to the terrors of the
 judgment ;
 They lie not insensate among darkness, but exult, looking forward to
 the light.
 Idiocy, brightening on the instant, when that veil is torn,
 Is grateful that his torpor here hath left him as an innocent :
 The young child, stricken as he played, and guileless babes unborn,

Freed from fetters of the flesh, burst into mind immediate:
 Madness judgeth wisely, and the visions of the lunatic are gone,
 And each hasteneth to praise the mercy that made him irresponsible.
 For soul is one, though manifold in act, working the machinery of brain,
 Reason, fancy, conscience, passion, are but varying phases;
 If, in God's wise purpose, the machine were shattered or confused,
 Still is soul the same, though it exhibit with a difference:
 Therefore, dissipate the brain, and set its inmate free,
 Behold, the maniacs and embryos stand in their place intelligent.
 That solvent eateth away all dross, leaving the gold intact:
 Matter lingereth in the retort, spirit hath flown to the receiver:
 And lo, that recipient of the spirits, it is some aerial world,
 An oasis midway on the desert space, separating earth from heaven,
 A prison-house for essences incorporate, a limbus vague and wide,
 Tartarus for evil, and Paradise for good, that intermediate *Hadda*.

● Death, what art thou? a Lawgiver that never altereth,
 Fixing the consummating seal, whereby the deeds of life become estab-
 lished:

O Death, what art thou? a stern and silent usher,
 Leading to the judgment for Eternity, after the trial scene of Time:
 O Death, what art thou? an Husbandman, that reapeth always,
 Out of season, as in season, with the sickle in his hand:
 O Death, what art thou? the shadow unto every substance,
 In the bower as in the battle, haunting night and day:
 O Death, what art thou? Nurse of dreamless slumbers
 Freshening the fevered flesh to a wakefulness eternal:
 O Death, what art thou? strange and solemn Alchemist,
 Elaborating life's elixir from these clayey crucibles:
 O Death, what art thou? Antitype of Nature's marvels,
 The seed and dormant chrysalis bursting into energy and glory.
 Thou calm safe anchorage for the shattered hulls of men,—
 Thou spot of gelid shade, after the hot-breathed desert,—
 Thou silent waiting-hall, where Adam meeteth with his children,—
 How full of dread, how full of hope, loometh inevitable Death:
 Of dread, for all have sinned; of hope, for One hath saved;
 The dread is drowned in joy, the hope is filled with immortality!
 —Pass along, pilgrim of life, go to thy grave unfearing,
 The terrors are but shadows now, that haunt the vale of Death.

Of Immortality.

Give up thy mind to contemplation, trembling inhabitant of earth;
Tenant of a hovel for a day,—thou art heir of the universe for ever!
For, neither congealing of the grave, nor gulphing waters of the firmament,

Nor expansive airs of heaven, nor dissipative fires of Gehenna,
Nor rust of rest, nor wear, nor waste, nor loss, nor chance, nor change,
Shall avail to quench or overwhelm the spark of soul within thee!

Thou art an imperishable leaf on the evergreen bay-tree of Existence;
A word from wisdom's mouth, that cannot be unspoken;
A ray of Love's own light; a drop in Mercy's sea;
A creature, marvellous and fearful, begotten by the fiat of Omnipotence.
I, that speak in weakness, and ye, that hear in charity,
Shall not cease to live and feel, though flesh must see corruption;
For the prison gates of matter shall be broken, and the shackled soul go free,
Free, for good or ill, to satisfy its appetence for ever:
For ever,—dreadful doom, to be hurried on eternally to evil,—
For ever,—happy fate, to ripen into perfectness—for ever!

And is there a thought within thy heart, O slave of sin and fear,
A black and harmful hope, that erring spirit dieth?
That primal disobedience hath ensured the death of soul,
And separate evil sealed it thine—thy curse, Annihilation?
Heed thou this; there is a Sacrifice; the Maker is Redeemer of his creature;
Freely unto each, universally to all, is restored the privilege of essence:
Whether unto grace or guilt, all must live through Him,
Live in vital joy, or live in dying woe:
Death in Adam, Life in Christ; the curse hung upon the cross:

Who art thou that heedest of Redemption, as narrower than the fall?
 All were dead,—He died for all; that living, they might love;
 If living souls withhold their love,—still, He hath died for them.
 Eve stole the knowledge; Christ gave the life:
 Knowledge and life are the perquisites of soul, the privilege of Man:
 Mercy stepped between, and stayed the double theft;
 God gave; and giving, bought; and buying, asketh love:
 And in such asking rendereth bliss, to all that hear and answer,
 For love with life is heaven; and life unloving, hell.

Creature of God, his will is for thy weal, eternally progressing;
 Fear not to trust a Maker's love, nor a Saviour's ransom:
 He drank for all,—for thee, and me,—the poison of our deeds;
 We shall not die, but live,—and, of his grace, we love.
 For, in the mysteries of Mercy, the One fore-knowing Spirit
 Outstrippeth reason's halting choice, and winneth men to Him:
 Who shall sound the depths? who shall reach the heights?
 Freedom, in the gyves of fate; and sovereignty, reconciled with justice.

If then, as annihilate by sin, the soul was ever forfeit,
 Godhead paid the mighty price, the pledge hath been redeemed:
 He, from the waters of Oblivion raised the drowning race,
 Lifting them even to Himself, the baseless Rock of Ages.
 None can escape from Adam's guilt, or second Adam's guerdon:
 Sin and death are thine; thine also is interminable being:
 Let it be even as thou wilt, still are we ransomed from nonentity,
 The worlds of bliss and woe are peopled with immortals:
 And ruin is thy blame; for thou, the worst, art free
 To take from Heaven the grace of love, as the gift of life:
 Yet is not remedy thy praise; for thou, the best, art bound
 In self, and sin, and darkling sloth, until He break the chain:
 None can tell, without a struggle, if that chain be broken;
 Strive to-day,—one effort more may prove that thou art free!
 Here is faith and prayer, here is the Grace and the Atonement,
 Here is the creature feeling for its God, and the prodigal returning to his
 Father.

But, behold, His reasonable children, standing in just probation,
 With ears to hear, neglect; with eyes to see, refuse:
 They will not have the blessing with the life, the blessing that enricheth
 immortality;

And look for pleasures out of God, for heaven in life alone :
 So, they snatch that awful prize, existence void of love,
 And in their darkening exile make a needful hell of self.

~~Therefore~~ fear, thou sinner, lest the huge blessing, Immortality,
 Be blighted in thine evil to a curse,—it were better he had not been born ;
 Therefore hope, thou saint, for the gift of immortality is free ;
 Take and live, and live in love ; fear not, thou art redeemed !
 The happy life, that height of hope, the knowledge of all good,
 This is the blessing on obedience, obedience the child of faith :
 The miserable life, that depth of all despair, the knowledge of all evil,
 This is the curse upon impenitence, impenitence that sprung of unbelief.
 God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love in all He doeth,
 Love, a brilliant fire, to gladden or consume :
 The wicked work their woe by looking upon love, and hating it :
 The righteous find their joys in yearning on its loveliness for ever.

~~We~~ shall imagine Immortality, or picture its illimitable prospect ?
 How feebly can a faltering tongue express the vast idea !
 For consider the primæval woods that bristle over broad Australia,
 And count their autumn leaves, millions multiplied by millions ;
 Thence look up to a moonless sky from a sleeping isle of the *Ægean*,⁴
 And add to those leaves yon starry host, sparkling on the midnight num-
 berless ;
 Thence traverse an Arabia, some continent of eddying sand,
 Gather each grain, let none escape, add them to the leaves and to the stars ;
 Afterward gaze upon the sea, the thousand leagues of an Atlantic,
 Take drop by drop, and add their sum, to the grains, and leaves, and
 stars ;
 The drops of ocean, the desert sands, the leaves, and stars innumerable,
 (Albeit, in that multitude of multitudes, each small unit were an age,)
 All might reckon for an instant, a transient flash of Time,
 Compared with this intolerable blaze, the measureless enduring of
 Eternity !

● grandest gift of the Creator,—O largess worthy of a God,—
 Who shall grasp that thrilling thought, life and joy for ever ?
 For the sun in heaven's heaven is Love that cannot change,
 And the shining of that sun is life, to all beneath its beams :
 Who shall arrest it in the firmament,—or drag it from its sphere ?
 Or bid its beauty smile no more, but be extinct for ever ?

Yes, where God hath given, none shall take away,
 Nor build up limits to his love, nor bid his bounty cease;
 Wide, as space is peopled, endless as the empire of heaven,
 The river of the water of life floweth on in majesty for ever!

Why should it seem a thing impossible to thee, O man of many doubts,
 That God shall wake the dead, and give this mortal immortality?
 Is it that such riches are unsearchable, the bounty too profuse?
 And yet, what gift, to cease or change, is worthy of the King Almighty?
 For remember the moment thou art not, thou mightest as well not have
 been;

A millennium and an hour are equal in the gulph of that desolate abyss,
 annihilation:

If Adam had existed till to-day, and to-day had perished utterly,
 What were his gain in length of a life, that hath passed away for ever?
 No tribute of thanks can exhale from the empty censer of nonentity:
 The Giver, with his gift reclaimed, is mulct of all praise.

Tell me, ye that strive in vain to cramp and dwarf the soul,
 Wherefore should it cease to be, and when shall essence die?
 It is,—and therefore shall be,—till just obstacle opposeth:
 Show no cause for change, and reason leaneth to continuance.
 The body verily shall change; this curious house we live in
 Never had continuing stay, but changeth every instant:
 But the spiritual tenant of the house abideth in unalterable consciousness,
 He may fly to many lands, but cannot flee himself:
 The soil wherein ye drop the seed, by suns or rains may vary;
 But the seed is the same; and soul is the seed; and flesh but its anchor-
 age to earth.

The machine may be broken, and rust corrode the springs: but can rust
 feed on motion?

Worms may batten on the brain: but can worms gnaw the mind?

Dynamics are, and dwell apart, though matter be not made;

Spirit is, and can be separate, though a body were not:

Pewer is one, be it lever, screw, or wedge: but it needeth these for illus-
 tration:

Mind is one, be it casual or ideal; but it is shown in these.

The creature is constructed individual, for trial of his reasonable will,

Clay and soul, commingled wisely, mingled not confused:

As power is not in the spring, till somewhat give it action,
So, until spirit be infused, the organism lieth inergetic.

Or shalt thou say that mind is the delicate offspring of matter,
The bright consummate flower that must perish with its leaf?
Go to: doth weight breed lightness? is freedom the atmosphere of
prisons?

When did the body elevate, expand, and bud the mind?
Lo, a red-hot cinder flung from the furnaces of Ætna,—
There is fire in that ash; but did the pumice make it?
Nay, cold clod, never canst thou generate a flame,
Nay, most exquisite machinery, nevermore elaborate a mind:
Rather do ye battle and contend, opposite the one to the other;
Till God shall stop the strife, and call the body colleague.

Garment of flesh, and art thou then a vest, so tinged with subtle poison,
(Maddening tunic of the centaur,) as to kill the soul?
Not so: fruit of disobedience, rot in dissolution, as thou must,—
The seed is in the core, its germ is safe, and life is in that germ;
Moreover, Marah * shall be sweetened; and a Good Physician
Yet shall heal those gangrene wounds, the spotted plague of sin:
He, through worldly trials, and the separative cleansing of the grave,
Shall change its corruptible to glory, and wash that garment white.

Still, is the whisper in thy heart, that oftenest the bed of death
Seemeth but a sluggish ebb, of sinking soul and body?
Mind dwelling, long-time, sensual in the chambers of the flesh,
May slumber on in conscious sloth, and wilfully be dulled:
But is it therefore nigh to dissolution, even as the body of this death?
Ask the stricken conscience, gasping out its terrors;
Ask the dying miser, loth to leave his gold;
Ask the widowed poor, confiding her fatherless to strangers;
Ask the martyr-maid, a broken reed so strong,
That weak and tortured frame, with triumph on its brow!—
O thou gainsayer, the finger of disease may seem to reach the soul,
But it is a spiritual touch, sympathy with that which aileth:
Pain or fear may dislocate and shatter this delicate machinery of nerves,
But madness proveth mind: the fault is in the engine, not the impetus:
Dissipate the mists of matter, lo, the soul is clear:
Timour's cage bowed it in the dust; but now it goeth forth a freedman.

Yet more, there is reason in moralities, that the soul must live;
 If God be king in heaven, or have care for earth.
 Can wickedness have triumphed with impunity, or virtue toiled unseen?
 Shall cruelty torture unavenged, and the innocent complain unheard?
 Is there no recompense for woe,—must there be no other world for
 justice,—

No hope in setting suns of good, nor terror for the evil at its zenith?
 How shall ye make answer unto this; a just God prospering iniquity,
 Wisdom encouraging the foolish, and Goodness abetting the depraved!

Yet again; mine erring brother, pardon this abundance of my speech,
 Yield me thy candour and thy charity, listening with a welcome:
 For, even now, a thousand thoughts are trooping to my theme;
 O mighty theme, O feeble thoughts! Alas, who is sufficient?
 Judge not so high a cause by these poor words alone,
 For lo, the advocate hath little skill: pardon, and pass on:
 Certify thyself with surer proofs; fledge thine own mind for flight;
 Think, and pray; those better proofs shall follow on with holy aspiration.
 Yet in my humbler grade to help thy weal and comfort,
 Thy weal for this and higher worlds, and comfort in thy sickness,
 Suffer the multitude of fancies, walking with me still in love;
 But tread in fear, it is holy ground,—remember, Immortality!

Wilt thou argue from infirmities, thine abject evil state,
 As how should stricken wretched man indeed exist for ever:
 The brutal and besotted, the savage and the slave, the sucking infant and
 the idiot,

The mass of mean and common minds, and all to be immortal?—
 Consider every beginning, how small it is and feeble:
 Ganges, and the rolling Mississippi sprung of brooks among the moun-
 tains;

The Yew-tree of a thousand years was once a little seed;
 And Nero's marble Rome, a shepherd's mudbuilt hovel:
 A speck is on the tropic sky, and it groweth to the terrible tornado;
 An apple, all too fair to see, destroyed a world of souls:
 A tender babe is born,—it is Attila, "scourge of the nations!"
 A seeming malefactor dieth,—it is Jesus, the Saviour of men!

And hie not in thy thoughts the vain and wordy notion
 That nothing which was born in Time can tire out the footsteps of Infinity:

Reckon up a sum in numbers; where shall progression stop?
The starting-post is definite and fixed, but what is the goal of nume-
ration?

So, begin upon a moment, and when shall being end?
Souls emanate from God, to travel with Him equally for ever.
Moreover, thou that objectest the unenterable circle of eternity,
That none but He from everlasting can endure, as to a future everlasting,
Consider, may it be impossible that creatures were counted in their
Maker,

And so, that the confines of Eternity are filled by God alone?
Trust not thy soul upon a fancy: who would freight a bubble with a
diamond,

And launch that priceless gem on the boiling rapids of a cataract?

Yet then we perish not at death, but walk in spirit through the darkness,
Waiting for a mansion incorruptible, whereof this body is the seed,
Tell me, when shall be the period? time and its ordeals are done:
The storms are passed, the night is at end, behold the Sabbath morning.
Is death to be conqueror again, and claim once more the victory,—
Can the enemy's corpse awaken into life, and bruise the Champion's head?
Evil, terrible ensample, that foil to the attributes of Good,
Is banished to its own black world, weeded out of earth and heaven:
Shall that great gulf be passed, and sin be sown again?—
We know but this, the book of truth proclaimeth gladly, Never!

Yet remaineth the will of our God: when He repenteth of his crea-
ture,

Made by self-suggested mercy, ransomed by self-sacrificing justice,—
When Truth, that swore unto his neighbour, disappointeth him, and clea-
veth to a lie,—

When the counsels of Wisdom are confounded, and Love warreth with
itself,—

When the Unchangeable is changed, and the arm of Omnipotence is
broken,—

Then,—thy quenchless soul shall have reached the goal of its existence.

But it seemeth to thy notions of the merciful and just, a false and
fearful thing,

To lay such a burden upon time, that eternity be built on its foundation:
As if so casual good or ill should colour all the future,

And the vanity of accident, or sternness of necessity, save or wreck a soul.

Were it casual, vain, or stern, this might pass for truth :

But all things are marshalled by Design, and carefully tended by Benevolence,

O man, thy Judge is righteous,—noting, remembering, and weighing :—
Want, ignorance, diversities of state, are cast into the balance of advantage :

The poisonous example of a parent asketh for allowance in the child ;
Care, diseases, toils, and frailties,—all things are considered.

And again, a mysterious Omniscience knoweth the spirits that are His,
While the delicate tissues of Event are woven by the fingers of Ubiquity.
Should Providence be taken by surprise from the possible impinging of
an accident,

One fortuitous grain might dislocate the banded universe :

The merest *seeming* trifle is ordered as the morning light ;

And He that rideth on the hurricane, is pilot of the bubble on the breaker.

Once more, consider Matter, how small a thing is father to the greatest ;
Thou that lightly hast regarded the results of so called accident.

A blade of grass took fire in the sun,—and the prairies are burnt to the horizon :

A grain of sand may blind the eye, and madden the brain to murder :

A careful fly deposited its egg in the swelling bud of an acorn,—

The sapling grew,—cankrous and gnarled,—it is yonder hollow oak :

A child touched a spring, and the spring closed a valve, and the labouring engine burst,—

A thousand lives were in that ship,—wrecked by an infant's finger !

Shall nature preach in vain ? thy casualty, guided in its orbit,

Though less than a mote upon the sunbeam, saileth in a fleet of worlds ;

That trivial cause, watered and observed of the Husbandman day by day,

In calm undeviating strength doth work its large effect.

Thus, in the pettiness of life note thou seeds of grandeur,

And watch the hour-glass of Time with the eyes of an heir of Immortality.

There still be clouds of witnesses,—if thou art not weary of my speech,

Flocks of thought adding lustre to the light, and pointing on to Life.

For reflect how Truth and Goodness, well and wisely put,

Commend themselves to every mind with wondrous intuition :

What is this? the recognition of a standard, unwritten, natural, uniform;
 Telling of one common source, the root of Good and True.
 And if thus present soul can trace descent from Deity,
 Being, as it standeth, individual, a separate reasonable thing,
 What should hinder that its hope may not trace gladly forward,
 And, in astounding parallel, like Enoch walk with God? "
 Yea, the genealogy of soul, that vivifying breath of a Creator,
 Breath, no transient air, but essence, energy, and reason,
 Is looming on the past, and shadowing the future, sublimely as Melchisedek of old,
 Having not beginning, nor end of days, but present in the majesty of
 Peace!

⊙ false scholar, credulous in vanities, and only sceptical of truth,
 Wherefore toil to cheat thy soul of its birthright, Immortality?
 Is it for thy guilt? He pardoneth: Is it for thy frailty? He will help:
 Though thou fearest, He is love; and Mercy shall be deeper than Despair:
 Even for thy full-blown pride, is it much to be receiver of a God?
 And lo, thy rights, He made thee; thy claims, He hath redeemed.
 Hath the fair aspect of affection, no beauty that thou shouldst desire!
 And are those sorrows nothing, to thee that passest by?
 For it is Fact, immutable, that God hath dwelt in Man;
 With gentle generous love ennobling while He bought us.
 What, though thou art false, ignorant, weak and daring,—
 Can the sun be quenched in heaven—or only Belisarius be blind?

But, even stooping to thy folly, grant all these hopes are vain;
 Stultify reason, wrestle against conscience, and wither up the heart:
 Where is thy vast advantage?—I have all that thou hast,
 The buoyancy of life as strong, and term of days no shorter;
 My cup is full with gladness, my griefs are not more galling:
 And thus, we walk together, even to the gates of death:
 There, (if not also on my journey, blessing every step,
 Gladdening with light, and quickening with love, and killing all my
 cares,)
 There,—while thou art quailing, or sullenly expecting to be nothing,—
 There,—is found my gain,—I triumph, where thou tremblest.
 Grant all my solace is a lie, yet it is a fountain of delight,
 A spice in every pleasure, and a balm for every pain:
 O precious wise delusion, scattering both misery and sin,—
 O vile and silly truth, depraving while it curseth?

Barking child of knowledge, commune with Socrates and Cicero,
 They had no prejudice of birth, no dull parental warpings;
 See, those lustrous minds anticipate the dawning day,—
 Whilst thou, poor mole, art burrowing back to darkness from the light.
 I will not urge a revelation, mercies, miracles, and martyrs,
 But, after twice a thousand years, go, learn thou of the pagan:
 It were happier and wiser even among fools, to cling to the shadow of a
 hope,
 Than, in the company of sages, to win the substance of despair;
 But here, the sages hope; despair is with the fools,
 The base bad hearts, the stolid heads, the sensual and the selfish.

And wilt thou, sorry scorner, mock the phrase, despair?
 Despair for those who die and live,—for me, I live and die:
 What have I to do with dread?—my taper must go out;—
 I nurse no silly hopes, and therefore feel no fears:
 I am hastening to an End.—O false and feeble answer:
 For hope is in thee still, and fear, a racking deep anxiety.
 Erring brother, listen: and take thine answer from the ancients:
 Consider every end, that it is but the end of a beginning.
 All things work in circles; weariness induceth unto rest,
 Rest invigorateth labour, and labour causeth weariness:
 War produceth peace, and peace is wanton unto war:
 Light dieth into darkness, and night dawneth into day:
 The rotting jungle reeds scatter fertility around;
 The buffalo's dead carcass hath quickened life in millions:
 The end of toil is gain, the end of gain is pleasure,
 Pleasure tendeth unto waste, and waste commandeth toil.

So, is death an end,—but it breedeth an infinite beginning;
 Limits are for time, and death killed time; Eternity's beginning is for
 ever.

Ambition, hath it any goal indeed? is not all fruition, disappointment?
 A step upon the ladder, and another, and another,—we start from every
 end:

Look to the eras of mortality: babe, student, man,
 The husband, the father, the deathbed of a saint,—and is it then an end?
 That common climax, Death, shall it lead to nothing?
 How strong a root of causes, flowering a consequence of vapour:
 That solid chain of facts, is it snapped for ever?
 How stout a show of figures, weakly summing to nonentity.

Or haply, Death, in the doublings of thy thought, shall seem continuous ending;

A dull eternal slumber, not an end abrupt.

O most futile chrysalis, wherefore dost thou sleep?

Dreamless, unconscious, never to awake,—what object in such slumber?

If thou art still to live, it may as well be wakefully as sleeping:

How grovelling must that spirit be, to need eternal sleep;

Or was indeed the toil of life so heavy and so long,

That nevermore can rest refresh thine overburdened soul?—

Sleep is a recreance to body, but when was mind asleep?

Even in a swoon it dreameth, though all be forgotten afterward:

The muscles seek relaxing, and the irritable nerves ask peace;

But life is a constant force, spirit an unquietable impetus:

The eye may wear out as a telescope, and the brain work slow as a machine,

But soul, unwearied, and for ever, is capable of effort unimpaired.

I live, move, am conscious: what shall bar my being?

Where is the rude hand, to rend this tissue of existence?

Not thine, shadowy Death, what art thou but a phantom?

Not thine, foul Corruption, what art thou but a fear?

For death is merely absent life, as darkness absent light;

Not even a suspension, for the life hath sailed away, steering gladly somewhere.

And corruption, closely noted, is but a dissolving of the parts,

The parts remain, and nothing lost, to build a better whole.

Moreover, mind is unity, however versatile and rapid;

Thou canst not entertain two coincident ideas, although they quickly follow:

And Unity hath no parts, so that there is nothing to dissolve;

The element is still unchanged in every searching solvent.

Who then shall bid me be annulled,—He that gave me being?

Amen, if God so will; I know that will is love:

But love hath promised life, and therefore I shall live;

So long as He is God, I shall be his Creature!

And here, shrewd reasoner, so eager to prove that thou must perish,

I note a sneer upon thy lip, and ridicule is haply on thy tongue:

How, said he,—creature of a God, and are not all his creatures,—

The lion, and the gnat,—yea, the mushroom, and the crystal,—have all these a soul?

Thy fancies tend to prove too much, and overshoot the mark:

If I die not with brutes, then brutes must live with me?—

I dare not tell thee that they will, for the word is not in my commission;

But of the twain it is the likelier; continuance is the chance:

Men, dying in their sins, are likened unto beasts that perish;

They are dark, animal, insensate, but have they not a lurking soul?

The spirit of a man goeth upward, reasonable, apprehending God;

The spirit of a beast goeth downward, sensual, doting on the creature:

Who told thee they die at dissolution? boldly think it out,—

The multitude of flies, and the multitude of herbs, the world with all its
beings:

Is Infinity too narrow, Omnipotence too weak, and Love so anxious to
destroy,

Doth Wisdom change its plan, and a Maker cancel his created?

God's will may compass all things, to fashion and to nullify at pleasure:

Yet are there ~~many~~ thoughts of hope, that all which are shall live.

True, there is no conscience in the brute, beyond some educated habit,

They ~~lay~~ them down without a fear, and wake without a hope:

Hunger and pain is of the animal: but when did they reckon or compare?

They live, idealess, in instinct; and while they breathe they gain:

The master is an idol to his dog, who cannot rise beyond him;

And void of capability for God, there would seem small cause for an in-
finity.

Therefore, caviller, my poor thoughts dare not grant they live:

But is it not a great thing to assume their annihilation—and thine own?

Would it be much if a speck on space, this globe with all its millions,

Verily, after its pollution, were suffered to exist in purity?

Or much, if guiltless creatures, that were cruelly entreated upon earth,

Found some commensurate reward in lower joys hereafter?

Or much, if a Creator, prodigal of life, and filled with the profundity of
love,

Rejoice in all creatures of his skill, and lead them to perfection in their
kind?

O man, there are many marvels; yet life is more a mystery than death:

For death may be some stagnant life,—but life is present God!

~~Many~~ are the lurking-holes of evil; who shall search them out?

Who so skilled to cut away the cancer with its fibres?

For wily minds with sinuous ease escape from lie to lie;

And cowards driven from the trench steal back to hide again.

Vain were the battle, if a warrior, having slain his foes,
 Shall turn and find them vital still, unharmed, yea, unashamed :
 For Error, dark magician, daily cast out killed,
 Quickeneth animate anew beneath the midnight moon :
 Once and again, once and again, hath reason answered wisely ;
 But not the less with brazen front doth folly urge her questions.
 It were but unprofitable toil, a stand-up fight with unbelief :
 When was there candour in a caviller, and who can satisfy the faithless ?
 Too long, O truant from the fold, have I tracked thy devious paths ;
 Too long, treacherous deserter, fought thee as a noble foeman :
 Haply, my small art, and an arm too weakly for its weapon,
 Hath failed to pierce thine iron coat, and reach thy stricken soul :
 Haply, the fervour of my speech, and too patient sifting of thy fancies,
 Shall tend to make thee prize them more, as worthier and wiser :
 Go to : be mine the gain : we measure swords no more :
 Go,—and a word go with thee, Man, thou ART Immortal !

Child of light, and student in the truth, too long have I forgotten thee ;
 Lo, after parley with an alien, let me hold sweet converse with a brother.
 Glorious hopes, and ineffable imaginings, crowd our holy theme,
 Fear hath been slaughtered on the portal, and doubt driven back to darkness :

For Christ hath died, and we in Him ; by faith His All is ours ;
 Cross and crown, and love, and life ; and we shall reign in Him !
 Yea, there is a fitness and a beauty in ascribing immortality to mind,
 That its energies and lofty aspirations may have scope for indefinite expansion.

To learn all things is privilege of reason, and that with a growing capability,

But in this age of toil and time we scarce attain to alphabets :
 How hardly in the midst of our hurry, and jostled by the cares of life,
 Shall a man turn and stop to consider mighty secrets ;
 With barely hours, and barely powers, to fill up daily duties,
 How small the glimpse of knowledge, his wondering eye can catch !
 And knowledge is a noting of the order wherein God's attributes evolve,
 Therefore worthy of the creature, worthy of an angel's seeking ;
 Yea, and human knowledge, meagre though the harvest,
 Hath its roots, both deep and strong ; but the plants are exotic to the climate ;

All we seem to know demand a longer learning,

History, and science, and prophecy, and art, are workings all of God:
 And there are galaxies of globes, millions of unimagined beings,
 Other senses, wondrous sounds, and thoughts of thrilling fire,
 Powers of strange might, quickening unknown elements,
 And attributes and energies of God which man may never guess.

Not in vain, O brother, hath soul the spurs of enterprize,
 Nor aimlessly panteth for adventure, waiting at the cave of mystery:
 Not in vain the cup of curiosity, sweet and richly spiced,
 Is ruby to the sight, and ambrosia to the taste, and redolent with all fragrance:

Thou shalt drink, and deeply, filling the mind with marvels;
 Thou shalt watch no more, lingering, disappointed of thy hope;
 Thou shalt roam where road is none, a traveller untrammelled,
 Speeding at a wish, emancipate, to where the stars are suns!

Count, count your hopes, heirs of immortality and love;
 And hear my kindred faith, and turn again to bless me.
 For lo, my trust is strong to dwell in many worlds,
 And cull of many brethren there, sweet knowledge ever new:
 I yearn for realms where fancy shall be filled, and the ecstasies of freedom
 shall be felt,

And the soul reign gloriously, risen to its royal destinies:
 I look to recognize again, through the beautiful mask of their perfection,
 The dear familiar faces I have somewhere loved on earth:
 I long to talk with grateful tongue of storms and perils past,
 And praise the mighty Pilot that hath steered us through the rapids:
 He shall be the focus of it all, the very heart of gladness,—
 My soul is athirst for God, the God who dwelt in man!
 Prophet, priest, and king, the sacrifice, the substitute, the Saviour,
 Rapture of the blessed in the hunted one of earth, the Pardoner in the
 victim:

How many centuries of joy concentrate in that theme,
 How often a Methusalem might count his thousand years, and leave it
 unexhausted!

And lo, the heavenly Jerusalem, with all its gates one pearl,
 That pearl of countless price, the door by which we entered,—
 Come, tread the golden streets, and join that glorious throng,
 The happy ones of heaven and earth, ten thousand times ten thousand;
 Hark, they sing that song,—and cast their crowns before him;

Their souls alight with love,—Glory, and Praise, and Immortality!—
 Veil thine eyes: no son of time may see that holy vision,
 And even the seraph at thy side hath covered his face with wings.

~~Doth~~ he not speak parables?—each one goeth on his way,
 Ye that hear, and I that counsel, go on our ways forgetful.
 For the terrible realities whereto we tend, are hidden from our eyes,
 We know, but heed them not, and walk as if the temporal were all things.
 Vanities, buzzing on the ear, fill its drowsy chambers,
 Slow to dread those coming fears, the thunder and the trumpet;
 Motes, steaming on the sight, dim our purblind eyes,
 Dark to see the ponderous orb of nearing Immortality:
 Hemmed in by hostile foes, the trifler is busied on an epigram;—
 The dull ox, driven to slaughter, careth but for pasture by the way.
 Alas, that the precious things of truth, and the everlasting hills,
 The mighty hopes we spake of, and the consciousness we feel,—
 Alas, that all the future, and its adamantine facts,
 Clouded by the present with intoxicating fumes,—
 Should seem even to us, the great expectant heirs,
 To us, the responsible and free, fearful sons of reason,
 Only as a lovely song, sweet sounds of solemn music,
 A pleasant voice, and nothing more,—doth he not speak parables?

~~Look~~ to thy soul, O man, for none can be surety for his brother:
 Behold, for heaven—or for hell,—thou canst not escape from Immortality!

Of Ideas.

Mind is like a volatile essence, flitting hither and thither,
A solitary sentinel of the fortress body, to show himself everywhere by
turns:

Mind is indivisible and instant, with neither parts nor organs,
That it doeth, it doth quickly, but the whole mind doth it:
An active versatile agent, untiring in the principle of energy,
Nor space, nor time, nor rest, nor toil, can affect the tenant of the brain;
His dwelling may verily be shattered, and the furniture thereof be
disarranged,

But the particle of Deity in man slumbereth not, neither can be wearied:
However swift to change, even as the field of a kaleidoscope,
It taketh in but one idea at once, moulded for the moment to its likeness:
Mind is as the quicksilver, which, poured from vessel to vessel,
Instantly seizeth on a shape, and as instantly again discardeth it;
For it is an apprehensive power, closing on the properties of Matter,
Expanding to enwrap a world, collapsing to prison up an atom:
As, by night, thine irritable eyes may have seen strange changing figures,
Now a wheel, now suddenly a point, a line, a curve, a zigzag,
A maze ever altering, as the dance of gnats upon a sunbeam,
Swift, intricate, neither to be prophesied, nor to be remembered in
succession,

So, the mind of a man, single, and perpetually moving,
Flickereth about from thought to thought, changed with each idea;
For the passing second metamorphosed to the image of that within
its ken,

And throwing its immediate perceptions into each cause of contemplation.
It shall regard a tree; and unconsciously, in separate review,
Embrace its colour, shape, and use, whole and individual conceptions;
It shall read or hear of crime, and cast itself into the commission;
It shall note a generous deed, and glow for a moment as the doer;

It shall imagine pride or pleasure, treading on the edges of temptation;
Or heed of God and of his Christ, and grow transformed to glory.

~~Therefore~~, it is wise and well to guide the mind aright,
That its aptness may be sensitive to good, and shrink with antipathy
from evil:

For use will mould and mark it, or nonusage dull and blunt it;—
So to talk of spirit by analogy with substance;
And analogy is a truer guide, than many teachers tell of,
Similitudes are scattered round, to help us, not to hurt us;
Moses, in his every type, and the Greater than Moses, in his parables,
Preach, in terms that all may learn, the philosophic lessons of analogy:
And here, in a topic immaterial, the likeness of analogy is just;
By habits, knit the nerves of mind, and train the gladiator shrewdly:
For thought shall strengthen thinking, and imagery speed imagination,
Until thy spiritual inmate shall have swelled to the giant of Otranto.

~~Nevertheless~~, heed well, that this Athlete, growing in thy brain,
Be a wholesome Genius, not a cursed Afrite:
And see thou discipline his strength, and point his aim discreetly;
Feed him on humility and holy things, weaned from covetous desires;
Hour by hour and day by day, ply him with ideas of excellence,
Dragging forth the evil but to loathe, as a Spartan's drunken Helot;
And win, by gradual allurements, the still expanding soul,
To rise from a contemplated universe, even to the Hand that made it.

A common mind perceiveth not beyond his eyes and ears:
The palings of the park of sense enthrall this captured roebuck:
And still, though fettered in the flesh, he doth not feel his chains,
Externals are the world to him, and circumstance his atmosphere.
Therefore tangible pleasures are enough for the animal-man;
He is swift to speak and slow to think, dreading his own dim conscience;
And solitude is terrible, and exile worse than death,
He cannot dwell apart, nor breathe at a distance from the crowd,
But minds of nobler stamp, and chiefest the mint-marked of heaven,
Walk independent by themselves, freely manumitted of externals:
They carry viands with them, and need no refreshment by the way,
Nor drink of other wells than their own inner fountain.
Strange shall it seem how little such a man will lean upon the accidents
of life,

He is winged and needeth not a staff; if it break,—he shall not fall :
And lightly perchance doth he remember the stale trivialities around him,
He liveth in the realm of thought, beyond the world of things :
These are but transient Matter, and himself enduring Spirit :
And worldliness will laugh to scorn that sublimated wisdom.
His eyes may open on a prison-cell, but the bare walls glow with imagery ;
His ears may be filled with execration, but are listening to the music
of sweet thoughts ;
He may dwell in a hovel with a hero's heart, and canopy his penury
with peace,
For mind is a kingdom to the man, who gathereth his pleasure from
Ideas.

Of Names.

Adam gave the name, when the Lord had made his creature.
For God led them in review, to see what man would call them.
As they struck his senses, he proclaimed their sounds,
A name for the distinguishing of each, a numeral by which it should be
known:
He specified the partridge by her cry,^o and the forest prowler by his
roaring,
The tree by its use, and the flower by its beauty, and everything accord-
ing to its truth.

There is an arbitrary name; whereunto the idea attacheth;
And there is a reasonable name, linking its fitness to idea:
Yet shall these twain run in parallel courses,
Neither shalt thou readily discern the habit from the nature.
For mind is apt, and quick to wed ideas and names together,
Nor stoppeth its perception to be curious of priorities;
And there is but little in the sound, as some have vainly fancied,
The same tone in different tongues shall be suitable to opposite ideas:
Yea, take an ensample in thine own; consider similar words:
How various and contrary the thoughts those kindred names produce:
A house shall seem a fitting word to call a roomy dwelling,
Yet there is a like propriety in the small smooth sound, a mouse:
Mountain, as if of a necessity, is a word both mighty and majestic,—
What heed ye then of Fountain?—flowing silver in the sun.

Many a fair flower is burdened with preposterous appellatives,
Which the wiser simplicity of rustics entitled by its beauties;
And often the conceit of science, loving to be thought cosmopolite,
Shall mingle names of every clime, alike obscure to each.
There is wisdom in calling a thing fitly; name should note particulars

Through a character obvious to all men, and worthy of their instant
acceptation.

The herbalist had a simple cause for every word upon his catalogue,
But now the mouth of Botany is filled with empty sound;
And many a peasant hath an answer on his tongue, concerning some
vexed flower,
Shrewder than the centipede phrase, wherewithal philosophers invest it.

For that, the foolishness of pride, and flatteries of cringing homage,
Strew with chaff the threshing-floors of science; names perplex them all:
The entomologist, who hath pried upon an insect, straightway shall
endow it with his name;

It had many qualities and marks of note,—but in chief, a vain observer;
The geographer shall journey to the pole, through biting frost and deso-
lation,

And, for some simple patron's sake, shall name that land, the happy:
The fossilist hath found a bone, the rib of some huge lizard,
And forthwith standeth to it sponsor, to tack himself on reptile immor-
talities:

The sportsman, hunting at the Cape, found some strange-horned antelope,
The spots are new, the fame is cheap, and so his name is added.

Thus, obscurities encumber knowledge, even by the vanity of men
Who play into each other's hand the game of giving names.

Various are the names of men, and drawn from different wells;
Aspects of body, or characters of mind, the creature's first idea:
And some have sprung of trades, and some of dignities or office;
Other some added to a father's, and yet more growing from a place:
Animal creation, with sciences, and things,—their composites, and near
associations,

Contributed their symbolings of old, wherewith to title men:
And heraldry set upon its cresture the figured attributes as ensigns
By which, as by a name concrete, its bearer should be known.

Egypt opened on the theme, dressing up her gods in qualities;
Horns of power, feathers of the swift, mitres of catholic dominion,
The sovereign asp, the circle everlasting, the crook and thong of justice,
By many mystic shapes and sounds displayed the idol's name.
Thereafter, high plumed warriors, the chieftains of Etruria and Troy,
And Xerxes, urging on his millions to the tomb of pride, Thermopylæ,

And Hero with his bounding ships, all figured at the prow,
 And Rome's Prætorian standards, piled with strange devices,
 And stout crusaders pressing to the battle, locked in shining steel;
 These all in their speaking symbols, earned, or wore, a name.
 Eve, the mother of all living, and Abraham, father of a multitude,
 Jacob, the supplanter, and David, the beloved, and all the worthies of
 old time,
 Noah, who came for consolation, and Benoni, son of sorrow,
 Kings and prophets, children of the East, owned each his title of signi-
 ficance.

There be names of high descent, and thereby storied honours,
 Names of fair renown, and therein characters of merit:
 But to lend the lowborn noble names, is to shed upon them ridicule and
 evil;
 Yea, many weeds run rank in pride, if men have dubbed them cedars.
 And to herald common mediocrity with the noisy notes of fame,
 Tendeth to its deeper scorn; as if it were to call the mole a mammoth.
 Yet shall ye find the trader's babe dignified with sounding titles,
 And little hath the father guessed the harm he did his child:
 For either may they breed him discontent, a peevish repining at his
 station,
 Or point the finger of despite at the mule in the trappings of an ele-
 phant:
 And it is a kind of theft to filch appellations from the famous,
 A soiling of the shrines of praise with folly's vulgar herd.
 Prudence hath often gone ashamed for the name they added to his father's,
 If minds of mark and great achievements bore it well before;
 For he walketh as the jay in the fable, though not by his own folly,
 Another's fault hath compassed his misfortune, making him a martyr to
 his name.

Who would call the tench a whale, or style a torch, Orion?
 Yet many a silly parent hath dealt likewise with his nurseling.
 Give thy child a fit distinguishment, making him sole tenant of a name,
 For it were a sore hindrance to hold it in common with a hundred;
 In the Babel of confused identities fame is little feasible,
 The felon shall detract from the philanthropist, and the sage share ho-
 nours with the simple:
 Still, in thy title of distinguishment, fall not into arrogant assumption,

Steering from caprice and affectations; and for all thou doest, have a reason.

**He that is ambitious for his son, should give him untried names,
For those that have served other men, haply may injure by their evils;
Or otherwise may hinder by their glories; therefore, set him by himself,
To win for his individual name some clear specific praise.**

**There were nine Homers, all goodly sons of song; but where is any
record of the eight?**

**One grew to fame, an Aaron's rod, and swallowed up his brethren:^a
Who knoweth? more distinctly titled, those dead eight had lived;
But the censers were ranged in a circle, to mingle their sweets without
a difference.**

**Art thou named of a common crowd, and sensible of high aspirings?
It is hard for thee to rise,—yet strive: thou mayest be among them a
Musæus.**

**Art thou named of a family, the same in successive generations?
It is open to thee still to earn for epithets, such an one, the good or great.
Art thou named foolishly? show that thou art wiser than thy fathers,
Live to shame their vanity or sin by dutiful devotion to thy sphere.
Art thou named discreetly? It is well, the course is free;
No competitor shall claim thy colours, neither fix his faults upon thee:
Hasten to the goal of fame between the posts of duty,
And win a blessing from the world, that men may love thy name;
Yea, that the unction of its praise, in fragrance well deserving,
May float adown the stream of time, like ambergris at sea;
So thy sons may tell their sons, and those may teach their children,
He died in goodness, as he lived;—and left us his good name.
And more than these: there is a roll whereon thy name is written;
See that, in the Book of Doom, that name is fixed in light:
Then, safe within a better home, where time and its titles are not found,
God will give thee his new Name, and write it on thy heart:
A Name, better than of sons, a Name dearer than of daughters,
A Name of union, peace, and praise, as numbered in thy God.**

Of Things.

Abstracted from all substance, and flying with the feathered flock of thoughts,

The idea of a thing hath the nature of its Soul, a separate seeming essence :

Intimately linked to the idea, suggesting many qualities,

The name of a thing hath the nature of its Mind, an intellectual recorder ;

And the matter of a thing, concrete, is a Body to the perfect creature,

Compacted three in one, as all things else within the universe.

Nothing canst thou add to them, and nothing take away, for all have these proportions,

The thought, the word, the form, combining in the Thing :

All separate, yet harmonizing well, and mingled each with other,

One whole in several parts, yet each part spreading to a whole :

The idea is a whole, and the meaning phrase that spake idea, a whole,

And the matter, as ye see it, is a whole ; the mystery of true tri-unity :

Yea, there is even a deeper mystery,— which none, I wot, can fathom,

Matter, different from properties whereby the solid substance is described.

For, size and weight, cohesion, and the like, live distinct from matter,

Yet who can imagine matter, unendowed with size and weight ?

As in the spiritual, so in the material, man must rest with patience,

And wait for other eyes wherewith to read the books of God.

Men have talked learnedly of atoms, as if matter could be ever indivisible,

They talk, but ill are skilled to teach, and darken truth by fancies :

An atom by our grosser sense was never yet conceived,

And nothing can be thought so small, as not to be divided :

For an atom runneth to infinity, and never shall be caught in space,

And a molecule is no more indivisible than Saturn's belted orb.

Things intangible, multiplied by multitudes, never will amass to substance,
 Neither can a thing which may be touched, be made of impalpable proportions;
 The sum of indivisibles must needs be indivisible, as adding many nothings,
 And the building up of atoms into matter is but a silly sophism;
 Lucretius," and keen Anaximander, and many that have followed in their thoughts,
 (For error hath a long black shadow, dimming light for ages,)

In the foolishness of men without a God fancied to fashion matter
 Of intangibles, and therefore uncohering, indivisibles, and therefore Spirit.

Things breed thoughts; therefore at Thebes and Heliopolis,
 In hieroglyphic sculptures are the priestly secrets written;
Things breed thoughts; therefore was the Athens of idolatry
 Set with carved images, frequent as the trees of Academus:
Things breed thoughts; therefore the Brahmin and the Burman
 With mythologic shapes adorn their coarse pantheon:
Things breed thoughts; therefore the statue and the picture,
 Relicts, rosaries, and miracles in act, quicken the Papist in his worship:
Things breed thoughts; therefore the lovers at their parting
 Interchanged with tearful smiles the dear reminding tokens:
Things breed thoughts; therefore when the clansman met his foe,
 The bloodstained claymore in his hand revived the memories of vengeance.

Things teach with double force; through the animal eye, and through the mind,
 And the eye catcheth in an instant, what the ear shall not learn within an hour.

Thence is the potency of travel, the precious might of its advantages
 To compensate its dissipative harm, its toil and cost and danger.
 Ulysses, wandering to many shores, lived in many cities,"
 And thereby learnt the minds of men, and stored his own more richly:
 Herodotus, the accurate and kindly, spake of that he saw,
 And reaped his knowledge on the spot, in fertile fields of Egypt:
 Lycurgus culled from every clime the golden fruits of justice;
 And Plato roamed through foreign lands, to feed on truth in all.

For travel, conversant with Things, bringeth them in contact with the mind ;

We breathe the wholesome atmosphere about ungarbled truth :

**Pictures of fact are painted on the eye, to decorate the house of intellect,
Rather than visions of fancy, filling all the chambers with a vapour.**

**For, in Ideas, the great mind will exaggerate, and the lesser extenuate
truth ;**

**But in Things the one is chastened, and the other quickened, to equality
And in Names,—though a property be told, rather than some arbitrary
accident,**

Still shall the thought be vague or false, if none have seen the Thing:

For in Things the property with accident standeth in a mass concrete,

These cannot cheat the sense, nor elude the vigilance of spirit.

Travel is a ceaseless fount of surface education,

**But its wisdom will be simply superficial, if thou add not thoughts to
things :**

Yet, aided by the varnish of society, things may serve for thoughts,

Till many dullards that have seen the world shall pass for scholars:

Because one single glance will conquer all descriptions,

**Though graphic, these left some unsaid, though true, these tended to
some error ;**

And the most witless eye that saw, had a juster notion of its object,

**Than the shrewdest mind that heard and shaped its gathered thoughts
of Things.**

Of Faith.

Confidence was bearer of the palm ; for it looked like conviction of desert ;
And where the strong is well assured, the weaker soon allow it.
Majesty and beauty are commingled, in moving with immutable decision,
And well may charm the coward hearts that turn and hide for fear.
Faith, firmness, confidence, consistency,—these are well allied ;
Yea, let a man press on in aught, he shall not lack of honour :
For such an one seemeth as superior to the native instability of creatures ;
That he doeth, he doeth as a god, and men will marvel at his courage.
Even in crimes, a partial praise cannot be denied to daring,
And many fearless chiefs have won the friendship of a foe.

Confidence is conqueror of men ; victorious both over them and in them ;
The iron will of one stout heart shall make a thousand quail :
A feeble dwarf, dauntlessly resolved, will turn the tide of battle,
And rally to a nobler strife the giants that had fled ;
The tenderest child, unconscious of a fear, will shame the man to danger,
And when he dared it, danger died, and faith had vanquished fear.
Boldness is akin to power : yea, because ignorance is weakness,
Knowledge with unshrinking might will nerve the vigorous hand :
Boldness hath a startling strength ; the mouse may fright a lion,
And oftentimes the horned herd is scared by some brave cur.
Courage hath analogy with faith, for it standeth both in animal and
moral ;
The true is mindful of a God, the false is stout in self :
But true or false, the twain are faith ; and faith worketh wonders :
Never was a marvel done upon the earth, but it had sprung of faith :
Nothing noble, generous, or great, but faith was the root of the achievement ;
Nothing comely, nothing famous, but its praise is faith.
Leonidas^u fought in human faith, as Joshua in divine :

Xenophon trusted to his skill, and the sons of Mattathias to their cause :
 In faith Columbus found a path across those untried waters ;
 The heroines of Arc and Saragossa fought in earthly faith :
 Tell was strong, and Alfred great, and Luther wise, by faith ;
 Margaret by faith was valiant for her son, and Wallace mighty for his
 people :

Faith in his reason made Socrates sublime, as faith in his science, Galileo :
 Ambassadors in faith are bold, and unproved for boldness :
 Faith urged Fabius to delays, and sent forth Hannibal to Cannæ :
 Cæsar at the Rubicon, Miltiades at Marathon ; both were sped by faith.
 I set not all in equal spheres : I number not the martyr with the patriot ;
 I class not the hero with his horse, because the twain have courage ;
 But only for ensample and instruction, that all things stand by faith ;
 Albeit faith of divers kinds, and varying in degree.
 There is a faith towards men, and there is a faith towards God ;
 The latter is the gold and the former is the brass ; but both are sturdy
 metal :

And the brass mingled with the gold floweth into rich Corinthian ;
 A substance bright and hard and keen, to point Achilles' spear :
 So shalt thou stop the way against the foes that hem thee ;
 Trust in God, to strengthen man ;—be bold, for He doth help.

Yet more : for confidence in man, even to the worst and meanest,
 Hath power to overcome his ill, by charitable good.
 Fling thine unreserving trust even on the conscience of a culprit,
 Soon wilt thou shame him by thy faith, and he will melt and mend :
 The nest of thieves will harm thee not, if thou dost bear thee boldly ;
 Boldly, yea and kindly, as relying on their honour :
 For the hand so stout against aggression, is quite disarmed by charity ;
 And that warm sun will thaw the heart casehardened by long frost.
 Treat men gently, trust them strongly, if thou wish their weal ;
 Or cautious doubt and bitter thoughts will tempt the best to foil thee.
 Believe the well in sanguine hope, and thou shalt reap the better ;
 But if thou deal with men so ill, thy dealings make them worse.
 Despair not of some gleams of good still lingering in the darkest,
 And among veterans in crime, plead thou as with their children :
 So astonished at humanities, the bad heart long estranged,
 Shall even weep to feel himself so little worth thy love ;
 In wholesome sorrow will he bless thee ; yea, and in that spirit may
 repent ;

Thus, wilt thou gain a soul, in mercy given to thy faith.

Look aside to lack of faith, the mass of ills it bringeth :

**All things treacherous, base, and vile, dissolving the brotherhood of men.
Bonds break ; the cement hath lost its hold ; and each is separate from
other ;**

**That which should be neighbourly and good, is cankered into bitterness
and evil.**

O thou serpent, fell Suspicion, coiling coldly round the heart,—

O thou asp of subtle Jealousy, stinging hotly to the soul,—

O distrust, reserve, and doubt,—what reptile shapes are here,

Poisoning the garden of a world with death among its flowers !

No need of many words, the tale is easy to be told :

A point will touch the truth, a line suggest the picture.

For if, in thine own home, a cautious man and captious,

Thou hintest at suspicion of a servant, thou soon wilt make a thief ;

Or if, too keen in care, thou dost evidently disbelieve thy child,

**Thou hast injured the texture of his honour, and smoothed to him the
way of lying ;**

Or if thou observest upon friends, as seeking thee selfishly for interest,

Thou hast hurt their kindliness to thee, and shalt be paid with scorn :

Or if, O silly ones of marriage, your foul and foolish thoughts,

Harshly misinterpreting in each the levity of innocence for sin,

Shall pour upon the lap of home pain where once was pleasure,

And mix contentions in the cup, that mantled once with comforts,

Bitterly and justly shall ye rue the punishment due to unbelief ;

Ye trust not each the other, nor the mutual vows of God ;

Take heed, for the pit may now be near, a pit of your own digging,

Faith abused tempteth unto crime, and doubt may make its monster.

Man verily is vile, but more in capability than action ;

**His sinfulness is deep, but his transgressions may be few, even from the
absence of temptation :**

He is hanging in a gulph midway, but the air is breathable about him :

Thrust him not from that slight hold, to perish in the vapours underneath.

For, God pleadeth with the deaf, as having ears to hear,

Christ speaketh to the dead, as those that are capable of living ;

And an evil teacher is that man, a tempter to much sin,

**Who looketh on his hearers with distrust, and hath no confidence in
brethren.**

**All may mend ; and sympathies are healing : and reason hath its influ-
ence with the worst ;**

And in those worst is ample hope, if only thou hast charity, and faith.

Sometimes have I watched a man exchanging the sobriety of faith,
 Old lamps for new,—even for fanatical excitements.
 He gained surface, but lost solidity; heat, in lieu of health;
 And still with swelling words and thoughts he scorned his ancient cold-
 ness:

But, his strength was shorn as Samson's; he walked he knew not
 whither;

Doubt was on his daily path; and duties showed not certain.
 Until, in an hour of enthusiasm, stung with secret fears,
 He pinned the safety of his soul on some false prophet's sleeve.
 And then, that sure word failed; and with it, failed his faith;
 It failed, and fell; O deep and dreadful was his fall in faith.
 He could not stop, with reason's rein, his coursers on the slope,
 And so they dashed him down the cliff of hardened unbelief.
 With overreaching grasp he had strained for visionary treasures,
 But a fiend had cheated his presumption, and hurled him to despair.
 So he lay in his blood, the victim of a credulous false faith,
 And many nights, and night-like days, he dwelt in outer darkness.
 But, within a while, his variable mind caught a new impression,
 A new impression of the good old stamp, that sealed him when a child:
 He was softened, and abjured his infidelity; he was wiser, and despised
 his credulity;

And turned again to simple faith more simply than before.
 Experience had declared too well his mind was built of water,
 And so renouncing strength in self, he fixed his faith in God.

It is not for me to stipulate for creeds; Bible, Church, and Reason,
 These three shall lead the mind, if any can, to truth.
 But I must stipulate for faith; both God and man demand it:
 Trust, is great in either world, if any would be well.
 Verily, the sceptical propensity is an universal foe;
 Sneering Pyrrho never found, nor cared to find, a friend:
 How could he trust another? and himself, whom would he not deceive?
 His proper gains were all his aim, and interests clash with kindness.
 So, the Bedouin goeth armed, an enemy to all,
 The spear is stuck beside his couch, the dagger hid beneath his pillow.
 For society, void of mutual trust, of credit, and of faith,
 Would fall asunder as a waterspout, snapped from the cloud's attraction.

Faith may rise into miracles of might, as some few wise have shown:
 Faith may sink into credulities of weakness, as the mass of fools have
 witnessed.

Therefore, in the first, saints and martyrs have fulfilled their mission,
 Conquering dangers, courting deaths, and triumphing in all.
 Therefore, in the last, the magician and the witch, victims of their own
 delusion,

Have gained the bitter wages of impracticable sins.
 They believed in allegiance with Satan; they worked in that belief,
 And thereby earned the loss and harm of guilt that might not be.
 For, faith hath two hands; with the one it addeth virtue to indifferents;
 Yea, it sanctified a Judith and a Jael, for what otherwise were treachery
 and murder:

With the other hand it heapeth crime even on impossibles or simples,
 And many a wizard well deserved the faggot for his faith:
 He trusted in his intercourse with evil, he sacrificed heartily to fiends,
 He withered up with curses to the limit of his will, and was vile, be-
 cause he thought himself a villain.

A great mind is ready to believe, for he hungereth to feed on facts,
 And the gnawing stomach of his ignorance craveth unceasing to be filled:
 A little mind is boastful and incredulous, for he fancieth all knowledge
 is his own,

So will he cavil at a truth; how should it be true, and he not know it?—
 There is an easy scheme, to solve all riddles by the sensual,
 And thus, despising mysteries, to feel the more sufficient:
 For it comforteth the foul hard heart, to reject the pure unseen,
 And relieveth the dull soft head, to hinder one from gazing upon vacancy.
 True wisdom, labouring to expound, heareth others readily;
 False wisdom, sturdy to deny, closeth up her mind to argument.
 The sum of certainties is found so small, their field so wide an universe,
 That many things may truly be, which man hath not conceived:
 The characters revealed of God are a strong mind's sole assurance
 That any strangeness may not stand a sober theme for faith.
 Ignorance being light denied, this ought to show the stronger in its view,
 But ignorance is commonly a double negative, both of light and morals:
 So, adding vanity to blindness, for ease, it taketh refuge in a doubt,
 And aching soon with ceaseless doubt, it finisheth the strife by misbe-
 lieving.

Faith, by its very nature, shall embrace both credence and obedience:
 Yea, the word for both is one, and cannot be divided."
 For, work void of faith, wherein can it be counted for a duty;

And faith not seen in work,—whereby can the doctrine be discovered ?
Faith in religion is an instrument ; a handle, and the hand to turn it :
Less a condition than a mean, and more an operation than a virtue.
A moral sickness, like to sin, must have a moral cure ;
And faith alone can heal the mind, whose malady is sense.
Ye are told of God's deep love : they that believe will love him :
They that love him, will obey : and obedience hath its blessing.
Ye are taught of the soul's great price ; they that believe will prize it,
And, prizing soul, will cherish well the hopes that make it happy.
Effects spring from feelings ; and feelings grow of faith :
If a man conceive himself insulted, will not his anger smite ?
Thus, let a soul believe his state, his danger, destiny, redemption,
Will he not feel eager to be safe, like him that kept the prison at Philippi ?

A mother had an only son, and sent him out to sea :
She was a widow, and in penury ; and he must seek his fortunes.
How often in the wintry nights, when waves and winds were howling,
Her heart was torn with sickening dread, and bled to see her boy.
And on one sunny morn, when all around was comfort,
News came, that weeks ago, the vessel had been wrecked ;
Yea, wrecked, and he was dead ! they had seen him perish in his agony :
Oh then, what agony was like to her's,—for she believed the tale.
She was bowed and broken down with sorrow, and uncomforted in prayer ;
Many nights she mourned, and pined, and had no hope but death.
But on a day, while sorely she was weeping, a stranger broke upon her
loneliness,—
He had news to tell, that weather-beaten man, and must not be denied :
And what were the wonder-working words that made this mourner joyous,
That swept her heaviness away, and filled her world with praise ?
Her son was saved,—is alive,—is near !—O did she stop to question ?
No, rushing in the force of faith, she met him at the door !

Of Honesty.

**All is vanity which is not honesty ;—thus is it graven on the tomb :
And there is no wisdom but in piety :—so the dead man preacheth :
For, in a simple village church, among those classic shades
Which sylvan Evelyn^o loved to rear, (his praise, and my delight,)
These, the words of truth, are writ upon his sepulchre
Who learnt much lore, and knew all trees, from the cedar to the hyssop
on the wall.**

**A just conjunction, godliness and honesty, ministering to both worlds,
Well wed, and ill to be divided, a pair that God hath joined together.
I touch not now the vulgar thought, as of tricks and cheateries in trade,
I speak of honest purpose, character, speech and action :
For an honest man hath special need of charity, and prudence,
Of a deep and humbling self-acquaintance, and of blessed commerce
with his God,**

**So that the keennesses of truth may be freed from asperities of censure,
And the just but vacillating mind be not made the pendulum of argu-
ments :**

**For a false reason, shrewdly put, can often not be answered on the
instant,**

**And prudence looketh unto faith, content to wait solutions ;
Yea, it looketh, yea, it waiteth, still holding honesty in leash,
Lest, as a hot young hound, it track not game, but vermin.
Many a man of honest heart, but ignorant of self and God,
Hath followed the marsh-fires of pestilence, esteeming them the lights
of truth ;**

**He heard a cause, which he had not skill to solve,—and so received it
gladly,**

**And that cause brought its consequence, of harm to an unstable soul.
Prudence, for a man's own sake, never should be separate from honesty ;
And charity, for others' good, and his, must still be joined therewith ;**

For the harshly chiding tongue hath neither pleasuring nor profit,
 And the cold unsympathizing heart never gained a good.
 Sin is a sore, and folly is a fever; touch them tenderly for healing;
 The bad churgeon's awkward knife harmeth, spite of honesty.
 Still, a rough diamond is better than the polished paste,—
 That courteous flattering fool, who spake of vice as virtue:
 And honesty, even by itself, though making many adversaries
 Whom prudence might have set aside, or charity have softened,
 Evermore will prosper at the last, and gain a man great honour
 By giving others many goods, to his own cost and hindrance.

Freedom is father of the honest, and sturdy Independence is his brother;
 These three, with heart and hand, dwell together in unity.
 The blunt yeoman, stout and true, will speak unto princes unabashed:
 His mind is loyal, just and free, a crystal in its plain integrity;
 What should make such an one ashamed? where courtiers kneel, he
 standeth;—

I will indeed bow before the king, but knees were knit for God
 And many such there be, of a high and noble conscience,
 Honourable, generous, and kind, though blest with little light:
 What should he barter for his Freedom? some petty gain of gold?
 Free of speech, and free in act, magnates honour him for boldness:
 Long may he flourish in his peace, and a stalwarth race around him,
 Rooted in the soil like oaks, and hardy as the pine upon the mountains!

But, there be others, that will truckle to a lie, selling honesty for interest:
 And do they gain?—they gain but loss; a little cash, with scorn.
 Behold, the sorrowful change wrought upon a fallen nature:
 He hath lost his own esteem, and other men's respect;
 For the buoyancy of upright faith, he is clothed in the heaviness of
 cringing;

For plain truth where none could err, he hath chosen tortuous paths;
 In lieu of his majesty of countenance—the timorous glances of servility;
 Instead of Freedom's honest pride,—the spirit of a slave.

Nevertheless, there is something to be pleaded, even for a necessary guile,
 Whilst the world, and all that is therein, lieth deep in evil.
 Who can be altogether honest,—a champion never out of mail,
 Ready to break a lance for truth with every crowding error?
 Who can be altogether honest,—dragging out the secresies of life,

And risking to be lashed and loathed for each unkind disclosure?
 Who can be altogether honest,—living in perpetual contentions,
 And prying out the petty cheats that swell the social scheme?
 For he must speak his instant mind,—a mind corrupt and sinful,
 Exhibiting to other men's disgust its undisguised deformities:
 He must utter all the hatred of his heart, and add to it the venom of his
 tongue;

Shall he feel, and hide his feelings? that were the meanness of a hypocrite.—

Still, O man, such hypocrisy is better, than this bold honesty to sin:
 Kill the feeling, or conceal it: let shame at least do the work of charity.

☉ charity, thou livest not in warnings, meddling among men,
 Rebuking every foolish word, and censuring small sins;
 This is not thy secret,—rather wilt thou hide their multitude,
 And silence the condemning tongue, and wearisome exhortation.
 But for thee, thy strength and zeal shine in encouragement to good,
 Lifting up the lantern of example, that wanderers may find the way:
 That lantern is not lit to gaze on all the hatefulness of evil,
 But set on high for life and light, the loveliness of good.
 The hard censorious mind sitteth as a keen anatomist
 Tracking up the fibres in corruption, and prying on a fearful corpse.
 But the charitable soul is a young lover, enamoured little wisely,
 That saw no fault in her he loved, and sought to see one less,
 So, in his kind and genial light, she grew more worthy of his love;
 Won to good by gentle suns, and not by frowning tempest.

Verily, infirm thyself,—be slow to chide a brother's imperfections;
 For many times the decent veil must hang on faults of nature;
 And the rude hands, that rend it, offend against the modesty of right,
 While seeming zeal, and its effort to do good, is only feigned self-praise:
 Often will the meannesses of life, hidden away in corners,
 Prove wisdom; and the generous is glad to leave them unregarded in
 the shade.

The follies none are found to praise, let them die unblamed;
 Thine honest strife will only tend to make some think them wise:
 And small conventional deceits, let them live uncensured:
 Or if thou war with pigmies, thou shalt haply help the cranes.
 Where to be blind was safety, Ovid had been wise for winking:
 And when a tell-tale might do harm, be sure it is prudent to be dumb:

**That which is just and fit is often found combating with honesty:
In the cause of good, be wise; and in a case indifferent, keep silence.**

**Let honesty's unblushing face be shaded by the mantle of humility,
So shall it shine a lamp of love, and not the torch of strife:
Otherwise the lantern of Diogenes, presumptuously thrust before the face,
If it never find an honest man, shall often make an angered.
Let honesty be accompanied by charity of heart, lest it walk unwelcome;
Or the mouthing censor of others and himself, soon shall sink to scorn.
Let honesty be added unto innocence of life: then a man may only be
its martyr;
But if openness of speech be found with secrecy of guilt, the martyr
will be seen a malefactor.**

**There is a cunning scheme, to put on surface bluntness,
And cover still deep water, with the clamorous ripples of a shallow.
For a man, to gain his selfish ends, will make a stalking-horse of honesty;
And hide his poaching limbs behind, that he may cheat the quicker.
Such an one is loud and ostentatious, full of oaths for argument,
Boastful of honour and sincerity, and not to be put down by facts:
He is obstinate, and showeth it for firmness: he is rude, displaying it
for truth;
And glorieth in doggedness of temper, as if it were uncompromising
justice.
Be aware of such a man; his brawling covereth designs;
This specious show of honesty cometh as the herald of a thief:
His feint is made with awkward clashing on the buckler's boss,
But meanwhile doth his secret skill ensure its fatal aim.
This is the hypocrite of honesty; ye may know him by an overacted part;
Taking pains to turn and twist, where other men walk straight;
Or walking straight, he will not step aside to let another pass,
But roughly pusheth on, provoking opposition on the way;
He is full of disquietude for calmness, full of intriguing for simplicity,
Valorous with those who cannot fight, and humble to the brave:
Where brotherly advice were good, this man rudely blameth,
And on some small occasion, flattereth with coarse praise.
The craven in a lion's skin hath conquered by his character for courage;
Sheep's clothing helped the wolf, till he slew by his character for kindness.**

**For honesty hath many gains, and well the wise have known
 This will prosper to the end, and fill their house with gold.
 The phosphorus of cheaterly will fade, and all its profits perish,
 While honesty with growing light endureth as the moon.
 Yea, it would be wise in a world of thieves, where cheating were a
 virtue,**

**To dare the vice of honesty, if any would be rich.
 For that which by the laws of God is heightened into duty,
 Ever, in the practice of a man, will be seen both policy and privilege.
 Thank God, ye toilers for your bread, in that, daily labouring,
 He hath suffered the bubbles of self-interest to float upon the stream of
 duty :**

**For honesty, of every kind, approved by God and man,
 Of wealth and better weal is found the richest cornucopia.
 Tempered by humbleness and charity, honesty of speech hath honour;
 And mingled well with prudence, honesty of purpose hath its praise :
 Trust payeth homage unto truth, rewarding honesty of action :
 And all men love to lean on him, who never failed nor fainted.
 Freedom gloweth in his eyes, and Nobleness of nature at his heart,
 And Independence took a crown and fixed it on his head :
 So, he stood in his integrity, just and firm of purpose,
 Aiding many, fearing none, a spectacle to angels, and to men :
 Yea, -- when the shattered globe shall rock in the throes of dissolution,
 Still, will he stand in his integrity, sublime — an honest man.**

Of Sincerity.

Better is the mass of men, Suspicion, than thy fears,
Kinder than thy thoughts, O chilling heart of Prudence,
Purer than thy judgments, ascetic tongue of Censure,
In all things worthier to love, if not also wiser to esteem.
Yea, let the moralist condemn, there be large extenuations of his verdict,
Let the misanthrope shun men and abjure, the most are rather loveable
than hateful.

How many pleasant faces shed their light on every side,
How many angels unawares have crossed thy casual way!
How often, in thy journeyings, hast thou made thee instant friends,
Found, to be loved a little while, and lost, to meet no more;
Friends of happy reminiscence, although so transient in their converse,
Liberal, cheerful, and sincere, a crowd of kindly traits.
I have sped by land and sea, and mingled with much people,
But never yet could find a spot, unsunned by human kindness;
Some more, and some less,—but truly all can claim a little;
And a man may travel through the world, and sow it thick with friend-
ships.

There be indeed, to say it in all sorrow, bad apostate souls,
Deserted of their ministering angels, and given up to liberty of sin,—
And other some, the miserly and mean, whose eyes are keen and greedy,
With stony hearts, and iron fists, to filch and scrape and clutch,—
And others yet again, the coarse in mind, selfish, sensual, brutish,
Seeming as incapable of softer thoughts, and dead to better deeds,
Such, no lover of the good, no follower of the generous and gentle,
Can nearer grow to love, than may consist with pity.
Few verily are these among the mass, and cast in fouler moulds,
Few and poor in friends, and well-deserving of their poverty:

Yet, or ever thou hast harshly judged, and linked their presence to disgust,

Consider well the thousand things that made them all they are.
 Thou hast not thought upon the causes, ranged in consecutive necessity,
 Which tended long to these effects, with sure constraining power.
 For each of those unlovely ones, if thou couldst hear his story,
 Hath much to urge of just excuse, at least as men count justice:
 Foolish education, thwarted opportunities, natural propensities unchecked,—

Thus were they discouraged from all good, and pampered in their evil:
 And, if thou wilt apprehend them well, tenderly looking on temptations,
 Bearing the base indulgently, and liberally dealing with the froward,
 Thou shalt discern a few fair fruits even upon trees so withered,
 Thou shalt understand how some may praise, and some be found to love them.

Nevertheless for these, my counsel is, Avoid them if thou canst;
 For the finer edges of thy virtues will be dulled by attrition with their vice.

And there is an enemy within thee; either to palliate their sin,
 Until, for surface-sweetness, thou too art drawn adown the vortex;
 Or, even unto fatal pride, to glorify thy purity by contrast,
 Until the publican and harlot stand nearer heaven than the Pharisee:
 Or daily strife against their ill, in subtleness may irritate thy soul,
 And in that struggle thou shalt fail, even through infirmity of goodness;
 Or, callous by continuance of injuries, thou wilt cease to pardon,
 Cease to feel, and cease to care, a cold case-hardened man.
 Beware of their example,—and thine own; beware the hazards of the battle;

But chiefly be thou ware of this, an unforgiving spirit.
 Many are the dangers and temptations compassing a bad man's presence;
 The upas hath a poisonous shade, and who would slumber there?
 Wherefore, avoid them if thou canst; only, under providence and duty,
 If thy lot be cast with Kedar,²² patiently and silently live to their rebuke.

How beautiful thy feet, and full of grace thy coming,
 O better kind companion, that art well for either world!
 There is an atmosphere of happiness floating round that man,
 Love is throned upon his heart, and light is found within his dwelling,
 His eyes are rayed with peacefulness, and wisdom waiteth on his tongue;

Seek him out, cherish him well, walking in the halo of his influence :
 For he shall be fragrance to thy soul, as a garden of sweet lilies,
 Hedged and apart from the outer world, an island of the blest among
 the seas.

There is an outer world, and there is an inner centre ;
 And many varying rings concentric round the self.
 For, first, about a man,—after his communion with heaven,—
 Is found the helpmate even as himself, the wife of his vows and his
 affections :

See then that ye love in faith, scorning petty jealousies,
 For Satan spoileth too much love, by souring it with doubts ;
 See that intimacy die not to indifference, nor anxiety sink into moroseness,
 And tend ye well the mutual minds bound in a copartnership for life.

Next of those concentric circles, radiating widely in circumference,
 Wheel in wheel, and world in world,—come the band of children :
 A tender nest of soft young hearts, each to be separately studied,
 A curious eager flock of minds, to be severally tamed and tutored.
 And a man, blest with these, hath made his own society,
 He is independent of the world, hanging on his friends more loosely :
 For the little faces round his hearth are friends enow for him,
 If he seek others, it is for sake of these, and less for his own pleasure.
 What companionship so sweet, yea, who can teach so well
 As these pure budding intellects, and bright unsullied hearts ?
 What voice so musical as theirs, what visions of elegance so comely,
 What thoughts and hopes and holy prayers, can others cause like these ?
 If ye count society for pastime,—what happier recreation than a nurse-
 ling,
 Its winning ways, its prattling tongue, its innocence and mirth ?
 If ye count society for good,—how fair a field is here,
 To guide these souls to God, and multiply thyself for heaven !

And this sweet social commerce with thy children, groweth as their
 growth,
 Unless thou fail of duty, or have weaned them by thine absence.
 Keep them near thee, rear them well, guide, correct, instruct them ;
 And be the playmate of their games, the judge in their complainings.
 So shall the maiden and the youth love thee as their sympathizing friend.
 And bring their joys to share with thee, their sorrows for consoling :

Yea, their inmost hopes shall yearn to thee for counsel,
 They will not hide their very loves, if thou hast won their trust;
 But, even as man and woman, shall they gladly seek their father,
 Feeling yet as children feel, though void of fear in honour:
 And thou shalt be a Nestor in the camp, the just and good old man,
 Hearty still, though full of years, and held the friend of all;
 No secret shall be kept from thee; for if ill, thy wisdom may repair it;
 If well, thy praise is precious; and they would not miss that prize.
 O the blessing of a home, where old and young mix kindly,
 The young unawed, the old unchilled, in unreserved communion!
 O that refuge from the world, when a stricken son or daughter
 May seek, with confidence of love, a father's hearth and heart;
 Sure of a welcome, though others cast them out; of kindness, though
 men scorn them;
 And finding there the last to blame, the earliest to commend.
 Come unto me, my son, if sin shall have tempted thee astray,
 I will not chide thee like the rest, but help thee to return;
 Come unto me, my son, if men rebuke and mock thee,
 There always shall be one to bless,—for I am on thy side!

Alas,—and bitter is their loss, the parents, and the children,
 Who, loving up and down the world, have missed each other's friendship.
 Haply, it had grown of careless life, for years go swiftly by;
 Or sprang of too much carefulness, that drank up all the streams:
 Haply, sullen disappointment came and quenched the fire;
 Haply, sternness, or misrule, crushed or warped the feelings.
 Then, ill-combined in tempers, they learnt not each the other;
 The growing child grew out of love, and drew the breath of fear;
 The youth, ill-trained, renounced his fears, and made a league with
 cunning;
 And so those hardened men were foes, that should have been chief friends.
 Where was the cause, the mutual cause? O hunt it out to kill it:
 And what the cure, the simple cure?—A mutual flash of love.
 For dull estrangement's daily air froze up those early sympathies
 By cold continuance in apathy, or cutting winds of censure;
 It was a slow process, which any fleeting hour could have melted;
 But every hour duly came, and passed without the sun.
 Caution, care, and dry distrust, obscured each other's minds,
 Till both those gardens, rich to yield, were rank with many weeds:
 And doubt, a hidden worm, gnawed at the root of their Society,

They lacked of mutual confidence, and lived in mutual dread.
 Judge me, many fathers; and hearken to my counsel, many sons;
 I come with good in either hand, to reconcile contentions:
 For better friends can no man have, than those whom God hath given,
 And he that hath despised the gift, thought ill of that, he knew not.
 Be ye wiser,—(I speak unto the sons)—and win paternal friendships,
 Cultivate their kindness, seek them out with honour, and be the screen-
 ing Japheth to their failings:—
 And be ye wiser,—(I speak unto the fathers,)—gain those filial comrades,
 Cherish their reasonable converse, and look not with coldness on your
 children.

For the friendship of a child is the brightest gem set upon the circlet of
 Society,

A jewel worth a world of pains—a jewel seldom seen.

The third cycle on the waters, another of those rings upon the onyx,
 A further definite broad zone, holdeth kith and kin:
 A motley band of many tribes, and under various banners;
 The intimate and strangers, the known and loved, or only seen for
 loathing:

Some, dear for their deserts, shall honour and have honour of relation-
 ship,

Some, despising duties, will add to it both burden and disgrace.

A man's nearest kin are oftentimes far other than his dearest,

Yet in the season of affliction those will haste to help him.

For, note thou this, the providence of God hath bound up families to-
 gether,

To mutual aid and patient trial; yea, those ties are strong.

Friends are ever dearer in thy wealth, but relations to be trusted in thy
 need,

For these are God's appointed way, and those the choice of man:

There is lower warmth in kin, but smaller truth in friends,

The latter show more surface, and the first have more of depth.

Relations rally to the rescue, even in estrangement and neglect,

Where friends will have fled at thy defeat, even after promises and kind-
 ness.

For friends come and go, the whim that bound may loose them,

But none can dis sever a relationship, and Fate hath tied the knot.

Close, and edged with shadowy bounds, a distant boulevard to the city,
 The common crowd of social life is buzzing round about:

That is as the outer court, with all defences levelled,
 Ranged around a man's own fortress, and his father's house.
 For many friends go in and out, and praise thee, finding pasture,
 And some are honey-comb to-day, who turn to gall to-morrow:
 And many a garrulous acquaintance with his frequent visit
 Will spend his leisure to thy cost, selling dullness dearly:
 For the idle call is a heavy tax, where time is counted gold,
 And even in the day of relaxation, haply he may spare his presence,—
 He found himself alone, and came to talk,—till they that hear are tired;
 Let the man bethink him of an errand, that his face be not unwelcome.

But many friends there be, both well and wisely greeted,
 Gladly are they hailed upon the hills, and are chidden that they come so
 seldom.

Of such are the early recollections, school friendships that have thriven
 to grey hairs,

And veteran men are young once more, and talk of boyish pranks;
 And such, yet older on the list, are those who loved thy father,
 Thy father's friend, and thine, who tendereth thee tried love:
 Such also, many gentle hearts, whom thou hast known too lately,
 Hastening now to learn their worth, and chary of those minutes;
 And such, thy faithful pastor, coming to thy home with peace;—
 Greet the good man heartily,—and bid thy children bless him!

Many thoughts, many thoughts,—who can catch them all?
 The best are ever swiftest winged, the duller lag behind:
 For, behold, in these vast themes, my mind is as a forest of the West,
 And flocking pigeons come in clouds, and bend the groaning branches;
 Here for a rest, then off and away,—they have sped to other climes,
 And leave me to my peace once more, a holiday from thoughts.
 I dare not lure them back, for the mighty subject of Society
 Would tempt to many a hackneyed note in many a weary key:
 Sage warnings, stout advice, experiences ever to be learned,
 The foolish floatiness of vanity, and solemn trumperies of pride,—
 Economy, the poor man's mint,—extravagance, the rich man's pitfall,
 Harmful copings with the better, and empty-headed apings of the worse,
 Circumstance and custom, sympathies, antipathies, diverse kinds of con-
 versation,
 Vapid pleasures, the weariness of gaiety, the strife and bustle of the
 world,

Home comforts, the miseries of style, the cobweb lines of etiquette,
The hollowness of courtesies, and substance of deceits,—idleness, busi-
ness, and pastime,—

The multitude of matters to be done, the when, and where, and how,
And varying shades of character, to do, undo, or miss them,—

All these, and many more alike, thick converging fancies,
Flit in throngs about my theme, as honey-bees at even to their hive.

Find an end, or make one: these seeds are dragon's teeth:

Sown thoughts grow to things, and fill that field, the world:

Many wise have gone before, and used the sickle well;

Who can find a corner now, where none have bound the sheaves?

So, other some may reap: I do but glean and gather:

My sorry handful hath been culled after the ripe harvest of Society

Of Solitude.

Who hath known his brother,—or found him in his freedom unrestrained?
Even he, whose hidden glance hath watched his deepest Solitude.
For we walk the world in domino, putting on characters and habits,
And wear a social Janus⁴⁴ mask, while others stand around:
I speak not of the hypocrite, nor dream of meant deceptions,
But of that quick unconscious change, whereof the best know most.
For mind hath its influence on mind; and no man is free but when alone;
Yea, let a dog be watching thee, its eye will tend to thy restraint.
Self-possession cannot be so perfect, with another intellect beside thee,
It is not as a natural result, but rather the educated produce.
The presence of a second spirit must control thine own,
And throw it off its equipoise of peace, to balance by an effort.
The common minds of common men know of this but little;
What then? they know nothing of themselves: I speak to those who
know.

The consciousness that some are hearing, cometh as a care,
The sense that some are watching near, bindeth thee to caution;
And the tree of tender nerves shrinketh as a touched mimosa,
Drooping like a plant in drought, with half its strength decayed.
There are antipathies warning from the many, and sympathies drawing
to the few,
But merchant-minds have crushed the first, and cannot feel the latter:
Whereas to the quickened apprehension of a keen and spiritual intellect,
Antipathies are galling, and sympathies oppress, and solitude is quiet.

He that dwelleth mainly by himself, heedeth most of others,
But they that live in crowds, think chiefly of themselves.
There is indeed a selfish seeming, where the anchorite liveth alone,
But probe his thoughts,—they travel far, dreaming for ever of the world:

And there is an apparent generosity, when a man mixeth freely with his fellows,

But prove his mind, by day and night, his thoughts are all of self:
The world, inciting him to pleasures, or relentlessly provoking him to toil,

Is full of anxious rivals, each with a difference of interest;
So must he plan and practise for himself, even as his own best friend;
And the gay soul of dissipation never had a thought unselfish.
The hermit standeth out of strife, abiding in a contemplative calmness;
What shall he contemplate,—himself? a meagre theme for musing:
He hath cast off follies, and kept aloof from cares; a man of simple wants;
God and the soul, these are his excuse, a just excuse, for solitude:
But he carried with him to his cell the half-dead feelings of humanity:
There were they rested and refreshed; and he yearned once more on men.

~~Where~~ There is the wise, or the learned, or the good, that sought not solitude for thinking,

And from seclusion's secret vale brought forth his precious fruits?
Forests of Aricia, "your deep shade mellowed Numa's wisdom,
Peaceful gardens of Vaucluse, ye nourished Petrarch's love;
Solitude made a Cincinnatus, ripening the hero and the patriot,
And taught De Staël self-knowledge, even in the damp Bastile;"
It fostered the piety of Jerome, matured the labours of Augustine,
And gave imperial Charles religion for ambition:
That which Scipio praised, that which Alfred practised,
Which fired Demosthenes to eloquence, and fed the mind of Milton,
Which quickened zeal, nurtured genius, found out the secret things of science,

Helped repentance, shamed folly, and comforted the good with peace,—
By all men just and wise, by all things pure and perfect,
How truly, Solitude, art thou the fostering nurse of greatness!

Enough;—the theme is vast; sear me these necks of Hydra:
What shall drive away the thoughts flocking to this carcass?
Yea,—that all which man may think, hath long been said of Solitude:
For many wise have proved and preached its evils and its good.
I cannot add,—I will not steal; enough, for all is spoken:
Yet heed thou these for practice, and discernment among men.

There are pompous talkers, solemn, oracular, and dull:
Track them from society to solitude; and there ye find them fools.

There are light-hearted jesters, taking up with company for pastime;
 How speed they when alone?—serious, wise, and thoughtful.
 And wherefore? both are actors, saving when in solitude,
 There they live their truest life, and all things show sincere:
 But the fool by pomposity of speech striveth to be counted wise,
 And the wise, for holiday and pleasaunce, playeth with the fool's best
 bauble.

The solemn seemer, as a rule, will be found more ignorant and shallow
 Than those who laugh both loud and long, content to hide their know-
 ledge.

For thee; seek thou Solitude, but neither in excess, nor morosely;
 Seek her for her precious things, and not of thine own pride.
 For there, separate from a crowd, the still small voice will talk with thee,
 Truth's whisper, heard and echoed by responding conscience:
 There, shalt thou gather up the ravelled skeins of feeling,
 And mend the nets of usefulness, and rest awhile for duties;
 There, thou shalt hive thy lore, and eat the fruits of study,
 For Solitude delighteth well to feed on many thoughts;
 There, as thou sittest peaceful, communing with fancy,
 The precious poetry of life shall gild its leaden cares;
 There, as thou walkest by the sea, beneath the gentle stars,
 Many kindling scenes of good will sprout within thy soul;
 Thou shalt weep in Solitude,—thou shalt pray in Solitude,
 Thou shalt sing for joy of heart, and praise the grace of Solitude.
 Pass on, pass on!—for this is the path of Wisdom:
 God make thee prosper on the way; I leave thee well with Solitude.

The End.

Every beginning is shrouded in a mist, those vague ideas beyond,
And the traveller setteth on his journey, oppressed with many thoughts,
Balancing his hopes and fears, and looking for some order in the chaos,
Some secret path between the cliffs, that seem to bar his way:
So, he commenceth at a clue, unravelling its tangled skein,
And boldly speedeth on to thread the labyrinth before him.
Then as he gropeth in the darkness, light is attendant on his steps,
He walketh straight in fervent faith, and difficulties vanish at his presence;
The very flashing of his sword scattereth those shadowy foes;
Confident and sanguine of success, he goeth forth conquering and to conquer.

Every middle is burdened with a weariness,—to have to go as far again,—
And Diligence is sick at heart, and Enterprise foot-sore:
That which began in zeal, bursting as a fresh-dug spring,
Goeth on doggedly in toil, and hath no help of nature:
Then, is need of moral might, to wrestle with the animal reaction,
Still to fight, with few men left, and still though faint pursuing.
The middle is a marshy flat, whereon the wheels go heavily,
With clouds of doubt above, and ruts of discouragement below:
Press on, sturdy traveller, yet a league, and yet a league!
While every step is binding wings on thy victorious feet.

Every end is happiness, the glorious consummation of design,
The perils past, the fears annulled, the journey at its close:
And the traveller resteth in complacency, home-returned at last:
Work done may claim its wages, the goal gained hath won its prize:
While the labour lasted, while the race was running,
Many-times the sinews ached, and half refused the struggle:
But now, all is quietness, a pleasant hour given to repose;
Calmness in the retrospect of good, and calmness in the prospect of a blessing.

Hope was glad in the beginning, and fear was sad midway,
 But sweet fruition cometh in the end, a harvest safe and sure.
 That which is, can never not have been: facts are solid as the pyramids;
 A thing done is written in the rock, yea, with a pen of iron.
 Uncertainty no more can scare, the proof is seen complete,
 Nor accident render unaccomplished, for the deed is finished.
 Thus the end shall crown the work, with grace, grace, unto the topstone,
 And the work shall triumph in its crown, with peace, peace, unto the
 builder.

I have written, as other some of old, in quaint and meaning phrase,
 Of many things for either world, a crowd of facts and fancies:
 And will ye judge me, men of mind?—judge in kindly calmness;
 For bitter words of haste or hate have often been repented.
 Deep dreaming upon surface reading; imagery crowded over argument;
 Order less considered in the multitude of thoughts: this witnessing is
 just.

Scripture gave the holier themes, the well-turned words and wisdom;
 While Fancy on her swallow's wing skimmed those deeper waters.
 And wilt thou say with shrewdness,—He hath burnished up old truths,
 But where he seemed to fashion new, the novelty was false?
 Alas, for us in these last days, our elders reaped the harvest:
 Alas, for all men in all times, who glean so many tares!
 That which is true, how should it be new? for time is old in years:
 That which is new, how should it be true? for I am young in wisdom.

Nevertheless, I have spoken at my best, according to the mercies given me,
 Of high, and deep, and famous things, of Evil, or of Good."
 I have told of Errors near akin to Truth, and wholesomes linked with
 poison;
 Of subtle Uses in the humblest, and the deep-laid plots of Pride:
 I have praised Wisdom, comforted thy Hope, and proved to thee the folly
 of complainings;
 Hinted at the hazard of an Influence, and turned thee from the terrors
 of Ambition.
 I have shown thee thy captivity to Law: yet bade thee hide Humilities;
 I have lifted the curtains of Memory; and smoothed the soft pillow of
 Rest.

Experience had his sober hour: and Character its keen appreciation;
 And holy Anger stood sublime, where Hatred fell condemned.
 Prayer spake the mind of God, even in His own good words:

And Zeal, with kindness warmly mixt, allied him to Discretion.
 I taught thee that nothing is a Trifle, even to the laugh of Recreation;
 I led thee with the Train of Religion, to be dazzled at the name of the
 Triune.

Thought confessed his unseen fears; and Speech declared his triumphs;
 I sang the blessedness of books; and commended the prudence of a
 letter:

Riches found their room, either unto honour—or despising:
 Inventions took their lower place, for all things come of God.
 I scorned Ridicule; nor would humble me for Praise; for I had gained
 Self-knowledge;

And pleaded fervently for Brutes, who suffer for man's sin.
 Then, I rose to Friendship; and bathed in all the tenderness of Love;
 Knew the purity of Marriage; and blest the face of Children.
 And whereas by petulance or pride, I had haply said some evil,
 Mine after-thought was Tolerance, to bear the faults of all:
 Many faults, ill to bear, bred the theme of Sorrow;
 Many virtues, dear to see, induced the gush of Joy.

Thus, for awhile, as leaving thee in joy, was I loth to break that spell;
 I roamed to other things and thoughts, and fashioned other books.
 But in a season of reflection, after many days,
 A thought stood before me in its garment of the past,—and lo, a legion
 with it!

They came in thronging bands,—I could not fight nor fly them,—
 And so they took me to their tent, the prisoner of thoughts.

Then, I bade thee greet me well, and heed my cheerful counsels;
 For every day we have a Friend, who changeth not with time.
 Gladly did I speak of my commission, for I felt it graven on my heart,
 And could not hold my wiser peace, but magnified mine office.
 Mystery had left her echoes in my mind, and I discoursed her secret:
 And thence I turned aside to Man, and judged him for his Gifts.
 Beauty, noble thesis, had a world of sweets to sing of,
 And dated all her praise from God, the birthday of the soul.
 Thence grew Fame; and Flattery came like Agag;—
 But this was as the nauseous dregs, of that inspiring cup:
 Forth from Flattery sprang in opposition harsh and dull Neglect;
 And kind Contentment's gentle face to smile away the sadness.
 Life, all buoyancy and light, and Death, that sullen silence,

Sped the soul to Immortality, the final home of man.
 Then, in metaphysical review, passed a triple troop,
 Swift Ideas, sounding Names, and heavily-armed Things:
 Faith spake of her achievements even among men her brethren;
 And Honesty, with open mouth, would vindicate himself:
 The retrospect of Social life had many truths to tell of,
 And then I left thee to thy Solitude, learning there of Wisdom.

Friend and scholar, lover of the right, mine equal kind companion,—
 I prize indeed thy favour, and these sympathies are dear:
 Still, if thy heart be little with me, wot thou well, my brother,
 I canvass not the smile of praise, nor dread the frowns of censure.
 Through many themes in many thoughts, have we held sweet converse;
 But God alone be praised for mind! He only is sufficient.
 And every thought in every theme by prayer had been established:
 Who then should fear the face of man, when God hath answered prayer?—
 I speak it not in arrogance of heart, but humbly as of justice,
 I think it not in vanity of soul, but tenderly, for gratitude,—
 God hath blest my mind, and taught it many truths:
 And I have echoed some to thee, in weakness, yet sincerely:
 Yea, though ignorance and error shall have marred those lessons of His
 teaching,
 I stand in mine own Master's praise, or fall to His reproof.
 If thou lovest, help me with thy blessing; if otherwise, mine shall be
 for thee;
 If thou approvest, heed my words; if otherwise, in kindness be my
 teacher.
 Many mingled thoughts for self have warped my better aim;
 Many motives tempted still, to toil for pride or praise:
 Alas, I have loved pride and praise, like others worse or worthier;
 But hate and fear them now, as snakes that fastened on my hand:
 Scævolo burnt both hand and crime;" but Paul flung the viper on the fire:
 He shook it off, and felt no harm: so be it! I renounce them.
 Rebuke then, if thou wilt rebuke,—but neither hastily, nor harshly;
 Or, if thou wilt commend, be it honestly, of right: I work for God and
 good.

NOTES.

The Notes in brackets have been added by an American Gentleman.

(FIRST SERIES.)

[(1) "Sirach's son." Page 1.]

See the Apocrypha.

(2) "*And thine enfranchised fellows hail thy white victorious sails.*" Page 4.

See the story of Theseus, as detailed in Dryden's translation of Plutarch, Life I. [The Minotaur was a fabulous monster of mingled form, which devoured the chosen young men and maidens, which the tyranny of King Minos yearly exacted from the Athenians. Theseus, a prince of Athens, delivered his country from this shameful tribute, when it had fallen to his lot to be sacrificed to the voracity of the Minotaur, and, by means of Ariadne, the king's daughter, he destroyed the monster, and made his escape from the windings of the labyrinth. He then sailed from Crete homeward, with the youths his victory had redeemed from death. The use of white sails was to be a signal of good success; that of black ones, a token of his misfortune.]

[(3) Page 4.

Wisdom, says Bellamy, consists in choosing the best end, and contriving the most proper means to attain it.]

(4) ["*The alchemist * * * findeth out many inventions, though his crucible breed not gold.*" Page 5.

The grand object of alchemic art was the transmutation of the baser metals into gold; but nature proved refractory. Yet, though abortive in regard to their anticipated results, it was productive of the good effect of inducing Philosophers to descend from disputes upon words to experiments upon things. Many and great were the discoveries made in the wild pursuit of the golden phantom.]

(5) "*Who hath companioned a vision from the horn or ivory gate?*" Page 6.

Virg. *Æn.* VI. 894—897.

"Sunt geminæ somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea; quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto;
Sed falsa ad cælum mittunt insomnia Manes."

[Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn :
Of polished iv'ry this, that of transparent horn :
True visions through transparent horn arise ;
Through polished iv'ry pass deluding lies. DRYDEN.]

[(6) "*The giant Upas of creation, whose deadly shade,*" &c. Page 7.

The Upas is a tree common in the forests of Java, and of the neighbouring isles, the secretions of which are poisonous. It has been fabulously reported that the atmosphere surrounding it is very deleterious.]

(7) "*The seaweed floating on the waves,*" &c. Page 10.

The common sea-weeds on the shores of Europe, the algæ and fuci, after having, for ages, been considered as synonymous with every thing vile and worthless, have, in modern times, been found to be abundant in iodine, the only known cure for scrofula, and kelp, so useful in many manufactures. Horace has signalized his ignorance of this fact in Od. III. 17, 10, "*algæ inutili,*" [the useless sea-weed,] &c.; and, in II. Sat. 5, 8, ironically saying, that "*— virtus, nisi cum re, vilior algæ est.*" Virgil also has put into the mouth of Thyrsis, in Ecl. VII. 42.

"— *Projectâ vilior algæ.*"

[And viler than the sea-weed cast ashore. WRANGHAM.]

(8) "*Hath the crocus yielded up its bulb,*" &c. Page 10.

The autumnal crocus, or colchicum, which consists of little more than a deep bulbous root, and a delicate lilac flower, (see page 111,) produces a substance which is called veratrin, and has been used with signal success in the cure of gout, [rheumatism,] and similar diseases. A few lines lower down, with reference to the elm, I would remark, that no use has yet been discovered in the principle called "ulmine"—[an exploded name of ulmic acid, which spontaneously exudes from the elm, the oak, the chestnut, and various other trees, constituting the essential ingredient of peat, &c. It appears to constitute what is usually called *vegetable manure*.]

"*The boon of far Peru*" is the potato.

(9) "*When acorns give out fragrant drink,*" &c. Page 11.

At a meeting of the Medico-Botanical Society, (in 1837,) the President introduced to the notice of the members a new beverage which very much resembled coffee, and was made from acorns peeled, chopped, and roasted. [Acorns have *long* been considered as the best substitutes for coffee, when they are toasted brown, and have absorbed some fresh butter. The fruit was used as food before the cultivation of corn. In Spain, it has been considered as a delicacy, and served up as a desert; and in seasons of scarcity, the Norwegians grind it into meal for making bread. V. Edin. Encyclo. Art. *Acorn*.] Bread made from saw-dust is certainly not very palatable, but no one can doubt that it is far more sweet and wholesome than "no bread;" in a famine, this discovery, which has passed almost sub silentio [in silence or secrecy], would prove to be of the highest importance. The dandel, [a kind of grass,] it may be observed in passing, is highly poisonous, and a proper opposite to the lotus [a leguminous plant].

(10) "*And He, who seeming old in youth,*" &c. Page 16.

Compare Isa. lii. 14, "His visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men," with the idea implied in the observation, John viii. 57, "Thou art not yet *fifty years* old, and hast thou seen Abraham?" Our LORD was then thirty-three, or, according to some chronologists, even younger. [IRENÆUS, one of the first fathers, with this passage supports the tradition, which he says he had from some that had conversed with St. JOHN, that our SAVIOUR lived to be fifty years old, which he contends for, *Advers. Hæres. lib. 2, cap. 39, 40.* Some think that the countenance of CHRIST was so altered with grief and watching, that, together with the gravity of his aspect, it made him look like a man of fifty.

(11) "*A sentence hath formed a character, and a character subdued a kingdom.*" Page 20.

A better instance of this could scarcely be found than in the late LORD EXMOUTH, who first directed his thoughts to the sea from a casual remark made by a groom. See his *Life*.

[(12) "*Horn of Plenty.*"

Cornucopia, among the ancients, an emblem of fruitfulness and abundance.]

[(13) "*The wild electric flash . . . may give ease to an ailing child.*" Page 21.

Electric shocks have been applied as remedies for diseases, and have often been productive of good. The chief disorder where they are found valuable is the case of paralyzed limbs. Relief has also been given to patients suffering from tic, spasmodic affections, rheumatism, deafness, toothache, and suspended animation. About the year 1720, it was asserted by SENECA PRIVATI of Venice, and many others, that if odoriferous substances were confined in glass vessels, (afterwards called *medicated tubes*;) and the vessels excited, the odors and other medical virtues would transpire through the glass, infect the atmosphere of the conductor, and communicate their virtue to all persons in contact with it; also, that those substances, held in the hands of persons electrified, would communicate their virtues to them, so that the medicines might be made to operate without being taken into the stomach. This doctrine was proved false by NOLLET.]

(14) "*That small cavern,*" &c. Page 22.

The pineal gland, [so called from its resemblance to the pine-apple,] a small oval about the size of a pea, situated nearly in the centre of the brain, and generally found to contain, even in children, some particles of gravel. GALEN, and after him DES CARTES, imagined it the seat of the soul.

[(15) Page 22.

"*Petra*"—the rocky part of Arabia, now called Hedjaz. "*Palmyra*"—once a magnificent city of Syria, the Tadmor of Solomon; the stupendous ruins of which are in the midst of a sandy desert, bounded on three sides by lofty mountains. "*Carmel*"—a mountain in Palestine, noted for having been the retreat of the prophet Elias. "*PLATO*"—a celebrated philosopher of Athens, who, after much travel through the East, and also in the southern part of Italy, returned, and opened a school in a public grove at Academia, over which he presided during 40 years, his lectures being attended by crowds of illustrious pupils. "*ZENO*"—a noted philosopher, and founder of the sect called

Stoics. He opened his school within the limits of Athens, in the celebrated portico called *Pocili*. "PYTHAGORAS"—a celebrated philosopher of antiquity, who first supported the doctrine of metempsychosis. "*Stagyrite*"—an appellation given to ARISTOTLE—a philosopher, and pupil of PLATO. "*Persepolis*"—a famous city, once the capital of the Persian empire; laid in ruins by ALEXANDER.]

[⁽¹⁶⁾ "*Cabala*." Page 23.

A mysterious kind of science among Jewish rabbins, pretended to have been delivered to the ancient Jews by revelation, and transmitted by oral tradition.]

[⁽¹⁷⁾ "*Belus*." Page 25.

One of the most ancient kings of Babylon. His temple was the most magnificent in the world, originally the Tower of Babel.]

[⁽¹⁸⁾ Page 26.

Ambition, says COLTON, is to the mind what the cap is to the falcon; it *blinds* us first, and then compels us to tower, by reason of our blindness.]

[⁽¹⁹⁾ "*The Greek hath surnamed, ORDER*." Page 28.

Kákos [literally signifying a set form, order, or ornament; also, applied to the universe from its perfect arrangement; opposed to chaos. On the history of this *Pythagorean* usage, v. Benti. Phalar. p. 351, Nüke Opusc. pp. 16-26.]: The Latins also, who rarely can show a beautiful idea which they have not borrowed from Greece, have made a similar application of the term "*mundus*" to the fabric of the world.

[⁽²⁰⁾ Page 29.

See 2 Kings, chap. xxiii. xxiv. and xxv. "KORAH;" see Numb. c. xvi. DANIEL;" see Dan. c. vi. "AZARIAS;" see Dan. c. i. 7, iii. 18.]

[⁽²¹⁾ "*The Roman father, strong in his stern integrity*."

L. VIRGINIUS, by a noble act, abolished the decemviral power. See *Livy*, lib. iii. c. 37.]

[⁽²²⁾ "*Salu's son*." Page 32.

ZIMRI. See Numbers, chap. xxv.]

[⁽²³⁾ "*Bucephalus*." Page 32.

A celebrated war-horse, whose head resembled that of a bull. Alexander was the only person who could mount on his back, and he always knelt down to take up his master. See Rollin, vol. 6.]

[⁽²⁴⁾ "*Belial*." Page 33.

In the original, signifies worthlessness. Deut. xiii. 13. "Eli;" see 1 Sam. c. ii.]

[⁽²⁵⁾ "*Cathay*." Page 34.

The ancient name of China. See Robertson's India, p. 51.]

(26) "To this our day, the Rechabites wanteth not a man," &c. Page 34.

I have heard it related of WOLFE, the missionary, that when in Arabia, he fell in with a small wandering tribe, who refused to drink wine, not on Mohammedan principles, but because it had in old time been "forbidden by JONADAB, the son of RECHAB, their father." Compare Jeremiah xxxv. 19, "JONADAB, the son of RECHAB, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever." [Also, verse 8.] It will be found in Mr. WOLFE's Journal. ["Magog," see Ezek. xxxviii, xxxix.]

(27) "Of Rest." Page 35.

A very obvious objection to the views of Rest here given, has probably occurred to more than one religious reader of the English Bible; "there remaineth a rest for the people of God," doubtless intending the heavenly inheritance. If the Greek Testament is referred to (Heb. iv. 9), the word translated "rest" will be found to be *σαββατισμός*; a sabbatism, or perpetual sabbath, a rest indeed from evil, but very far from being a rest from good: an eternal act of ecstatic intellectual worship, or temporary acts in infinite series. It is true that another word, *κατάπαυσις*, implying complete cessation, occurs in the context; but this is used of the earthly image, Joshua's rest in Canaan; the material rest of earth becomes in the skies a spiritual sabbath; although I am ready to admit that the Apostle goes on to argue from the word of the type. In passing, let us observe, by way of showing the uncertainty of trusting to any isolated expression of the present scriptural version, that there are no less than six several words of various meaning which in our New Testament are all indifferently rendered rest; as in Matt. xii. 43, *ἀνάπαυσις*; in John xi. 13, *κοίμησις*; in Heb. iii. 11, *κατάπαυσις*; in Acts ix. 31, *εἰρήνη*; in 2 Thess. i. 7, *ἀνείας*; and in Heb. iv. 9, *σαββατισμός*. The *κοίμησις* is, I apprehend, what is generally meant by rest; so wishes Byron's Giaour to "sleep without the dream of what he was;" so he who in life "loathed the languor of repose," avows that he "would not, if he might, be blest, and sought no paradise but Rest." Such, at least, is not the Christian's sabbath, which indeed fully agrees, as might be expected, with metaphysical inquiries: a good spirit cannot rest from activity in good, nor an evil one from activity in evil. Rest, in its common slothful acceptance, is not possible, or is at any rate very improbable, in the case of spiritual creatures.

(28) "Calm night that breedeth thoughts." Page 35.

Ἐθέρπων [i. e., night, and strictly euphemistic for *νόξ*, the kindly, or the balmy, refreshing one; fr. *εὔρωον*,] Another delicate example of the Greek elegance in mind and language.

(29) "Proteus," &c. Page 42.

Compare Virgil, *Geor. IV.*, 406, 412.

"Tum variae eludent species atque ora ferarum.
Fiet enim subito sus horridus, atraque tigris,
Squamosusque draco, et fulvâ cervice leona;
Aut acrem flammæ sonitum dabit, atque ita vincilis
Excidet; aut in aquas tenues dilapsus abibit.
Sed, quanto ille magis formas se vertet in omnes,
Tanto, nate, magis contende tenacia vincula."

[There safely seize, there closely chained pursue,
 Shape after shape that changeful mocks thy view,
 Now bristles like a boar his horrent crest,
 Now a fierce tiger springs upon thy breast,
 Or wreathes in dragon folds his scaly train,
 Or like a lion shakes his brindled mane:
 The crackling fire shall now thy grasp betray,
 Or a wave glide in liquid lapse away.
 The more each monstrous form the seer belies,
 More closely fetter in each new disguise. SOTHEBY.]

Proteus was a sea-deity among the ancients, who possessed the gift of prophecy. He was difficult of access, and when consulted refused to give answers, by assuming different shapes, and, if not properly secured in fetters, eluding the grasp in the form of a tiger, rushing stream, &c.]

(20) "*We wait, like the sage of Salamis, to see what the end will be.*" Page 45.

In allusion to the well-known anecdote of *SOLON* at the court of *CROÏSUS*. [*SOLON* was ranked among the seven wise men of Greece, and flourished about the year A. C. 597. *CROÏSUS*, a Lydian king, was proverbial for his riches. See *Rollin*, vol. 2; *Plutarch*, *Life* 7.]

[(21) "*Tricketh out her beauty like Jezebel.*" Page 45.

See 2 Kings, ix. "TAMAR;" see *Genesis*, xxxviii. "RAHAB;" see *Joshua*, ii.]

[(22) "*A wonder-working alchemy draineth elixir out of poisons.*" Page 55.

Baffled in the acquisition of metallic treasure, the alchemists dared to think Immortality within their reach, and presumptuously endeavoured to prepare a medicine to prevent the decay of nature and prolong life indefinitely.]

[(23) "*The virgin daughter of Orleans.*" Page 59.

In the reign of *CHARLES VII.*, France was delivered from the grasp of English power by means of *JOAN OF ARC*—the Maid of Orleans. Compare "*The Heroine Martyr of Monterey.*"

(24) "*Crowned with a rainbow of emerald, the green memorial of earth.*" Page 59.

See *Rev.* iv. 3, "There was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald." It may be a fanciful but it is a pleasing idea, that this emerald rainbow was, as it were, a reflection of the earth, which "God so loved," and whose universal robe is green.

[(25) Page 61.

The *LORD's* prayer may be thus illustrated: *Our Father*, (*Isa.* lxiii. 16,) *Who art in Heaven*, (*1 Kings*, viii. 43,) *Hallowed be thy name*, (*Pa.* cxv. 1,) *Thy kingdom come*, (*Pa.* cx. 2,) *Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven*, (*Acts*, xxi. 14,) *Give us this day our daily bread*, (*Prov.* xxx. 8; *Jno.* vi. 34,) *And forgive us our trespasses*, (*Pa.* xxv. 2,) *As we forgive those that trespass against us*, (*Matt.* vi. 15,) *And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil*, (*Matt.* xxvi. 41,) *For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever*, (*Jude*, 25,) *Amen*, (*Eph.* i. 2.)

(36) "*Like the Parthian.*" Page 67.

Compare Horace, B. I. Od. xix. 13, "*Versis animosum equis Parthum,*" [The Parthian, fiercely contending on retreating steeds.] and Virg. Geo. III. 31, "*Parthus fidens fugâ versisque sagittis.*" [The Parthian trusting in flight and his inverted arrows.] with Ps. lxxviii. 9, "The children of EPHRAIM carrying bows, who turned themselves back in the day of battle." [The Parthians, says PLUTARCH, shot as they fled; and this they do with a degree of dexterity, inferior only to that of the Scythians. MILTON has excellently described their flying flight:

"How quick they wheeled, and, flying behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy shower against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight."]

(37) "*The giant king of palms.*" Page 68.

The magnificent Talipot palm, the column of which frequently exceeds one hundred feet in height, whose leaves are each thirty feet in breadth, and whose single crop of fruit feasts a whole country.

(38) "*It is only the band of the redeemed who can tell thee the fulness of that name.*" Page 71.

Strictly speaking, only a fallen being is capable of *religion*, a bringing or binding back of the affections to their proper object. An angel, or other pure intelligence, can have no sympathies with the fallen, as such, and therefore can know nothing of *religion*, as such; his worship is allegiance or liegance.

(39) "*Of a Trinity.*" Page 72.

The candid reader who dissents from the doctrine of the Trinity, will have the goodness to remember, that the question itself stands on far other and higher grounds than those of mere analogy: this observation is made in case the slight argument here urged should seem weak and unsatisfactory to a reflective mind: it is nothing more than an addition *pro lucro*. It does not at all affect the argument that the three elements of all things should be now unknown, or unsuspected. The idea thrown out may one day be found to be correct; and in fact it will be very difficult to prove the contrary, inasmuch as to an assertion of its falsity, "ready answer cometh,"—wait until we know more.

(40) "*The noonday light is a compound, the triune shadow of Jehovah.*" Page 73.

The rainbow, which is light analyzed, is of but three colours, blue, yellow, and red, with their intermediate shades. I think no one of these can be mixed or made of others, and in their union they produce colourless light. [A discovery of SIR DAVID BREWSTER. The super-position of these three produces all the seven hues according as each primary colour is an excess or defect. Somerville's Conn. Ph. Sci. p. 154.]

(41) "*Upon whose lips the mystic bee,*" &c. Page 82.

The classical reader will not need to be reminded of the omen that happened to the infant PINDAR. [When he was young, it is said that a swarm of bees settled on his lips, and there left some honey-combs. This was thought a prognostic of his future greatness.]

(43) "*Let another OMAR burn the full library of knowledge.*" Page 84.

The Alexandrian library, compiled by PROLEMY EUGENETUS, contained 700,000 manuscripts, all of which were burnt [A.C. 640] by the fanatical calif OMAR I.

[(43) "*Benares.*" Page 88.

A large district of Indostan, in the east part of Allahabad. Here grows the Indian fig, *Ficus Indica*.

[(44) "*Hades.*" Page 90.

The region of the dead, over which PLUTO presided. "ANANIAS;" see Acts, v. 1-10.]

(45) "*The strange skin garments cast upon the shore suggest another hemisphere.*" Page 92.

An anecdote I have somewhere heard of Columbus, who, having sailed as far as Flores, one of the western islands, was induced to proceed further from hearing that savage robes and weapons had been cast up by the sea, after the prevalence of westerly gales. It will probably be met with in Washington Irving's *Life of Columbus*.

(46) "*The lichen . . . dying diggeth its own grave.*" Page 92.

One of the great uses of these pioneers of vegetation is to corrode and fret the smooth surface of the rocks, by an acid [the malic] which they generate during decomposition. [It is a cryptogamous plant; called also rock-moss.]

(47) "*Ridicule—the test of truth.*" Page 95.

One of the weakest points in the Shaftesbury philosophy, which would weigh principles against puns. [ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER (third earl of Shaftesbury), its founder, published in 1709 his "*Sensus Communis*," (common sense), wherein he vindicates this.

[(48) Page 101. See 1 Kings, chap. xi.]

(49) "*And being but men, as men, ye own to all the sympathies of manhood.*" Page 108.

The noble and masculine sentiment of TERENCE, which of old electrified the whole theatre:

"Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto."

["I am a man, and deem nothing which relates to a man foreign to my feelings." TERENCE, a native of Carthage, was the most elegant of the Roman comedians.]

[(50) Page 116. "*Pray like Hannah.*" See 1 Sam. i. 10.]

[(51) "*Pantheon.*" Page 123.

A magnificent edifice at Rome, built by AGRIPPA, and dedicated to all the gods. Now standing

(⁵³) "*Ganges.*" Page 122.

The Elephant-headed god of prudence, who is invoked on every occasion by the Hindoos. Kali, called also Durga, is a destroying power. Kamala signifies "lotus-like," a type of beauty, and one of the names of Lakshmi. Vishnu is the great Preserver in the Brahmin triad: his incarnations are called avatars.

(⁵⁴) "*God will not love thee less, because men love thee more.*" Page 126.

It may be scarcely necessary to remark, that the gist of the argument in Matt. v. 11, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you," lies in the "falsely, for my sake." This verse has all the characteristics of an epigram,—paradox, brevity, and *finis*. satisfaction.

[(⁵⁴) Page 130

"ΘΕΩ ΔΟΞΑ." Glory to God!

NOTES.

(SECOND SERIES.)

(¹) "*Hunt with Aurengzebe*," &c. Page 132.

The great Mogul; who reigned in the seventeenth century; and was famous, amongst other things, for having all but exterminated wild beasts from the region of Hindoostan: he effected this by surrounding the whole country with his army, and then drawing to a focus with the animals in the centre. Somerville, in the end of Book ii. of the *Chase*, gives a spirited account of that mighty hunting:

"Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The steeds
Of eager hosts, through all the circling line,
And the wild howlings of the beasts within
Rend wide the welkin: flights of arrows, winged
With death, and javelins launched from every arm,
Gall sore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gored through and through."——

[(²) "*Seric*." Page 132.

Of or pertaining to silk. This article was first brought from the country of the Seres, the ancient Chinese, and hence received the name of *Sericum*.]

(³) Page 133.

HERACLITUS, and DEMOCRITUS, are severally known as the crying and laughing philosophers: they typify opposite kinds of seekers after wisdom; both being prejudiced by excess. Our age of the world seems to have fallen upon the latter, which, with a protest against abuse, is certainly the wiser of the two. "The house of mourning is better than the house of feasting," for this influence, along with others of more weight; viz., that it tends to a cheerful and calm reaction, rather than to feelings of dulness and satiety. A few lines further, "the luxury of Capuan holidays," alludes to Hannibal's fatal rest after the battle of Cannæ.

(⁴) *Revelation* xxi. 8. Page 134.

"But the fearful, and the unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters and all liars, shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire."

[(⁶) "*Titans*." Page 135.

Were forty-five in number, all of a gigantic stature and with proportionable strength. Their wars are very celebrated in mythology.]

[(⁸) "*Temples of Ellora*," &c. Page 137.

This is a town in Indostan, in Aurungabad, noted for its pagodas; most of which are cut out of the natural rock.]

[(⁷) Page 139.

"ATLAS," one of the Titans, was changed into a mountain, so high that the ancients imagined the heavens rested on its top. "PROMETHEUS," his brother, out-witted the father of the gods, climbed the heavens, and stole fire from the chariot of the sun. To him mankind are indebted for the invention of many of the useful arts. "DEUCALION," his son, with his wife, being preserved from the general deluge, re-peopled the earth by throwing stones behind them; those thrown by DEUCALION became men, and those by his wife, women. See *Mythology of the Ancients*.]

[(⁹) "*Deucalion, flinging back the pebble in his flight*," &c. Page 139.

Descendunt; velantque caput, tunicasque recingunt;
Et jussos lapides sua post vestigia mittunt.
Saxa (quis hoc credat, nisi sit pro teste vetustas?)
Ponere duritiem cœpere, suumque rigorem: &c. &c.
In-que brevi spatio, superiorum munere, saxa
Missa viri manibus faciem traxêre virilem.

Ovid. Met. lib. 1.

[(⁹) "*Cassava's food*." Page 144.

The roots of the manihot made into a kind of bread, the food of Africans and West Indians. The active principle of the juice is used by the Indians for poisoning the barbs of their arrows.—SISYPHUS (in mythology), doomed for his perfidy to roll incessantly a huge stone up a mountain.]

[(¹⁰) Page 147.

"AGAMEMNON," generalissimo of the Grecian army at the siege of Troy, B. C. 1184. "Edom," or Idumea, a country of Syria. See Gen. xxxvi. 31. Now called Sherath. "Thebais," a country in the southern parts of Egypt. "Satrap," a Persian governor. "Tetrarch," a Roman governor of the fourth part of a province. "Huns," once the savage inhabitants of part of Siberia. "Druids," an order of men among the ancient Britons, who acted as priests and magistrates. "Celts," the primitive inhabitants of the south and west of Europe. "Phœnicia," a country of Asia, at the east of the Mediterranean. "Elephanta," a small island, five miles east of Bombay, containing one of the most inexplicable antiquities in the world, a subterranean structure excavated by the ancient Hindoos, out of the solid rock. "Etruria," an ancient province of Italy, now part of Tuscany—in which have been found vast sepulchral chambers. "Herculaneum," an ancient city of Naples, overwhelmed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, A. D. 79. "Zanthus," or Xanthus, a town in the southern part of Asia Minor, in Lycia.]

[(11) "*Copan and Palenque*," &c. Page 147.

The remains of these ancient cities, buried in the forests of Central America, have been recently made known to our wonder in the entertaining Travels of Mr. J. L. Stephens. A brief and apt quotation, to illustrate the line, occurs in vol. i. p. 103. " * * Some fragments with most elegant designs, and some in workmanship equal to the finest monuments of the Egyptians: one, displaced from its pedestal by enormous roots; another locked in the close embrace of branches of trees, and almost lifted out of the earth; another, hurled to the ground, and bound down by huge vines and creepers; and one standing, with its altar before it, in a grove of trees which grew around, seemingly to shade and shroud it, as a sacred thing; in the solemn stillness of the woods, it seemed a divinity mourning over a fallen people."

[(12) Page 147.

"*Syracuse*," a sea-port of Sicily, once the seat of a powerful republic. "*Carthage*," near the modern Tunis, a celebrated city of Africa, once the rival of Rome, and mistress of Spain. "*Elysian*" pertaining to elysium, in ancient mythology, the seat of delight. "*ACHILLES*," the bravest of all the Greeks in the Trojan war. "*NESTOR*," a king, whose character the poet HOMER displays as the most perfect of all his heroes. "*MANNIUS*," a noted Roman, who slew a gigantic Gaul in single combat. "*CICERO*," the prince of Roman orators. "*XENOPHON*," the Athenian general who conducted the famous retreat of the Ten Thousand, after the disastrous battle of Cunaxa. "*ALCIBIADES*," an Athenian general, famous for his enterprising spirit, versatile genius, and natural foibles. "*The firmness of a Maccabean mother*." During the persecution of ANTIOCHUS, a mother and her seven sons expired in dreadful tortures, choosing rather to give up life, than observe the rites of the heathen. A. C. 168. "*ANTIGONE*," (in mythology) buried by night her brother POLYNICUS. "*REGULUS*," a Roman consul, who, when a captive at Carthage, was sent thence to Rome, to procure the release of some Carthaginian prisoners; but when at Rome, he opposed this measure, and afterward returned to Carthage, where he was put to death with the greatest cruelty. "*TELEMACHUS*, son of ULYSSES, king of Ithaca, an island now called Thiachi.]

[(13) Page 149.

"*MINERVA*," among the ancients, the goddess of wisdom, arts, and war, sprang from the brain of JUPITER, the father of the gods. "*PYGMALION*," a famous statuary of Cyprus, who fell in love with a statue of his own making. "*PARRHASIUS*," a famous painter of Ephesus. "*EGERIA*," a nymph, beloved by NUMA, king of Rome.]

[(14) Page 152.

"*CEDEPUS*," king of Thebes, solved the riddle of the Sphinx.]

[(15) "*Heap Ossa on Olympus*," Page 154.

Ossa was a lofty mountain of Thessaly, which the ancients fabled to have been placed on Mount Olympus by the giants, in order to scale the heavens.]

[(16) Page 160.

"*VESPASIAN*," a Roman emperor, was a great friend to men of learning, to whom he annually paid four millions of dollars.]

[(17) "*Manoah's son*." Page 163.

HANSON. See Judges, chap. xiii.]

[(18) Page 164.

"**THESEUS**," a Grecian hero, reckoned next to **HERCULES**. See N. 2, 1st series.]

[(19) Page 164.

"**VENUS**," in mythology, the goddess of beauty. "**BRIAREUS**," a giant that warred against heaven, and had ten heads and one hundred hands.]

[(20) Page 166.

"*Hymettus*," a mountain two miles from Athens, famous for its bees and excellent honey. "**SEMIRAMIS**," a celebrated queen of Assyria. "**AJAX**," a celebrated Grecian prince. "**PERICLES**," an Athenian commander, statesman, and orator, and prime minister of the Grecian Republic. Him, **ASPASIA** so captivated by her mental and personal accomplishments, that she became his mistress. "**HELEN**," the princess of beauties, running away with **PARIS**, occasioned the Trojan war. "**JUDITH**, and **OMPHALE**, and **THAIS**," were famous for their beauty, and in pursuit of whom men forgot themselves.]

[(21) Page 168.

CORINNA, a Theban lady, was once adjudged to have overcome in verse her countryman, the deep-mouthed **PINDAR**; but she is credibly believed to have owed her success in great measure to her beauty. **PHRYNE**, (not the too-celebrated courtesan of Athens, but a **PHRYNE** of fairer fame,) is mentioned as having been accused, like **SOCRATES**, of impiety against heathenism, and like him also condemned to die: however, the fairer witness of truth was fortunate enough to escape martyrdom by unveiling her bosom to the judges, and thereby influencing their sentence. Quintilian, *Orat. lib. ii. c. 15*, has this passage to our purpose. "Et Phryneu * * * conspectu corporis, quod illa, speciosissimum alioqui, diducta nudaverat tunica, putant periculo liberatam." And **ATHENEUS**, xiii. 530, tells us that it was by the address and counsel of **HYPERIDES**, her advocate, that *προαγαγὼν αὐτὴν εἰς τοὺς φανείς, καὶ περιβήσας τοὺς χιτῶνίσκους γυμνὰ τε τὰ στήθια ποίησας*, he influenced the judges of the Areopagus to acquit her. "*Ionian Myrrha*" is a character finely drawn by Byron in his tragedy of *Sardanapalus*.

[(22) Page 168.

"**HIPPODAME**, **CAMILLA**, **ATALANTA**," were remarkable for their beauty and swift running. "**ESTHER**;" see *Esth. ii. 9*. "*Goths*," once the inhabitants of all the country from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Invaded the Romans, A. D. 366; from which time may be derived the fall of the Roman empire. "**ALARIC**," their king, laid siege to Rome. Though his retreat was repeatedly purchased with gold, he at last plundered the imperial city, A. D. 409.]

[(23) "*Some NIREUS of the camp*," &c. Page 170.

HOMER disposes very summarily of a personage who has nothing to recommend him but his beauty. **NIREUS** is mentioned only in one passage of the *Iliad*; lib. ii. 637. *Νιρέως δὲ καλλίστος ἀνὴρ*, &c. [**NIREUS**, a very beautiful man,]; and it is significantly added, *ἄλλ' ἀλαπαδὸς ἦν*, [but was easily vanquished,]; an epithet of double intention, powerless in troops, and imbecile in mind. ["**PHIDIAS**," a noted sculptor of Athens.]

(²⁴) 1 *Esdras* iv. 13, and the sequel. Page 171.

ZOROBABEL holds argument before DARIUS, that "Woman is more powerful than wine or the king, but that Truth beareth off the victory from woman." He sets up beauty above all earthly things, v. 32, "O ye men, how can it be but women should be strong, seeing they do thus?" and it is small disparagement, that Truth should overcome her; for "Great is truth, and mighty above all things." v. 41.

(²⁵) *Ezekiel* xxviii. 12. Page 173.

"Thou sealest up the sum," (otherwise to be rendered, "Thou art the standard of measures,") "full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty." It is quite fair, and according to scriptural usage, (compare *Hosea* xi. 1, with *Matt.* ii. 15.) to take such a passage as this out of its context, as primarily referable to a king of Tyrus, but in a higher sense applicable to the King of Heaven.

(²⁶) Page 174.

ERATOSTRATUS fired the temple of Diana at Ephesus, solely to make himself a name: the incendiary certainly succeeded, for he has come down to our times, famous (if in no other way) at least for his criminal and foolish love of notoriety. PYTHAGORAS induced the vulgar to believe in his supernatural qualifications, by immuring himself in a cavernous pit for months, whence, returning with a ghastly aspect, he gave out that he had been a visiter in Hades. As for EMPEDOCLES, few cannot have heard, that he leaped into Etna to make the world imagine that he had vanished from its surface as a god: unluckily, however, the volcano disgorged one of the philosopher's sandals, and proved at once the manner of his death, and the quality of his mind; ex pede Herculem.

(²⁷) "*Cæsar's wife*." Page 176.

POMPEIA, third wife of JULIUS CÆSAR, and divorced from him, according to PLUTARCH, solely because "he would have the chastity of CÆSAR's wife free even from suspicion."

[(²⁸) Page 177.

"*Poet of Avon*," SHAKESPEARE, called so from his birth-place. "*Chronicler of Paradise*," MILTON. "MÆONIDES," HOMER, the author of the *Iliad*. "FLACCUS," a Latin poet. "ZOILUS," a Grecian, who severely criticised the works of ISOCRATES, PLATO, and HOMER.]

(²⁹) Page 177.

The noble ode of Horace, lib. iii. 30, is a prophecy which now can never fail. Ovid, also in the Epilogue to his *Metamorphoses*, has a similar burst of assurance in flame.

Jamque opus exegi; quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas;
Cum volet illa dies, que nil nisi corporis hujus
Jus habet, incerti spatium mihi finiat ævi:
Parte tamen meliore mei super alta perennis
Astra ferar: nomenque erit indelebile nostrum.
Quæque patet domitis Romana potentia terris,
Ore legar populi; perque omnia sæcula famâ
Si quid habent veri vatum præsentia vivam.

(30) Page 177.

MOMUS, a typification of the force of ridicule, was once counted among the hierarchs of heathen mythology: but, as he made game of every one, he never found a friend; and when at length, in a gush of hypercriticism, he presumed to censure the peerless Mother of Beauty for awkwardness in walking, the enraged celestials flung him from their sphere, and sent the fallen spirit down to men.

[(31) Page 181.

"**NARCISSEUS**," a beautiful youth, who, falling in love with his own image in the water, pined away into a daffodil, according to mythology.]

[(32) Page 183.

Theft was a part of Spartan education; and detection was followed by punishment. **PLUTARCH** tells us of a boy, who had stolen a fox and hidden it under his coat, and who rather chose to let the animal tear out his bowels, than to discover the theft.]

[(33) Page 184.

"**ANTICYRA**," a town in Greece, famous for the production of hellebore. "**BRUTUS**," a noble Roman, who executed his own sons for conspiracy.]

[(34) Page 186.

"**GORGON**," a fabled monster, the sight of which petrified the beholders. The Poets number three, and call them sisters.]

(35) 1 *Kings* vii. 21. Page 192.

"He set the pillars in the porch of the temple; and he set up the right pillar, and called the name thereof Jachin [He shall establish]: and he set up the left pillar, and called the name thereof Boaz [in it is strength]: and upon the top of the pillars was lily-work."

(36) Page 192.

An application of the story of **CURTIUS**, (as given by *Livy*, lib. vii. 6.) who leaped into a gulf, in the forum, because the Aruspices had declared that it should never close until the most precious thing in Rome, "the strength of the city," had been flung into it. We are told that "equo, quàm poterat maximè ornato insidentem, armatum se in specum inmisisse."

[(37) Page 193.

"**HELOTS**," public slaves of Sparta. "**MIDAS**," a king, who was fabled to have received the power of turning whatever he touched into gold.]

(38) Page 193.

To drink with the throat of **CRASSUS**, may well be thought to have passed into a proverb for inordinate lust of wealth: for **ORONDES** the Parthian, having overthrown him in battle, cut off his head, and then, to satirize the insatiable nature of his avarice, poured melted gold down his throat. The evil dreams of **MIDAS** are as famous as his other well-earned punishments; and we are told that he died, in consequence of taking too violent a remedy for delivering himself from those nightly torments

[(³⁹) Page 199.]

Chios, now Scio, is an island celebrated for its wine.]

[(⁴⁰) Page 202.]

MR. WILLIS, in "Pencilings by the Way," vol. i. p. 115, gives a graphic account of the public burial-ground of Naples. * * * "There are three hundred and sixty-five pits in this place, one of which is opened every day for the dead of the city. They are thrown in without shroud or coffin, and the pit is sealed up at night for a year." * * * "And thus are flung into this noisome pit, like beasts, the greater part of the population of this vast city,—the young and old, the vicious and the virtuous together, without the decency even of a rag to keep up the distinctions of life! Can human beings thus be thrown away? men like ourselves, women, children, like our sisters and brothers? I never was so humiliated in my life as by this horrid spectacle. I did not think a man,—a felon even, or a leper,—what you will, that is guilty or debased, —I did not think any thing that had been human could be so recklessly abandoned. Pah! It makes one sick at heart! God grant I may never die at Naples!"

Truly, this would seem to spoil the proverb, *Vedi Napoli, poi mori*, [Come to Naples, then die].

[(⁴¹) Page 203.]

SOPHOCLES lived to be nearly a hundred years old, and to typify the perpetual flame of their "sweet Attic bee," the Athenians used to decorate his tomb with festoons of flowering ivy.

The "dernier chant de Corinne" of Mad. de Stael, (p. 303,) has this passage: "O vous qui me survivrez! quand le printemps reviendra, souvenez vous combien j'aimais sa beauté; que de fois j'ai vanté son air et ses parfums? Rappelez-vous quelque-fois mes vers, mon âme y est empreinte," &c. Her musical spirit desired to "greet the angel of death with his white wings, undismayed and gladly;" she would go forth to meet him in a garden of roses.

So, Fidele's grave, in Shakespeare, is to be "sweetened with fairest flowers;" "the pale primrose, the azure harebell, and furred moss."

["VIRGIL" was a Latin poet; and "CORINNE," a Grecian poetess.]

[(⁴²) Page 204.]

MR. CATLIN, in his interesting work on the North American tribes, vol. ii. p. 10, alludes to "the usual mode of the Omahas, of depositing their dead in the crotches and on the branches of trees, enveloped in skins," &c.

HERODOTUS, *Terps.* iv., mentions the Thracians also, as rejoicing at a death, and mourning at a birth. *Τὸν μὲν γενόμενον περιζύμντοι οἱ προσήκοντες ολοφύρονται, τὸν δ' ἀπογενόμενον παίζοντες τε καὶ ἡδόμενοι γῇ κρύπτουσι, ἐπιλέγοντες ὅσων κακῶν ἕξασα-λαχθεὶς ἔστι ἐν πάσῃ εὐδαιμονίᾳ* A very enlightened thought for a race otherwise represented to be sunk in barbarism.

In Walton's *Angler*, chap. iv. p. 79, the hearty old man says, "I now see it was not without cause, that our good Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milkmaid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, but sing sweetly all the day, and sleep securely all the night: and without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so too. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's Milkmaid's wish upon her, That she may die in the spring, and, being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck

round about her winding-sheet.' " Pretty and pastoral, but more for Bion's age of the world than ours, even if in those old times Arcadia was not more lovely in idea than in reality.

[(43) Page 204.

"ORPHEUS," a famous Grecian poet, who played the lyre with such a masterly hand, that, according to mythology, on the loss of his wife, he entered the infernal regions in search of her, and gained an easy admission to the palace of the king of hell. " *Tartarus*," below, is the place, according to the ancients, of the wicked in hell.]

[(44) " *Gehenna*." Page 206.

See 2 Kings, xxiii. 10; Matt. xviii. 9.]

[(45) Page 208.

"*Ægean*," now called the Grecian archipelago.]

[(46) Page 210.

"*Mora*." See Ex. xv. 23.]

[(47) Page 211.

"*Attila*," king of the Huns, was called *the scourge of God*.]

[(48) Page 214

See Gen. v. 22. "MELCHISEDEX;" see Heb. vii. "BELISARIUS," a celebrated Roman general. The story of his being blind is of modern invention. "SOCRATES," the most noted philosopher of antiquity. "CICERO," a Roman orator.]

(49) "*Hemmed in by hostile foes, the trifler is busied on an epigram.*" Page 220.

Even in matters temporal, a literal instance of this occurs in the history of Frederick the Great of Prussia, who, during the mortal struggles of the seven years' war, frequently occupied the eve before a battle in the studious composition of profane jests, and bad poetry.

(50) "*He specified the partridge by her cry,*" &c. Page 224.

The Hebrew tongue is known to have many sounds which are considered to accord well with their significations; a familiar instance of this is the word קִרָּי *kiray*, partridge, meaning "caller," and expressive alike of the bird's nature, and of the cry it utters. לַיְלָה *loyelha*, night, is another instance supposed to be imitative of the nocturnal howling of hyenas.

The whole subject, Names, as indeed many that have preceded it, would admit of lengthy annotation, a practice perhaps little praiseworthy; indeed notes of any kind are in the nature of an intrusion, and so far demand apology; it is more becoming to be as brief as possible, and trust to the intellect of readers: three words only shall be added. An example of the "arbitrary name," is *Dahlia*, so called from a Swedish boat.

nist; of the "reasonable name," Sunflower: while such an obvious case as *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, (named more wisely by the Javanese in their own tongue, *Jambus Jambon*, to be englished, "the flower of flowers, or the giant flower,") will serve to exemplify the vanity of men, and their superadded obstacles to science.

[⁽⁸¹⁾ Page 225.

"*Troy*," or "*Troja*," famous in history for a siege of ten years by the Greeks. "*Xerxes*," king of Persia, invaded Greece with an army and retinue amounting in the whole to 5,283,290 souls. This multitude was stopped at the pass of "*Thermopyla*," by the intrepidity and valor of 300 Spartans. "*Hiero*," a king of Syracuse in Sicily, and firm ally of Rome. "*Bereni*;" see Gen. xxx. 18. "*Orion*," in mythology, a mighty giant; in astronomy, a large and bright constellation.]

(⁸²) "*Nine Homers*," &c. Page 227.

It is true that seven of these have so perished from memory, that we know nothing of their works; we only know they lived: an eighth, however, he of Hierapolis and one of the poetic Pleiades, [who were seven in number,] of the age of *PHILADELPHUS*, [*PROLEMY*, A. C. 263.] is reported to have written no less than five-and-forty plays, [tragedies, all lost].

MUSÆUS, a little lower down, is *VIRGIL*'s tall prophet in the Elysian fields, mentioned *Æn.* vi. 667.

MUSÆUM ante omnes; medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit altia."

[And she addressed

MUSÆUS first, surrounded by the rest—
Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breast.

"*AARON*'s rod;" see *Ex.* vii. 12.]

[⁽⁸³⁾ Page 229.

"*Lucretius*," a Roman poet and philosopher, wrote a poem on "The Nature of Things." "*Anaximander*," a philosopher of Asia Minor. "*Thebes*," an ancient city of Upper Egypt. "*Heliopolis*," an ancient city of Lower Egypt. "*Academy*," a place near Athens, surrounded with high trees, where *PLATO* opened his school of philosophy. "*Ulysses*," a king, eminently serviceable in the Trojan war. After an absence of twenty years, and a variety of adventures and misfortunes, he returned. "*Herodotus*," a famous Greek historian. For the acquisition of knowledge, he travelled through Egypt and many other countries. "*Lycurgus*," a lawgiver of Sparta, who travelled much for information.]

(⁸⁴) "*Ulysses*," &c. Page 229.

Πολλῶν ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ὅσσια, καὶ νόον ἔγνω.

HERODOTUS frequently makes a distinction between the certainty of things which he saw, and things he merely heard of. Both he and *PLATO*, (as well probably as *LYCURGUS*, also, for he was a renowned traveller,) dwelt some time at *Heliopolis*, mentioned above, and traversed Asia.

Fine instances of the atmosphere of ungarbled truth being necessarily breathed around the wonders of nature or art by a person on the spot, are furnished, almost *passim*, in the published works of *Lieutenant HOLMAN*, the blind traveller.

[⁽⁵⁵⁾ Page 231.

"LEONIDAS," a courageous king of Sparta, who, with only three hundred of his countrymen, opposed the millionaire army of XERXES.]

[⁽⁵⁶⁾ "*Sons of Mattathias*," &c. Page 232.

JOHN, SIMON, JUDAS, ELEAZAR, and JONATHAN, who liberated Israel from the domination of the Greeks, about B. C. 160; and who were known by the general name of the *Maccabees*, from the initial Hebrew letters of the first four words from Ex. xv. 11, being inscribed upon their standard.

["*Heroine of Arc*;" JOAN. "*Saragossa*," a city of Spain; celebrated for a siege it sustained against the French in 1808, during which, even the women, amidst scenes of conflagration and death, exhibited the most heroic courage. "TELL," WILLIAM, a celebrated Swiss, one of the heroes who restored liberty to their oppressed country, in 1307. "ALFRED GREAT," king of England, 872-900.]

MARGARET of Anjou has obtained a just name for heroism in history, and was the mainstay of the house of Lancaster until the barbarous murders of her son and imbecile husband Henry VI.

["*WALLACE*," WILLIAM, a regent of Scotland, 1490. "*GALILEO*," a Florentine astronomer and mathematician. "*FABIUS*," a Roman dictator, opposed HANNIBAL, the Carthaginian general, by countermarches and ambuscades. "*CANUS*," a small village in Italy. "*MILTIADES*," a celebrated Athenian general at the battle of Marathon.]

A few lines further, it may be necessary to state that the seeming anachronism in speaking of Corinthian brass in the same breath with Achilles' spear, is one only in appearance: for, although that mixt metal is said to have resulted accidentally from the conflagration of Corinth by the Romans, circ. A. C. 150, still, there is better reason to believe that the true Corinthian was a mixture of the highest antiquity, and analogous to, if not the same thing as, the metal called Aurichalcum.

[⁽⁵⁷⁾ "*Strength was shorn as Samson's*." Page 234.

See Judges xvi. 17. "PYRRHO," a philosopher, who was in continual suspense of judgment. "*Bedouin*," an Arab. "JUDITH;" see the Apocrypha. "JABL;" see Judges iv. 21.

[⁽⁵⁸⁾ "*The word for both is one*," &c. Page 235.

Hieris, a derivative from *πειθεται*, will almost as readily bear the sense of obedience, as of persuasion, and of credence. I know not whether a similar latent sympathy may be thought to exist between our own old English word "faith," and the Norman "fait," factum, a deed: at any rate, the coincidence is worth a passing notice.

[⁽⁵⁹⁾ Page 236.

"*Philippi*," a city in European Turkey. See Acts xvi.]

[⁽⁶⁰⁾ Page 237.

"EVELYN," JOHN, a learned English writer; author of "*Sylva*." Died 1706.]

[⁽⁶¹⁾ "*Ovid had been wise for winking*." Page 239.

The poet OVID was exiled for life to the shores of the Black Sea for having seen, and indiscreetly divulged, some intrigue in the family of AUGUSTUS [the Roman emperor]. He complains frequently of this hard lot; for example,

"Inscia quod crimen viderunt lumina plector,
Peccatumque oculos est habuisse meum."

[I suffer because my heedless eyes have seen the crime, and my fault is to have eyes.]

But he might with greater justice have accused his tongue than his eyes.

["DIOGENES," a snarling philosopher, who walking the streets of Athens at noon day with a lantern in his hand, and being asked what he was searching after, tartly replied: "I am looking for men." A tub served him as a house and place of repose.]

[⁽⁸²⁾ Page 243.

"*Freder*," the son of ISHMAEL; also, a country in Arabia. See Ps. cxx. 5.]

[⁽⁸³⁾ Page 246.

"*The accusing JAPHETH to their failings*." See Gen. ix.]

[⁽⁸⁴⁾ Page 249.

"*JANUS*," a Superior God of the Romans, having a double face.]

[⁽⁸⁵⁾ Page 250.

"*Ardea*," a very ancient town of Italy, with a grove in the neighbourhood. "*NUMA*," a Roman philosopher and king. "*Vaucluse*," a department of France; it takes its name from the fountain of Vaucluse, celebrated by "*PETRARCHE*," the Italian poet. "*CINCINNATUS*," a Roman farmer, chosen dictator.]

(⁽⁸⁶⁾ Page 250.

MADAME DE STAEL somewhere uses these words: "To enjoy ourselves, we must seek solitude. It was in the Bastille [a state prison in Paris,] that I first became acquainted with myself." ["*JEROME*," a martyr to Protestantism, 1416. "*AUGUSTINE*," a father of the church.] The Emperor CHARLES V., with the example of DIOCLESIAN before him, resigned his crown, and retired from the world to the monastery of St. Just at Plazencia in Spain: where, ~~as~~ ROBERTSON says, "he buried in solitude and silence his grandeur and his ambition." "*SCIPIO*," [a celebrated Roman,] is reported to have originated the popular sayings, "I am never less idle than when I have most leisure," and "I am never less alone than when alone." ["*DEMOSTHENES*," the father of oratory, confined himself in a subterraneous cave to devote himself more closely to literary pursuits. "*Hydra*," a fabulous monster with one hundred heads. As soon as one was cut off, two immediately grew up, if the wound was not stopped by fire.]

(⁽⁸⁷⁾ Page 253.

It may be necessary to acquaint those who have former editions in separate volumes, that this section takes a retrospective glance at my first series of subjects treated in the proverbial style; a brief recapitulation of the second series follows, finishing the work.

[⁽⁸⁸⁾ "*Came like Agag*." Page 254. See 1 Sam. xv. 32.]

[⁽⁸⁹⁾ Page 255.

"*SCORVOLA*," a noble Roman youth, who, being commanded to betray the schemes of his countrymen, only answered by putting his hand into one of the fires lighted near him, and holding it steadily there. "*PAUL flung the viper on the fire*;" see Acts xxxviii. 2. "*TEAOZ*," completion, end, extremity.]

A
MODERN PYRAMID
OF
SONNETS.

A
MODERN
PYRAMID OF SONNETS,
TO
SEVENTY OF THE GREAT AND GOOD.

(IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER, ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN 1839.)

The Vision:

BEING

INTRODUCTORY.

I WAS walking in my garden at noon : and I came to the sun-dial, where, shutting my book, I leaned upon the pedestal, musing ; so the thin shadow pointed to twelve.

Of a sudden, I felt a warm sweet breath upon my cheek, and, starting up, in much wonder beheld a face of the most bewitching beauty close beside me, gazing on the dial : it was only a face ; and with earnest fear I leaned, stedfastly watching its strange loveliness. Soon, it looked into me with its fascinating eyes, and said mournfully, "Dost thou not know me?" — but I was speechless with astonishment : then it said, "Consider : " — with that, my mind rush'd into me like a flood, and I looked, and considered, and speedily vague outlines shaped about, mingled with floating gossamers of colour, until I was aware that a glorious living creature was growing to my knowledge.

(279)

So I looked resolutely on her, (for she wore the garb of woman,) gazing still as she grew: and again she said mildly, "Consider:"—then I noted that from her jewelled girdle upwards, all was gorgeous, glistening, and most beautiful; her white vest was rarely worked with living flowers, but brighter and sweeter than those of earth; flowing tresses, blacker than the shadows cast by the bursting of a meteor, and, like them, brilliantly interwoven with strings of light, fell in clusters on her fair bosom; her lips were curled with the expression of majestic triumph, yet wreathed winningly with flickering smiles; and the lustre of her terrible eyes, like suns flashing darkness, did bewilder me and blind my reason:—Then I veiled mine eyes with my clasped hands; but again she said, "Consider;"—and bending all my mind to the hazard, I encountered with calmness their steady radiance, although they burned into my brain. Round about her sable locks was as it were a chaplet of fire; her right hand held a double-edged sword of most strange workmanship, for the one edge was of keen steel, and the other as it were the strip of a peacock's feather; on the face of the air about her were phantoms of winged horses, and of racking-wheels: and from her glossy shoulders waved and quivered large dazzling wings of iridescent colours, most glorious to look upon.

So grew she slowly to my knowledge; and as I stood gazing in a rapture, again she muttered sternly,—“Consider!”—Then I looked below the girdle upon her flowing robes: and behold they were of dismal hue, and on the changing surface fluttered fearful visions: I discerned blood-spots on them, and ghastly eyes glaring from the darker folds, and, when these rustled, were heard stifled moanings, and smothered shrieks as of horror: and I noted that she stood upon a wreath of lightnings, that darted about like a nest of young snakes in the midst of a sullen cloud, black, palpable, and rolling inwards as thick smoke from a furnace.

Then said she again to me, “Dost thou not know me!”—and I answered her,—“O Wonder, terrible in thy beauty, thy

fairness have I seen in dreams, and have guessed with a trembling spirit that thou walkest among fears; art thou not that dread Power, whom the children of men have named Imagination?" — And she smiled sweetly upon me, saying, "Yea, my son:" and her smile fell upon my heart like the sun on roses, till I grew bold in my love, and said, "O Wonder, I would learn of thee; show me some strange sight, that I may worship thy fair majesty in secret."

Then she stood like a goddess and a queen, and stretching forth her arm, white as the snow and glittering with circlets, slowly beckoned with her sword to the points of the dial. There was a distant rushing sound, and I saw white clouds afar off dropping suddenly and together from the blue firmament all round me in a circle: and they fell to the earth, and rolled onwards, fearfully converging to where I stood; and they came on, on, on, like the galloping cavalry of heaven; pouring in on all sides as huge cataracts of foam; and shutting me out from the green social world with the awful curtains of the skies. — Then, as my heart was failing me for fear, and for looking at those inevitable strange oncomings, and the fixt eyes of my queenlike mistress, I sent reason from his throne on my brow to speak with it calmly, and took courage.

So stood I alone with that dread beauty by the dial, and the white rolling wall of cloud came on slowly around with suppressed thunderings, and the island of earth on which I stood grew smaller and smaller every moment, and the garden-flowers faded away, and the familiar shrubs disappeared, until the moving bases of those cold mist-mountains were fixed at my very feet. Then said to me the glorious Power, standing in stature as a giant, — "Come! why tarriest thou? Come!" — and instantly there rushed up to us a huge golden throne of light fillagree-work, borne upon seven pinions, whereof each was fledged above with feathers fair and white, but underneath they were ribbed batlike, and fringed with black down: and all around fluttered

beautiful winged faces, mingled and disporting with grotesque figures and hideous imps. Then she, mounted in her pomp the steps of the throne, and sat therein proudly. Again she said to me, "Come!"—and I feared her, for her voice was terrible; so I threw myself down on the lowest of the seven golden steps, and the border of her dark robe touched me. Then was I full of dread, hemmed about with horrors, and the pinions rustled together, and we rushed upward like a flame, and the hurricane hastened after us: my heart was as a frozen autumn-leaf quivering in my bosom, and I looked up for help and pity from the mighty Power on her throne; but she spurned me with her black-sandalled foot, and I was thrust from my dizzy seat, and in falling clutched at the silver net-work that lay upon the steps as a carpet,—and so I hung; my hands were stiffly crooked in the meshes like eagle's talons, my wrists were bursting, the bones of my body ached, and I heard the chill whisper of Death, (who came flitting up to me as a sheeted ghost,) bidding my poor heart be still: yet I would live on, I would cling on, though swinging fearfully from that up-rushing throne; for my mind was unsubdued, and my reason would not die, but rebelled against his mandate. And so the pinions flapped away, the dreadful cavalcade of clouds followed, we broke the waterspout, raced the whirlwind, hunted the thunder to his caverns, rushed through the light and wind-tost mountains of the snow, pierced with a crash the thick sea of ice, that like a globe of hollow glass separates earth and its atmosphere from superambient space, and flying forward through the airless void, lighted on another world.

Then triumphed my reason, for I stood on that silent shore fearless though alone, and boldly upbraided the dread Power that had brought me thither,—“Traitor, thou hast not conquered; my mind is still thy master, and if the weaker body failed me, it hath been filled with new energies in these quickening skies: I am immortal as thou art; yet shalt thou fear me, and heed my biddings: wherefore hast thou dared—?” but my wrathful

eye looked on her bewitching beauty, and I had no tongue to chide, as she said in the sobriety of loveliness,—“My son, have I not answered thy prayer? yet but in part; behold, I have good store of precious things to show thee:”—with that, she kissed my brow, and I fell into an ecstasy.

I perceived that I was come to the kingdom of disembodied spirits, and they crowded around me as around some strange creature, clustering with earnest looks, perchance to enquire of me somewhat from the world I had just left. Although impalpable, and moving through each other, transparent and half-invisible, each wore the outward shape and seeming garments he had mostly been known by upon earth: and my reason whispered me, this is so, until the resurrection; the seen material form is the last idea which each one hath given to the world, but the glorified body of each shall be as diverse from this, yet being the same, as the gorgeous tulip from its brown bulb, the bird of paradise from his spotted egg, or the spreading beech from the hard nut that had imprisoned it.—Then Imagination stood with me as an equal friend, and spake to me soothingly, saying, “Knowest thou any of these?”—and I answered, “Millions upon millions, a wide-spread inundation of shadowy forms, from martyred Abel to the still-born babe of this hour I behold the gathered dead; millions upon millions, like the leaves of the western forests, like the blades of grass upon the prairie, they are here crowding innumerable: yet should my spirit know some among them, as having held sweet converse with their minds in books; only this boon, sweet mistress, from yonder mingled harvest of the dead, in grace cull me mine intimates, that I may see them even with my bodily eyes.” So she smiled, and waved her fair hand: and at once, a few, a very few, not all worthiest, not all best, came nearer to me with looks of love; and I knew them each one, for I had met and somehow walked with each of them in the paths of meditation; and some appeared less beatified than others, and some even meanly clad as in garments all of earth, yet

I loved them more than the remainder of that crowded world, though not equally, nor yet all for merit, but in that I had sympathy with these as my friends. And each spake kindly to me in his tongue, so that I stood entranced by the language of the spirits. Then said my bright-winged guide, "Hast thou no word for each of these? they love thy greeting, and would hear thee." But I answered, "Alas, beautiful Power, I know but the language of earth, and my heart is cold, and I am slow of tongue: how should I worthily address these great ones?"—So with her finger she touched my lips, and in an inspiration I spake the language of spirits, where the thoughts are as incense to the mind, and the words winged music to the ear, and the heart is dissolved into streams of joy, as hail that hath wandered to the tropics: in sweetness I communed with them all, and paid my debt of thanks.

And behold, a strange thing, changing the aspect of my vision. It appeared to me, in that dreamy dimness, whereof the judgment enquireth not and reason hath no power to rebuke it, that while I was still speaking unto those great ones, the several greetings I had poured forth in my fervour,—being as it were flowing lava from the volcano of my heart,—became embodied into mighty cubes of crystal; and in the midst of each one severally flickered its spiritual song, like a soul, in characters of fire. So I looked in admiration on that fashioning of thoughts, and while I looked, behold, the shining masses did shape up, growing of themselves into a fair pyramid: and I saw that its eastern foot was shrouded in a mist, and the hither western foot stood out clear and well defined, and the topstone in the middle was more glorious than the rest, and inscribed with a name that might not be uttered; for whereas all the remainder had seemed to be earthborn, mounting step by step as the self-built pile grew wondrously, this only had appeared to drop from above, neither had I welcomed the name it bore in that land of spirits; nevertheless, I had perceived the footmarks of Him, with whose

name it was engraved, even on the golden sands of that bright world, and had worshipped them in silence with a welcome.

Thus then stood before me the majestic pyramid of crystal, full of characters flashing heavenly praise; and I gloried in it as mine own building, hailing the architect proudly, and I grew familiar with those high things, for my mind in its folly was lifted up, and looking on my guide, I said, "O Lady, were it not ill, I would tell my brethren on earth of these strange matters, and of thy favour, and of the love all these have shown me; yea, and I would recount their greetings and mine in that sweet language of the spirits."—But the glorious Wonder drew back majestic with a frown, saying, "Not so, presumptuous child of man; the things I have shown thee, and the greetings thou hast heard, and the songs wherewith I filled thee, cannot worthily be told in other than the language of spirits: and where is the alphabet of men that can fix that unearthly tongue,—or how shouldst thou from henceforth, or thy fellows upon earth, attain to its delicate conceptions? behold, all these thine intimates are wroth with thee; they discern evil upon thy soul: the place of their sojourn is too pure for thee."

Then was there a peal of thunder, like the bursting of a world, whereupon all that restless sea of shadows, and their bright abode, vanished suddenly; and there ensued a flood of darkness, peopled with shoaling fears, and I heard the approach of hurrying sounds, with demoniac laughter, and shouts coming as for me, nearer and louder, saying, "Cast out! Cast out!" and it rushed up to me like an unseen army, and I fled for life before it, until I came to the extreme edge of that spiritual world, where, as I ran looking backwards for terror at those viewless hunters, I leaped horribly over the unguarded cliff, and fell whirling, whirling, whirling, until my senses failed me—

When I came to myself, I was by the sun-dial in my garden, leaning upon the pedestal, and the thin shadow still pointed to twelve.

In astonishment, I ran hastily to my chamber, and strove to remember the strains I had heard. But, alas, they had all passed away: scarcely one disjointed note of that rare music lingered in my memory: I was awakened from a vivid dream, whereof the morning remembered nothing. Nevertheless, I toiled on, a rebel against that fearful Power, and deprived of her wonted aid: my songs, invitâ Minervâ, are but bald translations of those heavenly welcomings: my humble pyramid, far from being the visioned apotheosis of that of a Cephren, bears an unambitious likeness to the meaner Asychian, the characteristic of which, barring its presumptuous motto, must be veiled in one word from Herodotus, (2-136,)—to save the bathos of translation, the cabalistic—*σφαιρος*.

Thus, in mere human guise, as of men, and to men, in much weakness and diffidence, the following sonnets have grown under my pen; and that the children of my brain be not quite friendless, they are commended, candid reader, to thy favour.

Alr!.

OUR fresh young world lay basking in its prime,
 And all around was peace; the leprous spot
 On her fair forehead Nature heeded not,
 So beauteously she smiled in love sublime:
 Yet, even then, upon thy gentle form
 Rush'd the black whirlwind of a brother's crime,
 Breaking that calm of universal love
 With the fierce blast of murder's pitiless storm,
 Awroth at goodness;—thee, truth's stricken dove,
 First victim of oppression's iron feet,
 Religion's earliest martyr, slain by pride
 And man's self-righteousness, with praises meet
 Thee, would my soul's affection humbly greet,
 Trusting the Lamb whereon thy faith relied.

Enoch.

OF whom earth was not worthy; for alone
 Among the dense degenerate multitude,
 Witness to truth, and teacher of all good,
 Enoch, thy solitary lustre shone
 For thrice an hundred years, in trust and love
 Walking with GOD: so sped thy blameless life
 That He, thy Worship, justly could approve
 His patriarch-servant, and when sinners scoff'd
 The bold prophetic woe with judgment rife,
 Or hurl'd at thee their threaten'd vengeance oft,
 From those fell clamours of ungodly strife
 GOD took thee to Himself:—Behold, on high
 The car of dazzling glory, borne aloft,
 Wings the blest mortal through the startled sky!

Zoroaster.

FATHOMLESS past! what precious secrets lie
 Gulph'd in thy depths,—how brave a mingled throng,
 Fathers of wisdom, bards of mighty song,
 Hearts gushing with warm hopes, and feelings high,
 Lovers, and sages, prophets, priests, and kings,
 Sleep nameless in thy drear obscurity:
 Fathomless past!—the vague conception brings,
 Amid thick-coming thoughts of olden things,
 Hoar Zoroaster,—as he walk'd sometime
 In shadowy Babel, and around him stood
 The strangely-mitred earnest multitude
 Listening the wonders of his speech sublime:
 Hail, mantled ghost, I track thy light from far,
 On the chaotic dark an "exiled star."

Abraham.

THOU friend of GOD, the paragon of faith!
 Simply to trust, unanswering to obey,
 This was thy strength; and happy sons are they,
 Father, who follow thee through life and death,
 Ready at His mysterious command
 The heart's most choice affectionate hopes to slay
 With more than Martyr's suicidal hand,
 Their sole sufficing cause,—Jehovah saith,—
 Their only murmur'd prayer,—His will be done:
 Ev'n so, thy god-like spirit did not spare
 Thy cherish'd own, thy promised only son,
 Trusting that He, whose word was never vain,
 Could raise to life the victim offer'd there,
 And to the father give his child again.

Semiramis.

STUPENDOUS Babylon! before mine eyes
 Thy mountain walls, and marble terraces,
 Domes, temples, tow'rs, and golden palaces
 In vision'd recollection grandly rise
 Huge and obscure, as icebergs in a cloud;
 And mingling there a dense barbaric crowd
 Throng thy triumphal car with eastern state,
 Moon of the world, Semiramis the Great!
 Ambiguous shade of majesty supreme
 Upon the night of ages limn'd sublime,
 We think of thee but as a glorious dream,
 And, waiving those dark hints of unproved crime,
 Fain would we hope thee great and good combin'd,
 To hail thee patriot Queen, and mighty Mind.

Joseph.

THE true nobility of generous minds,
 Equal to either conquest, weal or woe,
 Triumphant over fortune, friend or foe,
 In thee, pure-hearted youth, its pattern finds :
 Child best-beloved of Israel's green old age,
 Innocent dreamer, persecuted slave,
 Good steward, unguilty captive, honour'd sage,
 Whose timely counsel rescued from the grave
 Egypt's bronze children, and those exiled few
 Dwelling at Goshen,—Ruler, born to save,
 How rich a note of welcome were thy due,
 O man much tried, and never found to fail ;
 Young, beauteous, mighty, wise and chaste and true,
 Hail, holy prince, unspotted greatness, hail !

Moses.

How should I greet thee, God's ambassador,
 Great shepherd of the people,—how proclaim
 In worthiest song thy more than human fame,
 Meek bard yet princely, vengeful conqueror,
 Leader and lawgiver?—thy hallow'd name
 E'en now with fears the captive bosom fills,
 Though the dear love of thy grand Antitype
 In glad assurance through that bosom thrills :
 Alas, thy faithless tribes, for judgment ripe,
 Chose Ebal and the curse ; didst thou not heed
 When these thy children dared the dreadful deed
 Whereat high noon was blind,—nor bless the grace,
 Which shall that stain from crime's dark record wipe,
 And love once more the long-rejected race ?

David.

It is not for thy throne and diadem,
 Nor for the prowess of thy ruddy youth,
 Nor skill with gentle minstrelsy to soothe
 The spirit in its griefs, and banish them,
 We count thee blest; these lesser stars of praise
 May well in lustrous beauty round thee blaze,
 Anointed monarch of Jerusalem;
 But, that omniscient truth hath titled thee
 Man after GOD's own heart,—this name alone
 Doth, to its highest, mortal glory raise
 And leave us wondering here: O favour'd one,
 As to my SAVIOUR's symbol, reverent
 And with such worship as befiteth me,
 So would I greet thee, royal penitent.

Solomon.

Who hath not heard the trumpet of thy fame?
 Or is there that sequester'd dismal spot
 Where thy far-echoing glory soundeth not?—
 The tented Arab still among his mates
 In wondrous story chaunts thy mighty name;
 Thy marvels yet the fakir celebrates;
 Yea, and for Solomon's unearthly power
 The sorcerer yells amid his deeds of shame,
 Rifling the dead at midnight's fearful hour:
 Not such thy praise; these savour of a fall
 Which penitence should banish from the mind;
 We gladlier on thy sainted wisdom call,
 And greet thee with the homage of mankind,
 Wisest, and mightiest, and first of all.

Homer.

THOU poor and old, yet ever rich and young,
 Ye sunless eyeballs, in all wisdom bright,
 Travel-stain'd feet, and home-unwelcomed tongue,
 That for a pauper's pittance stray'd, and sung,
 Where after-times the frequent acolyte
 Track'd those faint steps with worship,—at what time
 And where, thou untaught master, did the strings
 Of thine immortal harp echo sublime
 The rage of heroes, and the toil of kings?
 Uncertain shadow of a mystic name,
 The world's dead praise, as Hellas' living shame,
 There is a mystery brooding on thy birth,
 That thee its own each willing soil may claim;
 Thy fatherland is all the flatter'd earth.

Isaiah.

HEAR him, sore-travailing mother, patient earth,
 Hear the glad eloquence of this thy son;
 The times of want and woe are well nigh done,
 And old creation springs to second birth,
 Toil's rest, care's cure, and melancholy's mirth;
 O golden sabbath of the world, speed on;
 Why tarrieth nature's king?—the woods, the waves,
 The waiting righteous in their prison-graves,
 The moan of famine, and the shriek of fear,
 Entreat thy coming, O Desire of all,
 Theme of Isaiah's hope, in praise appear!
 Great Monarch, take thy universal crown,
 Even so, quickly: shall thy people call
 In vain? O rend the heavens, and come down!

Solon.

To know thyself,—a knowledge beyond price,
 Which some of this world's wisest cannot learn,
 To search the heart, and keenly there discern
 Even among its flowers of Paradise
 The watchful subtle snake of natural vice,
 And thus aware, to fly it,—nor to fan
 Those guilty sparks that else shall scorch and burn
 Thine innocence,—this is thy wisdom, Man:
 This, had no messenger of grace aloud
 Proclaim'd it for thy weal, of yonder sage
 Separate in glory from that white-robed crowd,
 Thou long hadst learnt: Solon, from age to age
 One short full phrase a noble proof supplies
 That thou wert wise as good, and good as wise.

Æsop.

A GARDEN of ungather'd parable
 Lies ripe around us, in fair-figured speech
 Blooming, like Persian love-letters, to teach
 Dull-hearted man where hidden pleasures dwell;
 Its fruits, its flowers, of love and beauty tell,
 And, as quick conscience wings the thought, to each
 Doth all our green sweet world sublimely preach
 Of wisdom, truth, and might, unutterable:
 For thee, poor Phrygian slave, mind's free-born son,
 In whose keen humour nought of malice lurk'd
 While good was forced at wit's sarcastic fire,
 The world should pay thee thanks, for having work'd
 That garden first; and well the work is done,
 A labourer full worthy of his hire.

Sappho.

THE poisonous tooth of time, O shepherdess,
 Hath kill'd thy thousand vines; a few scarr'd shoots
 Alone are green above the wither'd roots,
 And thence we cherish an admiring guess
 Of what the rich ripe vintage should have been
 Poor muse, they do thee wrong; they have not seen
 Those records lost of truth and tenderness,
 They have not read thy heart,—but harm thee still
 Where, as unknown, their charity should bless,
 Tainting thy memory with whisper'd ill:
 Yet are those snatches of thy musical songs
 Full of warm nature, and impassion'd truth,
 Love, beauty, sweetness, and eternal youth:
 Sappho,—we praise thee rather for thy wrongs.

Pythagoras.

RARE Egypt, not thine own sweet-water'd Nile,
 Thy Memphis, nor those seated giants twain,
 Not golden Thebes, nor Luxor's stately fane,
 Nor pyramids eterne of mountain pile,
 Exhaust thy glories gone: thy grander boast
 Was Learning, and her sons,—who throng'd of old
 To draw fair knowledge from thy generous coast,
 Nor drew in vain, but drank the blessed draught;
 And deepest hath this noble Samian quaff'd
 Who walketh with me now in white and gold;
 Wear thou indeed that crown, mysterious sage,
 Whose soaring fancy, with deep diving thought,
 Hath pour'd mind-riches over every age,
 And charm'd a world Pythagoras hath taught.

Confucius.

—FOR thou art worthy, Seric Socrates,
 Of the bright robe, and that fair coronet,
 Meed of true goodness, on thy forehead set,
 Worthy to walk in equal bliss with these
 Thy peers, in Hades' dreamy valley met;
 For thine were pure and patriot services,
 High worth, and generous love of doing good,
 Gilding the darkness of a barbarous clime
 That paid thee wages of ingratitude,
 After the Balaam cunning of a foe
 Had drown'd thine efforts in adulterous crime,
 For righteous weal exchanging sinful woe:
 Witness, ye spirits of the good and wise,
 None reck's of greatness till the great man dies.

Pindar.

YE harp-controlling hymns! triumphant praise,
 That heralded to his delighted home
 The blushing victor of departed days
 From Elis, or Nemæa, or the dome
 Of sacred Delphi,—spirit-stirring songs,
 Ev'n now your echoes linger on mine ears,
 And to your Theban father still belongs
 That name, time-honour'd twice a thousand years,
 King of the sounding lyre; nor alone
 For music be thy praise, but for a heart
 Strung with affections of deep-thrilling tone
 And patriot feelings, that in lightning dart
 Through the mute souls of all, with charm'd suspense
 Listening in love thy honied eloquence.

Aristides.

SEVERE in simple virtue, nobly poor,
 The guard alike and glory of all Greece
 Through fierce invading war, and factious peace,
 Model for youth, the temperate and pure,
 Exemplar for old age, the just and good,
 Athenian Aristides meekly stood,
 A thankless people's boast: thee — country's love
 Warm'd with its holiest flame; thee — party spite
 From hearth and home to bitter exile drove,
 Envied for greatness: still, the patriot fight
 Against the Mede beheld thee in the van
 Doubly a victor, at the self-same hour
 Crushing the foreign despot's giant power
 And conquering in thyself the pride of man.

Æschylus.

THOU rock-bound and undying sacrifice,—
 Ye fierce conspiring chieftains,—haggard queen,—
 Thou parricide, convulsed with agonies,—
 Ye furies, through the fearful darkness seen
 Glaring with horrid eye and spectral mien,—
 Appear, appear—for him, whose magic spell
 From the dim void of intellectual night
 Gave you dread being, terribly to tell
 The shuddering world a master-spirit's might:
 Yet thus alone not worthily nor well
 Nor equal to a patriot-poet's praise
 In black procession stalks gigantic crime;
 To thee, great bard, their holier worship raise
 Deep thoughts, high hopes, and symphonies sublime.

Herodotus.

OLYMPIA, with her festal multitude,
 Beheld thy triumph first, in glad acclaim
 Hailing thy nascent dawn of endless fame,
 Eldest historian,—while Jove's sacred wood
 And vocal statue sounded out thy name,
 As gather'd Græcia's all of wise and good
 Inscribed upon those modest narratives
 The hallowed titles of the classic Nine :
 For, sweet simplicity through every line,
 With graphic phrase and talent, breathes and lives,—
 Truth, tolerance, pow'r, and patience, these are thine :
 And let not pedants to thy blame recall
 That thy fresh mind such ready credence gives,
 For thou art Charity, believing all.

Hippocrates.

DUST unto dust; the silver spinal cord
 Shall soon be loosed; the forehead's golden bowl,
 That precious chalice for the wine of soul,
 Be shiver'd, and its treasure all outpour'd;
 The cell-stopt veins, that, as an emptying vase,
 Pour back upon the heart its weaken'd stream,
 Be shatter'd all; the circling wheel that draws
 From a strange cistern,—this corporeal frame,—
 Moisture and increase, must be broken up;
 And with the shock we wake from life's dull dream :
 Still, oftentimes the wholesome bitter cup,
 The glory, great physician, of thine art,
 Shall wondrously from ill-timed death redeem,
 Rallying the routed forces of the heart.

Thucydides.

So might an angel weep, thou noble boy;
 For, all unmixt with envy's duller flame,
 Enthusiastic hope, and chivalrous joy
 To note the calm historian's rising fame,
 Glow'd at thy heart, and bade thee emulate
 Those grand attempts, that honourable fate,
 A brother, not a foe: years sped away,
 And saw thee, still with patriot feelings warm,
 A warrior-exile at thy Thracian farm,
 Weaving the web of glory, day by day,
 For Athens, that ingrate; thy manly pen
 Eternal good for evil could repay,
 For all prophetic was thy boldness, when
 It writ thy works, an "heritage for aye."

Socrates.

SELF-KNOWING, therefore humbled to the dust,
 Self-curbing, therefore in a sensual age
 Pure, patriotic, mild, religious, just,
 Self-taught, yet moderate,—Athenian sage,
 Albeit but faintly the recording page
 Samples the precious harvest of thy brain,
 (Where Plato's self, thine intellectual son,
 And the scarr'd hand of gallant Xenophon
 Have gather'd up the fragments that remain
 Of thy large speech, with wondrous wisdom fraught,)
 From those rich morsels we may guess the feast,
 And note the Pisgah-summit of thy thought
 Bright with true trust, that GOD hath never ceased
 To care for all creative love hath wrought.

Plato.

ANOTHER god-like son, O glorious land,
 Athens, glad mother of a mighty line,
 In foremost rank of thine immortal band,
 Wise, great, and good, unchallenged takes his stand,
 Plato the master, Plato the divine:
 For that, unveil'd before his favour'd eyes,
 Truth's everlasting dawn serenely rose
 Glimmering from the windows of the skies,
 And gold-bedropping, like the sun on streams,
 The river of his rich poetic prose;
 Yet clouded much by fancy's misty dreams,
 That eloquence an alpine torrent flows,
 And thy strong mind, dim with ideal schemes,
 Stands a stone mountain crown'd with melting snows.

Demosthenes.

STRANGE, that within the wondrous walls of space,
 Ringing on some rare atmosphere far hence,
 The periods of thy matchless eloquence
 Are flying still in vibratory race,—
 O prince of words and thoughts, Demosthenes:
 Thee, centuries ago, great Athens bore
 Chief orator above those brilliant four,
 Démades, Lycurgus, Lysias, Æschines;
 For thy majestic energy was still
 Foremost in might to move, and power to please,
 While midnight toil matured thy graceful ease,
 And country's love inspired each Siren sound,
 Now soft and gentle, as a trickling rill,
 Now like a rushing torrent pour'd around.

Aristotle.

IF aught of sterling wit, or natural worth,
 The heights of thought, or depths of various lore
 That to the mind's own fountain gushing forth
 Added all wealth as from an ocean store,
 If these be honour, be that honour thine,
 O human wonder, Intellect divine,
 That spake of all things wisely,—taught aright
 By nature's voice, and reason's inner sun,—
 Still can we love thy not all human light,
 And hail thy wisdom, heathen Solomon:
 Another praise be thine, O Stagyrte,
 For that the world's great winner, in thy school
 His all of power, with all of knowledge, won,
 Learning from thee to conquer and to rule.

Phocion.

TRULY ennobled in that name The Good
 Thy spirit sought a thankless country's weal
 Through fourscore years with all a martyr's zeal,
 And then,—the fickle envious multitude,
 That democratic city's viper brood,
 Rewarded thee with hate and clamorous strife,
 Poison'd thy fame with calumny's foul breath,
 And for the wages of a patriot's life
 Paid, as their wont, a malefactor's death:
 Athens, base Athens, what a deed abhorr'd
 Of guileless blood lies heavily on thee;
 Hear to thy shame a Phocion's dying word,
 "My son, forget that thou hast seen or heard
 The bitter wrongs poor Athens heap'd on me."

Phidias.

O RARE creative mind, and plastic hand,
 Whose skill enshrined in one gigantic form,
 Chryselephantine, rear'd in air enorme,
 The viewless guardian of thy father-land
 Olympian Jove,—pardon to thee for this,
 That of the GOD whose chariot is the storm
 Thy soul by Him untaught should deem amiss,
 Pardon to thee, and praise; thy labour proves
 The heart's sincerity, though little light
 Scatter'd the darkness of thy moral night.
 Behold, it quickens! the colossus moves!
 Who, who would not fall down?—Start not, ye proud,
 Perchance your idols are as false as Jove's,
 And ye more guilty than that pagan crowd.

Epicurus.

THEY have malign'd thy memory, grave good man,
 They have abused the truth thy pureness taught,
 Beautiful truth with rare religion fraught,
 That to cull pleasure whensoever he can
 Is a man's wisdom,—so he keep in thought
 That pleasure lies in acting as he ought:
 For, selfish vice, the fool's besotted plan
 Of mis-call'd happiness, how false it is,—
 What misery lurks beneath the painted cheek,
 How much of sorrow in the wanton's kiss!
 O would that, where thou walkest now in bliss,
 Some garden of the stars, thy wrath could speak
 To these degenerate sons, who blot thy fame,
 Glad in their woe, and glorying in their shame!

Marcellus.

A CONQUEROR that weeps for victory won!—
O glorious soul, that mid the patriot fight
Raged as an Ajax in his ruthless might,
Then turn'd to mourn the havoc he had done!
So wept Marcellus, Rome's heroic son,
(When haughty Syracuse had fall'n, despite
Her strength in Archimedes,)—and with care
Strove—not to butcher foemen, but—to spare:
Stop we not here; for ev'n a brighter act
Claims deeper homage: when avail'd not all
Thy pious care, but those fierce legions sack'd
The helpless city in its last dread fall,
When thy worst foe, thy subtlest, met his doom,
Thy nobler praise was Archimedes' tomb.

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*Hipparchus.*

IN spirit as I roam with thee by night  
Threading the galaxy on fancy's wing,  
Oft, as I reach a star more sweetly bright,  
My hope will rise and in a rapture sing,  
Fair planet, can I ever be thy king,  
A sainted monarch in thy halls of light?  
For there are many mansions, mighty thrones,  
Glories, and sceptres, praise and golden zones,  
Reward, and homage, crowns, and shining robes:  
Ambition's boldest dream, and wildest fight  
Hath yet to be borne out: ecstatic soul  
Shall soar triumphant to those burning globes  
That round essential GOD sublimely roll,  
The life, the sun, the centre of the whole!



*Cornelia.*

O JEWELS beyond price, uncounted gold,  
 Children, best wardens of a father's fame,  
 Ye joys wealth never bought, want never sold,  
 In you the rare unmammon'd hearts behold  
 The highest earthly good of mortal aim :  
 Yon toothless darling at the mother's breast,  
 That ruddy three-year-old who joyous runs  
 Jealous of love, in haste to be carest,—  
 Those gentle daughters, and these manly sons,—  
 Are they not riches?—O thou worldly wise,  
 Go to some home of earth's despised ones  
 To learn where treasure—not thy gold-god—lies!  
 Yea, Roman mother, glory in your gems;  
 Such are the stars in heavenly diadems.

~~~~~  
Virgil.

As, for yourselves,—O birds, no nest ye build,
 No fleecy coats, O nibbling flocks, ye wear,
 With sweets for you, O bees, no hive is fill'd,
 O steers, no self-enriching yoke ye bear;
 Thus for thyself, great prince of pastoral song,
 Toil'd not thy modest muse, but for all time,
 Yea, to the world thy polish'd strains belong :
 Was it then virtue in thee, or half crime,
 A false humility, sublimely wrong,
 To try to cheat thine Epic of its fame,
 For that, to thee perfection seem'd ill done,
 Hurling thy laurels to the jealous flame?
 O Mantua, thou wert rich in such a son,
 Yea, had thy Virgil been thine only one.

Horace.

LYRIST of every age, of every clime,
 Whose eye prophetic saw thy strong-built fame
 Stand a perennial monument sublime,—
 Not all of thee shall perish : in thy name
 Live memories embalm'd of richest thought,
 Far flashing wit, and satire's wholesome smart,
 Fine speech with feeling delicately fraught,
 And patriot songs that with their generous glow
 Warm to the love of home the wanderer's heart :
 How varied is the chaplet on thy brow,
 How wreath'd of many praises ; the bright bay,
 With laughing rose, and ebrious ivy twined,
 And myrtles of staid hue, and wild flowers gay,
 Shadow the changeful phases of thy mind.

~~~~~  
*Mary the Virgin.*

HAIL Mary ! blessed among women, hail !  
 How should I pass thee by, most favour'd one,  
 As thus I greet thee in this vision'd vale  
 Far other than on earth, when sad and pale  
     Beneath the bitter cross of that dear Son  
 Thy woman's heart did faint ; I note thee now  
 Walking in praise, and on thy modest brow  
     The coronet that tells of glory won :  
 O blest art thou, but not yet full thy bliss,  
     Albeit where erst the sword pierced through thy heart  
     Celestial joys in thrilling raptures dart ;  
     For He, the tender firstling of thy love,  
 The precious child thy virgin lips did kiss,  
     Hath still to take his triumph from above.

### The Captaint.

O THOU, my GOD, and yet my brother man,  
 My worshipp'd Lord, and sympathising friend,  
 Who so hath loved us all, ere time began,  
 Who so wilt love us still, when time shall end,  
 Pardon and bless, if on my bended knee  
 As best of Men I raise the song to Thee!  
 For we can claim Thee ours, as of earth;  
 To us, to us, the wondrous child is given,  
 And that illimitable praise of heaven  
 Prisons his fulness in a mortal birth:  
 Hope of the world, what were all life, all health,  
 All honours, riches, pow'rs, and pleasures worth,  
 If from Thy gracious face, Good Master, driven,  
 Whose smiles are joy, and might, and rank, and wealth?

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### St. John.

Not love alone, thou whom the SAVIOUR loved,  
 Not faith alone, O favour'd more than men,  
 Not five-score years of holiness approved,  
 Nor the dear beauties of thy joyful pen,  
 Mark thee alone GOD's friend; ennobled more  
 By the large gift of deep prophetic ken,  
 How full of ecstasy couldst thou adore  
 With thousand thousand shining ones before  
 That throne of glory, pouring out the hymn  
 While echoed far the rapturous amen  
 From brilliant flocks of thronging cherubim,  
 And those four restless Zoa, full of eyes:  
 O seals, O trumpets, wonders dread and dim!  
 Exile, thy praise be holiest mysteries.

## St. Paul.

WHAT thanks to pay thee? — by what stretch of thought,  
 What happy flight of reverential praise,  
 What tuneful hymn with holiest ardour fraught,—  
 A welcome, worthy of the heart, to raise  
 Even to thee,—whose Apostolic zeal  
 Hath blest, corrected, comforted, and taught  
 All generations for eternal weal?  
 GOD send the grace, with contrite breast to feel  
 The preciousness of each high argument  
 In those dear letters writ from heaven to earth;—  
 O thus to gather manna, kindly sent  
 To feast our souls in more than Egypt's dearth,—  
 Thus, like to thee, through might in mercy lent,  
 Dying indeed to sin, by second birth.

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## Zenobia.

PALMYRA,—widow'd city of the dead,  
 How mournfully thy marshall'd columns stand  
 Grey sentinels above that desert sand,  
 Where once thy patriot multitudes were spread  
 In serried ranks around Zenobia's car,  
 Hurling defiance at despotic Rome,  
 When country's love inspired the righteous war  
 For temples, Lares, liberties, and home,  
 Yea, to the death: Palmyra, thy last boast  
 Was this undaunted queen, the chaste, the fair,  
 Wise to decide, and resolute to dare,  
 Sage among sages, heroine in the host:  
 Hide not the fetters, as thou walkest there,  
 Liberty's martyr, those become thee most.

## Columba.

MOURNFULLY breaks the north wave on thy shore,  
 Silent Iona, and the mocking blast  
 Sweeps sternly o'er thy relics of the past,  
 The stricken cross, the desecrated tomb  
 Of abbots, and barbarian kings of yore:  
 Thee from the blight of death's encircling gloom  
 Colomba saved, and to thy cloisters grey  
 In pious zeal for God, and love for man,  
 Of mighty truth led on the conquering van,  
 And largely pour'd fair learning's hallow'd ray  
 On night's dark deep,—an isolated star,  
 The Pharos of those arctic Cyclades,  
 That lighted to her rocky nest from far  
 Mercy's white dove, faint flutterer o'er the seas.

## Bede.

AROUND thy memory there lingereth still \*  
 A rare and gracious savour, reverend man,  
 Whose patient toil so long ago began  
 To sink the sacred wells on Zion-hill,  
 Whence issued ankle-deep truth's earliest rill,  
 That, deepening soon, in copious torrents ran  
 From thee their sometime patriarch, until  
 They reach us fathomless, a mighty sea:  
 O simple priest, pious, and just, and true,  
 Religious, learned,—thousand thanks are due  
 From England, and her children unto thee:  
 Thou, like thy Master, bowing His meek head,  
 Didst view thy perfect work of piety,  
 And die rejoicing it was finished.

*Charlemagne.*

WHENCE comest thou?—What kingdom of the stars  
 Is thine, imperial ghost?—with homage meet,  
 Cæsar, Augustus, thee my song shall greet,  
 And hail a Charlemagne the second Mars!  
 Yet other notes must fill the praiseful song  
 Than those hoarse clamours of continual wars,  
 Or never had I met thee blest among  
 Children of light: thee, rectitude of soul,  
 Majestic firmness, patriot excellence,  
 Simplicity and truth and sterling sense  
 On the bright record of the Great enroll:  
 Rejoice, fair France, in those dear memories  
 Of him, thy sometime glory and defence:  
 Such monarchs earn the fame that never dies.

~~~~~  
Haroon Alraschid.

VISIONS of Oriental pomp around
 Teem on my sight; a grand ideal scene,
 Where upon Tigris Bagdat sits as queen,
 Rises in dreamy splendour from the ground;
 I hear the clashing cymbals, and the sound
 Of brazen horns, and loud monotonous drums
 From turban'd thousands in their war array
 About Alraschid, as the conqueror comes
 From perjur'd Greece, triumphant in the fray:
 Best lord, and wisest judge, that ever sate
 In the black mantle of the Caliphate,
 When we recall thy race and thee, Haroon,
 We note thee still the first, most good, most great,
 Among those lesser stars the crescent moon.

Alfred.

ALL hail, our own, our ancient peerless boast!
 From thee thy Britain loves her all to date,
 Proud of a king so wise, so good, so great,
 Who pour'd the liberties we value most,
 The sacred rights we chiefly venerate,
 In rich abundance round our sea-girt coast:
 Where is thy tomb among us? where the spot
 Ennobled by some record of thy worth,
 True Father of thy country?—have we lost
 All love of thee? hath England then forgot
 Her patriot-prince, her lawgiver, her sage,
 Who taught her, nourish'd her, and sent her forth
 Rejoicing on her way, from age to age
 Queen of the seas, and Empress of the earth?

Dante.

THOU hast borne many great and noble sons,
 Florence the fair! that beauteous as a dream
 Sittest enthroned on Arno's silver stream
 Where coyly through the laughing vale it runs,
 And, oh not last, among those gifted ones,
 Memory thine own undying Dante views:
 Him, yet a child, strong love, that earliest winds
 Fetters of rose around the purest minds,
 Claim'd for his own, and like a monarch gave
 To staid Melpomene, his laurell'd muse,
 The happy captive for a favourite slave:
 A slave? A mighty master,—from whose lyre
 The pangs of hell, the terrors of the grave,
 The joys of paradise, rush forth in fire!

Tell.

O LIBERTY, sweet angel much malign'd,
 How have the sons of licence wrong'd thy name,—
 What crimes, what follies of unhallow'd aim
 Have they not cast upon thee, too resign'd
 Meek martyr, and their lawless works of shame
 With thine own wreath of grand achievements twined!
 Not thus, yon gallant mountain-patriot,
 Fair Switzerland, the darling of thy fame,
 Caught to his outraged heart the rescued child,
 And, just avenger, spared not, waver'd not,
 But with dread patience dared the noble deed,
 On which glad Liberty approving smiled;
 For when she saw the savage Austrian bleed,
 She knew her own Swiss home, her temple freed.

~~~~~  
Petrarch.

POET, and hermit-scholar of Vacluse,  
 Whom Rome, admiring, forth with laurels sent  
 A crown'd lover to thy classic muse,—  
 That thy rare wisdom could serenely choose  
 Nature, and God, and quiet with content,  
 Spurning the baubles of ambitious strife  
 And wealth sin-tainted of a courtier life  
 In palaces of priests unholy spent,  
 Honour be thine, and more than mortal fame  
 Wreathing with amaranth thy starry name:  
 And may that gentle spirit, strangely rent  
 By love, alike unguilty and unblest,  
 Now with its mate, beyond the breath of blame,  
 After a life's short search find everduring rest.



**Columbus.**

THY soul was nerved with more than mortal force,  
Bold mariner upon a chartless sea,  
With none to second, none to solace thee,  
Alone, who daredst keep thy resolute course  
Through the broad waste of waters drear and dark;  
Mid wrathful skies, and howling winds, and worse,  
The prayer, the taunt, the threat, the mutter'd curse  
Of all thy brethren in that fragile bark:  
For on thy brow, throbbing with hopes immense,  
Had just Ambition set his royal mark,  
Enriching thee with noble confidence  
That having once thy venturous sails unfurl'd  
No danger should defeat thy recompense,  
The god-like gift to Man of half the world.

~~~~~

Raffaelle.

Hail—thou that hither comest, in gorgeous stole
Of many-colour'd silk,—and round thy head
The rainbow hues of fancy richly shed,—
And eyes that in ecstatic transport roll,—
And looks that speak the triumph of the soul,—
Hail, young creative spirit! from whose mind
Teeming tumultuously with thoughts and things,
(The fitting notion with strong power combined
Of fixing all those grand imaginings,)
An intellectual world of wonder springs:
Raffaelle, thine all too perishable art
Fades from the time-stain'd walls; but not so fade
Our memories of thy skill;—those laurels start
Afresh for ever: walk thou in their shade.

Bayard.

THE clarion sounds,—the steeds impatient prance,
 While featly spurring to the mimic fray
 The high-born chivalry of gallant France
 Poise the stout shield, and break the quivering lance;—
 —And who this beardless champion of to-day?
 The young Bayard; than whom no brighter name
 Shines in more blazon on the rolls of fame,
 The fearless, and the spotless,—nobly hail'd,
 All honour to the brave!—Alone he stood
 With single sword against the multitude
 At Gargliano; and when fortune fail'd,
 Generous Bayard alone knew not to yield,—
 But full of glories,—gentle, brave, and good,
 He died in pray'r, though on the battle-field.

Luther.

COULDST thou look down upon us from thy rest,
 Where'er thy spirit hath its glorious home,
 And note that persecuting horn of Rome
 Waxing in subtle power and pride unblest,
 How would thy zeal flame out, thou second Paul:
 Thy spurious children who should still protest
 Against a church apostate and impure,
 Now bid her prosper, and insanelly call
 The pampering of priestcraft, liberal!
 Liberal,—to help in forging more secure
 Chains for the conscience, fetters for the mind;
 Liberal,—to quench our light in utter dark!
 But prophecy hath told it: search and find:
 Cursèd is he that shall receive the mark.

Jane Grey.

So young, so fair, so simple, so deceived!—
 For all thy learning could not teach thee guile,
 Nor warn thee from that base domestic wile
 Which coil'd thee like a serpent, and bereaved
 Thy heart of life, of loyal praise thy name,—
 Posterity is just; and from the blame
 Of stealing for thyself another's crown
 And playing false in hot ambition's game
 Declares thee innocent: that little week
 Of splendour forced and fear'd, so soon laid down,
 Cost thee most bitter wages;—yet most sweet,
 If prison-haunting wisdom bade thee seek
 This heav'nly crown, for thy fair brow so meet,
 This higher majesty my song would greet.

Shakspeare.

WHO shall appraise Potosi's hidden mines,
 Or measure Oronooko's gushing springs,
 Or in a balance weigh the Apennines,
 Fathom the deep, or span the polar rings?—
 And who can sum thy wealth, exhaustless mind,
 Or scale the heights of its imaginings,
 Where giant thoughts with beauteous fancies twined,
 Stand wondrous, as the heaven-kissing hills?
 Thy theme is Man: the universal heart
 In sympathy with thee dissolves or thrills,
 While the strong spells of nature leagued with art
 Bind the world captive in a magic chain:
 Thy peer is not yet born; our hope is vain;—
 We may not look upon his like again.

Cervantes.

If to have been wise Europe's pioneer
 To truth, and sense, and better aims of life,—
 If by thy satire's keen and caustic knife
 To have had Ercles' might to lop and sear
 The stolid hydra-heads of errant strife,—
 If these be worth a passing grateful thought,
 Take it, Cervantes; we have few like thee,
 Full of right-minded wit, that wounds not aught
 But folly, with its cutting gaiety:
 Thanks to thy prison, that its dulness wrought
 A lasting humorous good; the crazy knight
 His shrewd rough squire, and those unheard-of deeds,
 Whereat the school-boy shouts with huge delight,
 And the philosopher wonders as he reads.

Harvey.

"THE life which is the blood:" O heedless men,
 How often unbelieving have ye heard
 The side-dropp'd hints, that strew the written Word:
 The fountain-heart, that pours the stream of life;
 The cell-stopt wheel, that makes it circle then
 By vessels manifold; ye might have learn'd
 From the fool's scorn, a Guide that never err'd,
 Without the clumsier aid of scalpel-knife,
 These truths for ages, had ye but discern'd
 The book of GOD with natural wisdom rife:
 Still, Harvey, be thy patient genius praised,
 The shrewdness of thy well-digested plan,
 Whose hand the strangely-woven curtain raised
 That veil the mysteries of life from man.

Evelyn.

WOTTON, fair Wotton, thine ancestral Hall,
 Thy green fresh meadows, coursed by ductile streams
 That ripple joyous in the noonday beams
 Leaping adown the frequent waterfall,
 Thy princely forest, and calm-slumbering lake
 Are hallow'd spots and classic precincts all;
 For in thy terraced walks and beechen grove
 The gentle generous Evelyn wont to rove,
 Peace-lover, who of Nature's garden spake
 From cedars to the hyssop on the wall:
 O righteous spirit, fall'n on evil times,
 Thy loyal zeal, and learned piety
 Blest all around thee, wept thy country's crimes,
 And taught the world how Christians live and die.

~~~~~  
*Milton.*

O LIGHT, denied to him, that thou art mine!  
 O blessed Sun, that I can joy in thee!  
 To praise the Love,—alas so lost on me,—  
 How gladly should I pour the hymn divine:  
 Yet all unlike this glorious blind old man,  
 Mine inward eyes with no such radiance shine:  
 How seldom in that better sun I bask;  
 How faintly would I, yet how faintly can:  
 Great Giver, might I unpresumptuous ask  
 Into my heart thy love its light to pour,  
 Take all instead thy righteous mercy wilt;  
 Not so, for Thou art GOD: give this, give more,  
 The richest glory to the poorest guilt,  
 So with thy Milton shall my soul adore.

Isaac Walton.

By guiltless guile the spotted trout to snare,  
 In idlesse all unblamed to while away  
 With contemplation sweet the sunny day,  
 To stroll in morning's dewy freshness where  
 The stream invited, and grey-mantled sky,  
 And so with buoyant float, or mimic fly,  
 To win the sinless triumphs of thine art,—  
 These were thy simple pastimes, kind old man,  
 These are thy fame: yet would I praise thee more  
 For the rich treasure of a childlike heart  
 That longs to compass all the good it can,  
 Tender and self-forgetful, gushing o'er  
 With cheerful thoughts and generous feelings when  
 Loving thou yearnest on thy fellow-men.

Isaac Newton.

WHEN craft and ignorance with envious tongue  
 At that lone Florentine their malice hurl'd,  
 On thee his robe the parting prophet flung  
 And hail'd thy dawn to glorify the world,  
 Like the young moon the clouds of night among,  
 Modest, and solitary, shedding forth  
 O'er the broad universe truth's holy light:  
 Yet ev'n against the meekness of thy worth  
 Detraction's withering breath, and jealous spite  
 Shed, not all impotent, their cankering blight;  
 For care sat with thee at thy silent hearth,  
 O gentle child of wisdom, whose keen eye  
 Dissolved the sunbeam, pierced the depths of earth,  
 And read the unwritten charters of the sky.

*Fenelon.*

Yet are there, ev'n in thee, polluted church,  
 A worthier chosen few to walk in white,  
 Some undefiled, whom Grace hath taught to search,  
 And seen their humble toil, and sent them light;  
 For, like a meteor dropt upon the night,  
 Thy faith, good priest, thy pure religion, shone  
 Amid the moral darkness of thine age,  
 Shedding soft lustre round: nor this alone,  
 But the sweet pictures of thy graphic page,  
 Young Telemaque, and that enchanted isle,  
 The false fair wanton, and mysterious sage,  
 How soothingly can these the soul beguile:  
 Nor only thus; a higher goal is won;  
 Thou lurest up to virtue with a smile.

~~~~~  
Ozar Peter.

TURN, wondrous shade of an immortal man,
 And give my welcome favourable heed,
 While my mute soul considers each bright deed
 That gems thy crown, imperial artizan,
 Whose patriot labour thy rude country freed
 From Scythian darkness; for to thee, great prince,
 Despite a Jezebel-sister's cursèd plan
 Of luring thee to pleasure's guilty ways,
 Justly belongs the honourable praise
 Of waking a barbarian world of slaves
 To fame and power, that have not faded since:
 Nobly the bronze Colossus tells thy worth,
 For he that blesses, helps, improves, and saves,
 Is the true hero of this strife-torn earth.

Handel.

AWAKE, my glory, and the world's delight!
 Bring hither tabret, harp, and lute, and lyre,
 And greet him with the whole angelic quire,
 For Handel now from earth has wing'd his flight,
 A holy bard in chariot of fire,
 To mingle with your band in garments bright:
 Oh, with what harmony to hymn aright
 Thy canzonet of praise, monarch of song,
 So that its music may enchant the mind,
 Like some sweet air, that might to thee belong,
 Where holiness with melody combined,
 Majestic thought in thrilling sound express'd,
 Cheat of their sorrows thine indebted kind,
 And soothe our souls with harpings of the Blest!

~~~~~  
Wesley.

HENCE, ye profane: and thou, mine honest muse,  
 Banish the silly blush from thy false cheek,—  
 With liberal voice to Wesley's glory speak,  
 The holy man whom GOD was pleased to choose  
 His instrument; from one so good, so meek,  
 High honour to withhold, or to refuse  
 Were folly, if not sin; we hail thee then  
 Glad bearer of good tidings unto men,  
 Zealous and noble, worthy of the phrase  
 In which thy Lord, and our's, hath greeted thee,  
 Well done, thou faithful servant, thine be praise!  
 These Christ-church cloisters thy pure feet have trod  
 Mine have trod too; grace grant it,—ev'n to me,  
 That like a Wesley I may walk with GOD.



### Linnæus.

FRESH Nature, gentle nurse, we run to thee  
 With all the love of childhood's innocent heart,  
 Hiding from those dull works and ways of art,  
 Glad to escape their schooling, and be free;  
 O fairy landscapè,—fields, and wooded hills,  
 Green valleys, mirror'd lakes, and sunny rills,  
 Young flowers, and blushing fruits, and tufted groves,  
 How Eden-like a home of peace are ye,  
 Peopled with angel-guests, and infant loves!—  
 So companied, and in a scene so sweet,  
 High summer's gorgeous tribute would we bring,  
 And lay them, priest of Nature, at thy feet,  
 While their white bells the wedded lilies ring,  
 And kissing roses a Linnæus greet.

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### Johnson.

STERN moralist, whose potent intellect  
 Flooded the world with all the Nile of truth,  
 Slave to no master, prisoner of no sect,  
 Albeit disease, and want, and harsh neglect  
 Were long the bitter portion of thy youth,  
 Thine Atlas ~~mind~~ stood firm beneath the weight,  
 Preaching the noble homily to men  
 That poverty hath uses real and great,  
 In quickening thought, urging the sluggish pen,  
 Claiming due labours of the listless brow,  
 Forcing its flowers of wit, and fruits of sense,  
 And for man's wonder, bidding grandly flow  
 The deluge of a Johnson's eloquence,  
 Like thundering Niagara, strong and slow.

## Galvani.

THOU marvel, life, the indescribable!  
 Whether in spirit, seeming then concrete,  
 Perpetual motion, or pervading heat,  
 Or matters' subtlest web, thy might doth dwell,  
 How rare, how rank, how various is thy form!  
 Behold, thou lurkest in the fallow clod,  
 Climbest the fir, and grovellest with the worm,  
 Reignest in man, and ridest on the storm,  
 Peopling far worlds,—how many who can tell?—  
 The simple universal breath of GOD:  
 We, darkling children, may not compass more  
 Than note thine influences, still the same,  
 One cause, though Legion in effect and name,  
 And with Galvani gratefully adore.

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## Washington.

How might a Briton bless thee without blame,—  
 Yet how deny thy worth his honest praise?—  
 Great, virtuous, modest, whose unspotted name  
 Is stamp'd in gold upon the rolls of fame,  
 Whose brow is circled by her brightest bays,—  
 Part of thy glory still let England own  
 For still she loves her noble child: always:  
 Into what times, what regions shall we roam  
 To find thy peer,—Leonidas in fight,  
 Pure Cincinnatus, meek retiring home,  
 Fabius the wise, or Cato the upright?—  
 Nature hath cull'd the best of Greece and Rome,  
 And moulding all their virtues into one,  
 Gave to her infant world a Washington.

## Howard.

GLORIOUS Apostle of Humanity,  
 Whose every thought was love to GOD and Man,  
 Whose every day sped one consistent plan  
 Of energized benevolence,—to thee,  
 O noblest of the Howards, would I bring  
 A young disciple's worship: tell it out,  
 Daughters of guilt, and sons of misery,  
 Poor prisoners, in a grateful chorus sing,  
 Felons, and common thieves, ye rabble rout  
 Of gaol, or galley, vilest, meanest, worst,  
 Whom all but godlike Howard's pitying eye  
 Left to your desperate fate, as things accurst,  
 To greet your Friend in generous rapture shout,  
 And raise your homage to his home on high!

## Klopstock.

DWELL ye then round about, cheering us  
 Alike in crowded haunts and solitude,  
 Warding from ill, and ministering good,  
 O bright and blessed Sabaoth,—is it thus?  
 Alas, what can we give of gratitude  
 To your presences, that, o'er us each  
 Hovering, delight to love and aid and teach  
 Poor prisoners in the flesh?—Yon sainted bard  
 Who sang Messiah, loved the happy thought,  
 Praying that for his angel guide and guard  
 The spirit of his Meta might be brought  
 E'en from the grave: O lover, didst thou err,  
 It were an error with such sweetness fraught,  
 I too would ask an angel minister.

*Nelson.*

WELL hast thou done thy duty, gallant son;  
 What truer fame can greet a mortal's ear  
 Than duty's task heroically done?—  
 So are they hail'd, who better crowns have won:  
 Thou, to the patriot's soul so justly dear,  
 O let us blot thy failings with a tear,  
 And read alone the record of thy worth;  
 Man without pride, or hate, or fraud, or fear,  
 Who banish'd discord, and gave peace to earth,  
 Thine was the generous heart, though gentle, brave,  
 The will to bless, the godlike power to save:  
 What nobler pæan can the poet raise?  
 A glorious life, an honourable grave,  
 Trafalgar and Aboukir be thy praise!

*Felix Neff.*

O BRIGHTER conquests in a better cause,  
 O nobler champion, O diviner fame!  
 To the dear honours of thy sainted name  
 A hallowing sympathy my spirit draws;  
 Come in, thou holy, happy one, come in!  
 Why standest thou without,—triumphant shade,  
 Who well hast battled Misery and Sin,  
 And of the wilderness a garden made,  
 So blessing man, though meanest?—witness, Alps,  
 That rear o'er Dormeilleuse your icy scalps;  
 Witness, thou church of ages, thither driven,  
 A partridge hunted to the glacier chill;  
 Witness the pastor's praise, approving heaven,—  
 Witness it, earth!—Henceforth, my harp, be still.



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